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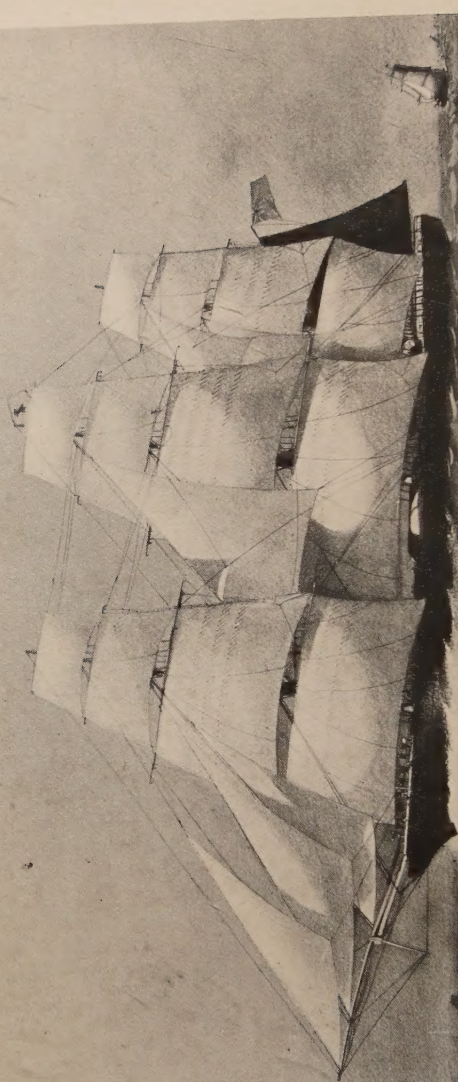




IN THE WAKE OF THE WIND-SHIPS







Ship "OCEAN MONARCH," 1887 tons.  
Built 1877, Onebec.



# IN THE WAKE OF THE WIND-SHIPS

NOTES, RECORDS AND BIOGRAPHIES PERTAINING TO  
THE SQUARE-RIGGED MERCHANT MARINE  
OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

BY  
FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

AUTHOR OF

"WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN," "BLUE WATER," "CAPTAIN SALVATION,"  
"THE VIKING BLOOD," "SALT SEAS AND SAILORMEN,"  
"THE SHACK LOCKER," "TEA FROM CHINA"

*ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS*



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TO  
MY FRIEND  
CHARLES ROBERT PATTERSON  
SAILOR AND ARTIST



## FOREWORD

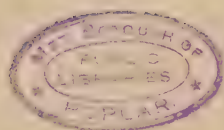
HERE is an extension to the story of the "Wooden Ships and Iron Men"—an elaboration of the shipbuilding and seafaring ventures of a sparsely settled portion of North America. Two great nations have, in the last century, claimed maritime supremacy—the Americans and the British. Canada's position has been ignored by the nautical historian, or else it has been merged with one or the other.

Many years ago, the writer set himself the task of "chopping Canada out" from the conglomerate mass of nautical record and placing her in the niche she so properly deserves. Neither British nor American, but interpreting the ideas and combining the qualities of both, the Canadian in his maritime efforts has proved himself original and second to none in the construction of ships, in the manning and sailing of them, and in their profitable management during the age when wood and canvas ruled the sea-going fleets. In spite of their small numbers, their isolation in many cases, and their modest finances, the people of Eastern Canada impressed themselves vividly upon the world's shipping and seafaring.

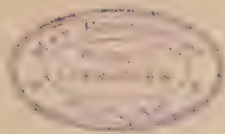
In many ways the author has been particularly favoured in securing his material—not the least of which has been the ready co-operation of retired Canadian shipmasters, ship-owners and other persons whose vocations allied them to the days of the "white sails of Canada." My thanks to them is superfluous; their greatest reward lies in the thought that they have assisted to recast the vanishing record of a brave age and to bring Canada's achievements to the fore in marine annals.

Much has herewith been set down, but much remains. My story, terse, without any effort at literary polish, tells but a little of the accomplishments and adventures of a colonial people, who, from small towns and hamlets on the sea-coasts of British North America, dared to pit their skill and abilities in competition with the great maritime nations on both sides of the Atlantic.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.







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to the writer's knowledge, has mention been made of the whaling industry of the British North American Provinces. Yet such an industry existed and was carried on for a number of years.

### WHALING IN NOVA SCOTIA

The success of the whale-fishery in Massachusetts inspired Governor Parr of Nova Scotia to establish a similar business in British North America after the Revolution. In 1784, with that object in view, he entered into negotiations with certain Quaker whalers of Nantucket and induced some twenty families to move from Nantucket to Nova Scotia. With their vessels, equipment and household goods they came and settled on the opposite side of the harbour from Halifax at a place which they called Dartmouth, after the town in Massachusetts of that name. The sum of £1541 was granted by the Government to construct houses and buildings for the Nantucket people, and in 1785 three brigantines and one schooner, with crews and everything necessary for the whale-fishery, arrived from Nantucket. Among those who came were Samuel Starbuck and Timothy Folger—members of families whose names are prominent in the history of the American whaling industry.

Governor Parr's scheme did not find favour in the eyes of his official superior, Lord Sydney, British Secretary of State, and the Governor justified his actions by stating that "his object was to draw so valuable a trade from the United States." France, at this period, was also anxious to cut in on the profitable whale-fishery and had made enticing proposals to the Nantucket Quakers to remove to Dunkirk and carry on a fishery from there. They were offered toleration to their religion, exemption from military service, land sufficient for a town, a dock to hold 60 vessels, a bounty, and the importation of foreign oil was to be prohibited. Parr explained this fact to Lord Sydney, and further justified his actions by pointing out that in bringing the Nantucketers to Nova Scotia he prevented them from emigrating to a country inimical to England. However, the Secretary's coldness to the idea deterred Parr from offering any further encouragement to American whalers. This is an illuminating instance of the pig-headed short-sightedness of British statesmen at that period.

After the withdrawal of assistance, John Deane, a wealthy

Quaker, arrived in Halifax with vessels and gear for whaling in 1786. He was denied encouragement to engage in whaling, but was induced to enter the cod-fishery instead.

Particulars of this Nova Scotian whale-fishery are somewhat fragmentary. The trade was evidently carried on in Atlantic waters—as far south, perhaps, as Barbadoes and the “twelve-forty ground.” In September 1786, it is recorded that the ship *Lyon* left Halifax for England with 135 tons sperm oil, 40 tons whale oil, and 8759 lbs. of whalebone, and in the same month the ship *Romulus* and the schooners *Parr* and *Lively* sailed from Halifax on whaling cruises. In July 1787, two of these craft returned to port with 1060 barrels of oil and 76 cwt. of whalebone. In July 1788, four brigs and a sloop, all whalers, returned to Halifax with full cargoes of oil. Another item tells us that the whaler *Parr* was under the command of Captain Folger, and the *Romulus*, Captain Chase.

The business was carried on profitably for several years and Dartmouth was in a fair way to rival its namesake in Massachusetts. The settlement was well equipped for the industry with wharves, stores, coopering establishments and a factory for making sperm-oil candles, and it was said to give promise of considerable commercial importance. Unfortunately, in 1792, the failure of a Halifax firm, extensively concerned in the whale-fishery, severely handicapped the Dartmouth enterprise and it languished and was soon afterwards totally ruined.

The wind-up of this particular venture occurred about this period, when the settlers packed up and emigrated to Milford Haven, England, being induced to go there by liberal offers. “And the Province lost these orderly and industrious people,” states Haliburton in his *Nova Scotia History*.

The whale-fishery of Nova Scotia did not altogether pass away with the emigration of the Nantucketers. The Cunards of Halifax were interested in whaling ventures. In 1820, Abraham Cunard and Son, in a petition to the Assembly of Nova Scotia, stated that they had sent a vessel to the Northern whale-fishery, but the voyage was not successful; but “they had now fitted out another for a fifteen months’ voyage to the South Sea whale-fishery.” It is also recorded that Samuel Cunard built a whaling vessel at Dartmouth, N.S., and in 1825 a joint-stock company with a capital of £15,000 was formed in Halifax to carry on a South Sea Whale Fishery.

The whaleship *Samuel Cunard* was employed in the South Sea whale-fishery out of Halifax in 1837. In 1838, while she



was whaling in Cook Strait, New Zealand, her master, Captain Finlay, after losing the greater part of his crew through desertion, and while in a state of intoxication, jumped overboard and drowned himself.

In December, 1842, the whaling barque *Rose*, Captain Wood, sailed from Halifax on a Pacific cruise and arrived home, March 9th, 1846, with 1100 barrels sperm, and 800 barrels whale oil. At Sydney, N.S.W., March 3rd, 1845, the *Rose* reported losing two boats while taking a whale a few days previously.

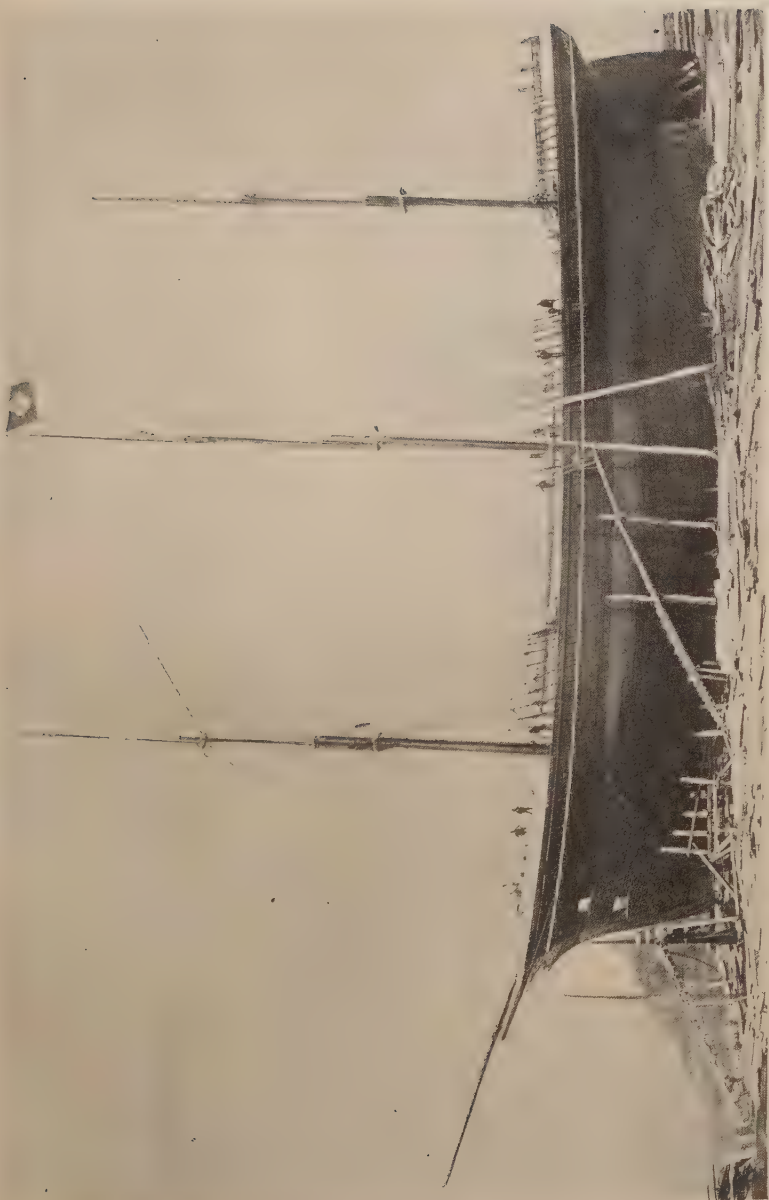
### WHALERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

A whale-fishery, similar to that conducted out of Nantucket and New Bedford, was carried on from New Brunswick ports as far back as 1787, but particularly between the years 1833-1850. St. John sent forth its first whaler to the South Seas when Charles Coles Stewart fitted out the ship *James Stewart*, 386 tons, in 1833. It is also recorded that the whale-ship *Mary*, Captain Haws, fitted out in Campobello, N.B., and sailed in 1834 on a two years' voyage.

Apparently the largest fleet of Maritime Province whale-ships to venture after sperm and other whales in the North Pacific were those hailing from St. John. In the record of whalers touching at the Hawaiian Islands, New Brunswick vessels first visited the islands in 1835, and the last call was made in 1848. In 1844, four New Brunswick whale-ships put in at the islands to recruit.

Charles Stewart's craft proved successful and in 1837—the boom year of American whaling—we find seven ships engaged in the business from St. John. Two were operated by Stewart and five were sent out by the Mechanics' Whale-fishing Company. This latter was an organization formed in St. John in 1836, and the barque *Royal William*, 276 tons, was their first vessel. The Mechanics' Company was composed of the following persons:—Thomas Nesbit, cabinet-maker; James Holman, merchant; Robert Ray, sailmaker; John Duncan, shipbuilder; George W. Cooper; Chas. Duncan Everitt, hatter, all of St. John. That they found their venture profitable for a time is evident, as they carried on for about ten years and owned several vessels.

The business of deep-sea whaling is too well known to require description in these pages, since almost every person interested in seafaring matters has read the works of Melville,



Ship "SHANNON," 1155 tons.

Prior to launching from the yard of F. X. Marquis, Quebec, in 1878.

(See p. 96.)

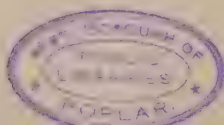


Ship "CALCUTTA," 1428 tons, of Quebec.

Built 1874, Quebec.

(From an old photo taken at Quebec.)

(See p. 250.)



Kingston, Bullen and others on the subject. The Canadian whalers fitted out and operated in exactly the same fashion as did the vessels of the New Bedford and Nantucket fleets, and their aptitude for the whale-fishery came, no doubt, from the former connections of the Loyalist families with the industry in New England.

Most of the writers on the whale-fishery have cast a romantic glamour on the trade, but the blunt truth is that it was a lazy, monotonous occupation with nothing very heroic about it. The voyages were often interminably long and ships seldom returned with their original crews.

As instances of long voyages made by St. John whalers, I quote the case of the whale-ship *Pacific*, 347 tons. In January 1846, she was in Valparaiso, almost *four years and nine months out from St. John!* And she never got home, as she was surveyed and condemned in the Chilian port, while part of her cargo of whale oil was shipped to St. John in the schooner *Signet*. The *Pacific* was built in St. John in 1837 and sold in Valparaiso in 1846. She was commanded by Captain Rounds and owned by the Mechanics' Whale-fishing Company. The whale-ship *Mechanic*, 400 tons, Captain Fisher, arrived St. John, February 1846, with 1250 barrels of whale oil and 450 barrels sperm, after a voyage of 49 months. The whale-ships *Margaret Rait* and *James Stewart*, in the 'forties, made voyages of forty-two and forty-four months respectively.

The *James Stewart*, of which more will be recorded, was a fortunate craft. When she arrived in St. John in April 1845 under Captain Shannon, she had completed five whaling voyages covering a period of twelve years. During that time she brought home 14,000 barrels of whale oil. She arrived on her last trip with 2000 barrels black oil, 400 barrels sperm and 10 tons of whalebone, besides which she sold during the voyage 200 barrels sperm, 200 barrels black oil and 2 tons of bone. A few days later the whale-ship *Peruvian*, Captain John Cudlip, arrived in St. John with 2200 barrels black oil, 350 barrels sperm and 22,000 lbs. of whalebone. The *James Stewart* made the passage from Oahu to St. John in 176 days; the *Peruvian* was 141 days from the same place.

The whalers and their masters that fitted out from St. John in the 'thirties and 'forties, with notes of their cruises, are herewith set down :

Barque *Royal William*, 276 tons, built 1831, St. Stephen, N.B. Acquired for whaling by the Mechanics' Whale-fishing Company in 1836 and sent to the South Seas under Captain Jenney. She



was reported at the Chatham Islands, South Pacific, in June 1840, but is recorded later as being lost at sea.

Ship *Margaret Rait*, 308 tons, Captain Coffin. Arrived St. John, June 1844, with 2200 barrels sperm oil, and afterwards sailed with her cargo for London. The ship apparently went out of the business then.

Ship *Java*, 418 tons, Captain Allen. Mechanics' Whale-fishing Company. Arrived St. John, April 1847, 150 days from Oahu, with 1050 barrels black oil and 550 barrels sperm. About four years on cruise. Vessel was sold out of the business on arrival.

Ship *Mechanic*, 400 tons, Captain Fisher. Built at St. John in 1836 for Mechanics' Company. Arrived at St. John from New Zealand waters in July 1838 with 2860 barrels black oil, 260 barrels sperm and 27,500 lbs. of bone on her first cruise. In February 1846 she arrived home with 1250 barrels whale oil, 450 barrels sperm, after a cruise of 49 months. Vessel was then sold out of the business.

Ship *Pacific*, 347 tons, Captain Rounds. Built at St. John in 1837 for Mechanics' Company. Robt. Carr was master in 1837; Æmilius Cudlip in 1841. Ship was finally condemned and sold in Valparaiso in 1846 after failing to complete a cruise which lasted 4 years and 9 months. Part of cargo transhipped and sent home to St. John.

Ship *Peruvian*, 373 tons. Mechanics' Company. Under Captain Cudlip, arrived St. John in April 1845, 141 days on passage from Oahu, with 2200 barrels black oil, 350 barrels sperm and 22,000 lbs. of whalebone. Sailed from St. John again in October 1845 for South Seas. At Hobart Town in February 1847, Captain Taylor had to leave the ship on account of continual difficulties with the crew, and Mr. Jackson took command. Arrived home July 1848, 90 days from Talcahuano, with 1000 barrels whale oil, 250 barrels sperm, 9000 lbs. of bone. Ship sold out of the business on return.

Ship *James Stewart*, 386 tons. Built at St. John in 1833 for Chas. C. Stewart. First voyage, under Captain Gardner, she arrived home June 1837, 90 days from Bay of Islands, N.Z., with 2740 barrels black oil, 300 barrels sperm, 31,000 lbs. of whalebone. Further details of this ship's cruises are given elsewhere.

Barque *Canmore*, 292 tons. Built in 1843 at St. John. This vessel was a fast-sailing merchantman which was purchased by a company of young men, several of whom were acquainted with whaling, and fitted out for a South Sea cruise under the command of Captain John Cudlip. The vessel left St. John in October 1845; ten months later she was on the Japan grounds with 250 barrels sperm, 70 barrels whale oil. In May 1848, she put into Sydney, N.S.W., on account of the sickness of Captain Cudlip. She was at Sydney again in March 1849 undergoing repairs, with Captain



Courtenay in command. Oil taken was evidently sold at Sydney to cover expenses, as the barque eventually arrived in St. John on October 1st, 1850, under Captain Jackson with 680 barrels sperm, 40 barrels coconut oil, exactly five years away from home.

Ship *Athol*, 400 tons. Built in 1845 at St. John for Chas. Stewart by W. J. Lawton. Commanded by Captain Coffin, sailed July 1845 for South Seas. In October 1848 was at Honolulu with 1950 barrels whale oil after having shipped home 950 barrels sperm oil, 30 barrels whale oil from Sydney, N.S.W. In March 1849 she was in Sydney, N.S.W., with 1900 barrels whale oil, 100 barrels sperm oil, taken since leaving Sydney in March 1848. Ship sailed for London and was evidently sold there. A London company sent the *Athol* out on a whaling voyage in July 1850.

The whale-fishery out of St. John apparently passed away with the vessels enumerated above and there were no more ventures after 1850. After 1845 the business seemed to be no longer profitable, and the Mechanics' Company in 1846 concluded to wind up their affairs and abandon the fishery on arrival of its ships.

The fleet of St. John whalers fitted out for voyages to last from two to three and a half years. The cruise was made over a fairly consistent route, and designed to place the ship on the whaling grounds during seasons when the great cetaceans were known to congregate there. If the ship was lucky, the voyage would be short. If her fortunes were but ordinary, she would remain knocking about the globe for years—refitting herself by selling part of the catch at Honolulu or Sydney, N.S.W. Honolulu, Oahu and Lahaina in the Hawaiian Islands, Sydney, N.S.W., Tumbez and Paita in Peru, and Talcahuano in Chile were recognized ports at which the whale-ships "recruited" and took on supplies while engaged in the South Sea whale-fishery.

### LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK WHALE-SHIPS

A sailor seldom shipped in a whale-ship, and no whale-ship captain would take him. Life in such craft was so monotonous, so jail-like, and the cruises so lengthy that naught but graduate whalers and "green" hands were carried. Seamen would desert at the first port, and, being seamen, could escape in merchant ships. Whalers and "green" hands, not being rated as sailors, would stand small chance of being taken by merchant shipmasters.

When a whaler got clear of the home port, the crew were virtually prisoners until the ship arrived back after one, two, three or even four years at sea. True, the crews were allowed occasional shore visits, but such were usually in Pacific islands or ports where it would be almost impossible for them to desert the ship. Yet, in spite of all precautions, some of the men would contrive to flee their floating prison, and a vessel seldom arrived back with all of the crew that took her out. And very often those who made the voyage would be paid off with little or nothing, as the clothing, tobacco, etc. which they had to purchase on the cruise (at fancy prices) absorbed the little share coming to them.

The boat-steerers and harpooners, being graduate whalemén, fared better, as they received a larger share or "lay," and the officers fared better still. But, as a rule, the only person who made anything out of whaling was the owner. In some cases the captains did fairly well, but it is recorded that during the best days of whaling in American ships the masters made about \$900 a year.

Whaling was a tough proposition—not so much from the actual hazard involved, but in the terrible monotony of long months at sea with the capture of an occasional whale to break it. And whales were not being chased and harpooned every day. On a nineteen months' cruise, a successful American whaler captured thirty-four whales. A good many vessels would pass three years at sea before making fast to that number.

Merchant seamen had little use for whalers and invariably spoke of them with contempt. "Spouters," "blubber-hunters" and "butchers' shops adrift" were some of the derisive terms applied to whale-ships by Sailor John. Yet, if they were slovenly in appearance, ill-kept about sails and rigging, it must be remembered that they were at sea to catch whales and boil them down into oil, and though whalemén were characterized as being inefficient sailors, the fact remains that they cruised their ships into unknown seas and coasted uncharted shores in a world-wide pursuit of the cetaceans with a freedom from accident which was truly remarkable.

While some very decent men shipped on whalers, yet in a good many cases the crews were drawn from the scum of the earth. And some of the masters and officers left their morals and their consciences behind in the home ports. Records of the whaling fleets in the Pacific tell of drunken orgies ashore in Payta, Honolulu, Lahaina and other places where the ships

gathered, while the degradation of the natives in many South Sea islands and in Arctic waters, and the introduction of disease and dissipation among them, are directly laid at the door of the visiting whalemén.

Missionaries were sent to convert the natives, but at the same time missionaries were also sent out to the island ports to instil good morals and temperance into the whale-ship crews. In the 'forties we find chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society and other religious organizations stationed in Maui, Honolulu, Oahu and elsewhere, doing good work among the blubber-hunters.

In the records of the American Seamen's Friend Society I find a reference to conversions among the crew of the St. John whale-ship *Peruvian* while she was refitting at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands, in 1844. In a letter to the Rev. L. Andrews, chaplain to seamen at Lahaina, one of the *Peruvian's* crew writes in part as follows :

"When we sailed from Oahu about the 12th of April (1844) we had on board a number of excellent tracts and books presented to us by missionaries at these islands, and a few days after we left port, one of our officers, while reading a passage in Abbot's *Young Christian*, suddenly became awakened to a sense of his guilt and sinfulness in the sight of God. . . . In a short time several others of the ship's company joined us, and when opportunity offered, we held social meetings in the steerage and forecastle for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and uniting in the worship of our Creator. Then it was that those lips, which had hitherto been but too often employed in uttering blasphemy and profane language, were now heard to utter the language of prayer, and sing hymns of praise to God and to the Lamb. So great and so sudden was the change, that we were unanimous in ascribing it to the influences of God's Holy Spirit, striving with us to bring us back, like the prodigal son, to our Heavenly Father.

"I believe that almost every man in the ship at that time was convicted, but the wiles of Satan and worldly temptations have proved too strong for all but a few, who, trusting in God's assistance, still profess to honour Christ as their Lord."

In a report from Honolulu dated March 1845, the Seamen's Friend Society chaplain there records that "the English whale-ship *Peruvian*, St. John, also enjoyed a revival of religion."

A colourful record of life in New Brunswick whale-ships is contained in the memoirs of the late Captain Joseph Godfrey

Kenney, who served as seaman, boat-steerer, mate and master in several. Captain Kenney not only served in New Brunswick whalers, but he afterwards commanded a number of famous St. John-built merchant ships during the palmy days of the 'fifties and 'sixties, and was Marine Superintendent in Liverpool for Messrs. W. and R. Wright, St. John's master shipbuilders.

#### CAPTAIN JOSEPH KENNEY, ST. JOHN WHALING MASTER

Joseph Kenney was born in Barrington, Nova Scotia, in 1813. His grandparents on both sides were United Empire Loyalists, emigrants from the United States at the time of the Revolution, and his family were substantial people in Shelburne county. When he was 21, after some experience at sea in coasters, he shipped aboard the whale-ship *Mary*, Captain Haws, and sailed from Campobello, N.B., in June 1834, on a whaling cruise to the Southern Ocean. At the Cape of Good Hope, young Kenney was seriously injured and was left ashore there in a hospital and not expected to live. The *Mary* sailed away, but Kenney recovered and shipped for London before the mast in a brig. After a strenuous passage in a leaky vessel and with a drunken crew, he arrived in London, and was one day walking up Ratcliffe Highway when he ran into one of his whale-ship shipmates and found that the *Mary* was in the port discharging her oil. He joined his old ship once more and arrived back in Campobello exactly two years from the time he left.

After a few weeks ashore, Kenney joined the whale-ship *Margaret Rait* in St. John, N.B., as boat-steerer. They sailed in August 1836 and cruised in the South Atlantic and Indian Ocean, taking a fair quantity of oil. The ship then went to New Zealand to engage in shore whaling at New River. At this place the mate proved inefficient and was turned off duty. Young Kenney was put in command of the former mate's boat and was very successful.

While whaling in the Indian Ocean, Kenney had another serious accident. A right whale had been caught and made fast alongside the ship for cutting-in. It was blowing hard, and to make it as easy as possible the ship was kept off the wind and sails taken in. Kenney went down into the blubber-room to receive the blanket-pieces as they were sent down, but in a violent roll of the ship he slipped on the greasy deck and, in putting out his hand to save himself from falling, he



brought it into violent contact with a razor-edged blubber spade and cut his hand and arm in a terrible manner. He was assisted on deck and taken into the cabin, where his wounds were dressed. For weeks he had to lie on his back with his hand and arm in a sling erected overhead, until the wounds healed, and it was six or seven weeks before he could use his hand again.

The *Margaret Rait* finished her whaling in New Zealand waters, and rounding the Horn arrived back in St. John with a full cargo after a voyage of 22 months.

As second mate of the same vessel, Kenney sailed again in July 1838. Captain Coffin of Barrington, N.S., and a particular friend of Kenney's, was in command. They made the usual cruise to the South Atlantic, thence to the Indian Ocean and eastward to Sydney, N.S.W., and to New Zealand for "bay" whaling. While lying partly dismantled at Wyacava, a sudden increase in the tidal current parted the bow anchor chain, and the after mooring chains tore the whole starboard quarter out and the ship went ashore. The vessel was eventually repaired and got off, but the anchors and mooring chains were buried under seven feet of sand and the crew had to dig them out.

### ON THE "MARGARET RAIT"

The *Margaret Rait* arrived back in St. John with a full cargo in June 1840 after a two years' cruise, and, refitting, sailed again in September. On this cruise, Kenney, newly-married, was mate. The ship went to the westward this time, rounded Cape Horn and did some whaling around the Galapagos Islands—a favourite ground.

Captain Coffin determined on a long cruise on the Galapagos ground, and went into Tumbez, Peru, to stock up on vegetables and water. From there the *Margaret Rait* made for the Galapagos (sometimes called the "Line Islands," as they are located almost on the equator and also on the meridian of 90° West). Here was where the whalers were in the habit of securing their "fresh meat" in the shape of the terrapin with which these sun-baked islands abound. The *Margaret's* crew captured 300 of them, and they were carried off to the ship alive. "These creatures were most remarkable," writes Captain Kenney. "They will live for six months without tasting food or water and are most excellent eating. We piled them into the 'tween decks wherever there was space,



five or six, one on top of the other. We let them remain there for a week, then we took them out on deck and gave them a little exercise. They were most useful, as they provided us with fresh messes two or three times a week, and thus there was no danger of scurvy among the crew, so we could remain at sea perhaps nine months."

It was on the Galapagos ground that Kenney met his most troublesome whale. He had made fast to a "Little Fellow" which almost instantly seized the boat in his jaws, and crushed it so that it filled with water. The captain's boat was close alongside, and the crew were picked up and taken back to the ship by the second mate's boat—leaving Captain Coffin to get hold of the whale again.

Kenney fitted up the spare whaleboat and hoisted it over, sending the second mate away in it to assist the captain. The whale had not run away although he had three or four harpoons in him. When Captain Coffin saw the new boat coming, he pulled down alongside the whale with the intention of lancing him to kill, but before he got a chance to thrust the sharp steel into the whale's vitals, he turned on the boat and capsized it. The third mate pulled in to his captain's rescue, picked up the crew and got the boat turned over again and baled out. Captain Coffin then resumed charge of his own boat, and with the second and third mates pulled around, watching their chance to dart in and give the sperm his quietus.

Kenney, on board the *Margaret Rait*, saw what was happening and lowered away in charge of another boat. He found that there was no use in trying to approach their quarry in the orthodox way. This whale was too lively and full of fight, so he got his men to pull the boat down towards the whale stern first, that he might be able to manœuvre the quicker. While he was approaching the enraged mammal, it turned underwater and made a rush for the captain's boat, knocking one man overboard, but fortunately not staving the boat. Kenney picked up the man and the oars and got the captain set to rights again while the third mate had a try. He too pulled on the whale stern first, but he made a charge, and before the third mate could dodge the onslaught the whale struck the stern of the boat with his jaw and cut it down five strokes.

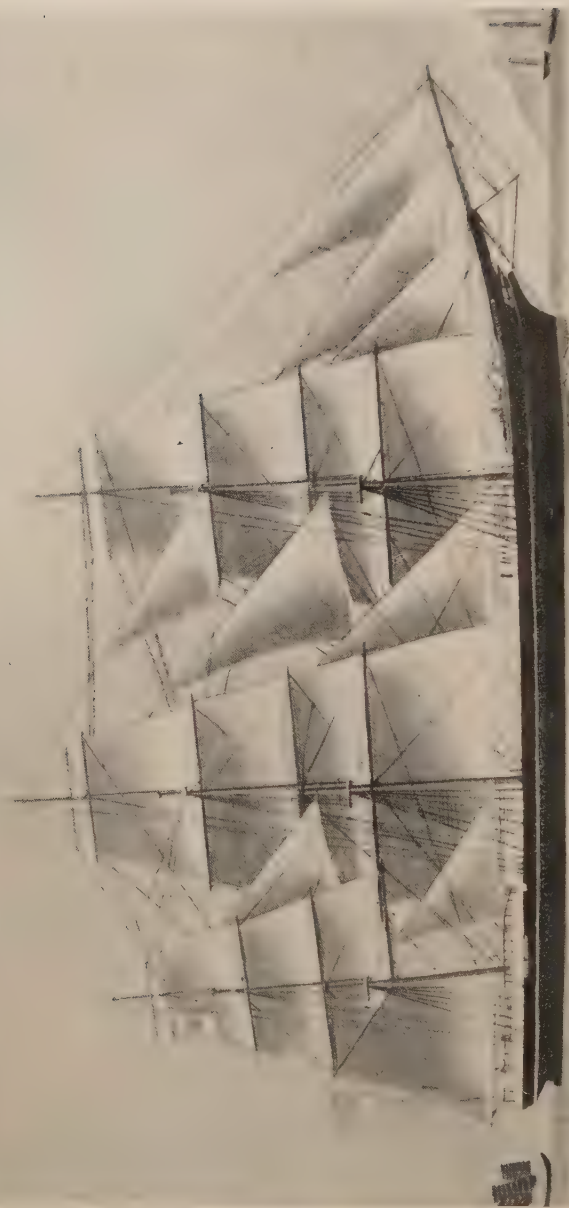
"It was getting on towards night," says Kenney, "and the boat crews were getting very skittish about the whale, because it was just a question whether he might not do us very serious harm. Then came my chance to have a shy at him, and I



Ship "ROYAL FAMILY," 1750 tons.  
 Australian Clipper Ship. Built 1862, Clifton, N.B.  
 Owned by W. and R. Wright, Liverpool.



Ship "INGOMAR," 1183 tons, of Windsor, N.S.  
 Built 1875, Newport, N.S.



Ship "PETER JOYNSON," 956 tons.

Built 1803, Quebec.

(From a painting by a Chinese artist.)



got my men to pull down stern first. The whale attempted this time to turn around on top of the water, not below and out of sight like he did before, and as he turned I got my lance into him and killed him immediately. That was my most troublesome whale."

On this voyage the fourth mate, while in the whaleboat and fast to a whale, got foul of the harpoon-line and was jerked overboard. He was eventually picked up, but was too far gone and died. This was the only man lost in Captain Kenney's five whaling voyages extending over a period of nearly sixteen years. So it is evident that the hazards of whaling are often over-estimated.

Also on this particular voyage, the *Margaret Rait's* crew took three sixty-barrel whales in one day, making 180 barrels of oil worth £1800. It was the best day's work he ever did a-whaling, and it took about ten days to get the oil boiled out and stored away.

On this cruise a most peculiar incident occurred which aptly illustrates certain hazards of seafaring not connected with sea and ship. It appears that certain members of the crew began to fall sick and, being unable to determine the nature of their complaint, the whaler was headed in for Callao. Arriving there, the doctor of the British man-of-war *Dublin* came aboard and said that the men were suffering from poison of some kind. The stores and water were examined, but everything appeared to be all right.

At Callao they shipped a doctor who had been on board a London whaler. (The English whale-ships were compelled to carry doctors on their cruises. They were generally young graduates and were shipped on "lay" like the others.) He had made a "broken" voyage, so he came with Captain Coffin, as he wished to have something to show for his cruise before returning home.

After being out some time, the crew began to fall sick again, and some of them went crazy at times and had to be watched to prevent their jumping overboard. The doctor was mystified and could not account for the disease, until one day he went into the forecastle to visit a sick man and noticed a small keg standing to one side. He picked it up and found it to contain vinegar—a plentiful supply of which was allowed the men. The keg was fitted with a lead nozzle into which the doctor thrust his finger. When he withdrew it, it was covered with sugar of lead, lead acetate, formed by the vinegar and the lead. This explained the poisoning of the crew.



While homeward bound, they hove-to off Easter Island to secure fruit or vegetables. Lowering two boats, they pulled to within a mile and a half of the shore, but did not attempt to land as the natives were untrustworthy.

These latter had no canoes, but when they saw the boats they swam off. "The most they craved was scraps of blubber, which we threw to them," says Kenney. "They wrung the water out and ate it eagerly." He declared that the Easter Islanders were cunning and treacherous and have been known to get around a boat and capsize it. "But we had clubs to use should they lay hands on the gunnels. Sometimes they had to be thumped with an oar to drive them off. One actually got hold of the gunnel and reached into the boat and stole a knife tucked into a sheath."

After concluding this semi-amphibious trading, the natives swam back to the beach and the boats went closer in, hoping they would swim off with some sweet potatoes. But they did not come out again. Instead, they pelted the whaler's boats with stones. Some of the images made from banana fibre which they brought off were given to the Mechanics' Institute, St. John.

Three years and four months out, with a good cargo aboard, the *Margaret Rait* went into Talcahuano, Chile, recruited, took water and supplies, and proceeded around the Horn to St. John. After arriving there it was decided to send the ship and her cargo to London, and the captain and Kenney took their wives across with them. The cargo sold in London for £18,600—roughly \$76,000; a good trip.

### WHALING ON THE "JAMES STEWART"

On his return to St. John, Kenney was appointed to command the whale-ship *James Stewart*. Fitting her out for a voyage of about three and a half years, he sailed in September 1845, and worked leisurely down around Cape Horn to the coast of Chile. When six months out, Captain Kenney took the *James Stewart* into Talcahuano to recruit, and from there he proceeded to Juan Fernandez, where he took 100 barrels of sperm oil.

From Alexander Selkirk's island they ambled up to the Galapagos. Here the *James Stewart* ran ashore and lost her rudder one night through the negligence of the boat-steerer in charge of the deck. Captain Kenney, however, managed to haul his ship off, and recovering the rudder from the bottom,



repaired it and hung it in place again. About this time he began to have trouble with his crew, and shortly after the accident one of the men gave him some back-talk. The fellow was in the blubber-room at the time and Captain Kenney was on deck, but in a moment Kenney had jumped down beside him.

The seaman had a large knife in his hand which he was using to cut blubber, and he threatened to give his skipper the length of it. The captain sang out for the mate to pass him down an instrument, and when he got it he disarmed the man and ordered him up on deck. "When he got on deck," said Captain Kenney, "I immediately took him by the collar and lashed him up to the ship's rail and gave him a good thrashing with a rope's end."

Trouble with the crew continued while the vessel was making her cruise towards Sydney, N.S.W., and came to a head when the *James Stewart* was in the Marquesas securing water and supplies. An American whale-ship came in to the anchorage, and, as the custom was, Captain Kenney visited the master of the other ship, while the mate of the American paid a call on the mate of the Canadian. During the "gam," three of the *Stewart's* crew took the American's boat and made ashore, left her on the beach, and escaped into the wooded hills.

Captain Kenney went ashore next day, secured the boat and made arrangements with the natives to bring the deserters back. It did not take them long to find the fugitives, and though the runaways put up a show of fight with their knives, they were captured and brought down and confined in a hut under guard. Captain Kenney ordered them aboard and the men refused. The natives tried to enforce the command and handled the men so roughly that they yielded. As soon as they came aboard the ship, Kenney had them clapped in irons.

When the rest of the crew saw this, they came aft to rescue their shipmates. The captain dared them to come abaft the mainmast. Then the carpenter came aft, declaring that the ship was not seaworthy and that he would not go to sea in her. His protest was summarily squelched when the second mate seized him and hustled him down into the cabin, where Captain Kenney snapped the irons on him.

The skipper then determined to put an end to the trouble and told the mate to go forward and bring the chief trouble-maker out of the forecabin. This man had been in the ship on the previous cruise, during which they had had a mutiny aboard—which resulted in the *James Stewart* having to go

into the Sandwich Islands and abandon the voyage. Kenney blamed him for the disaffection among his present crew. He was dragged out and ironed. By the time the *fracas* ended, six of the men were under restraint and the American whalemen had to assist the *James Stewart* in getting under way.

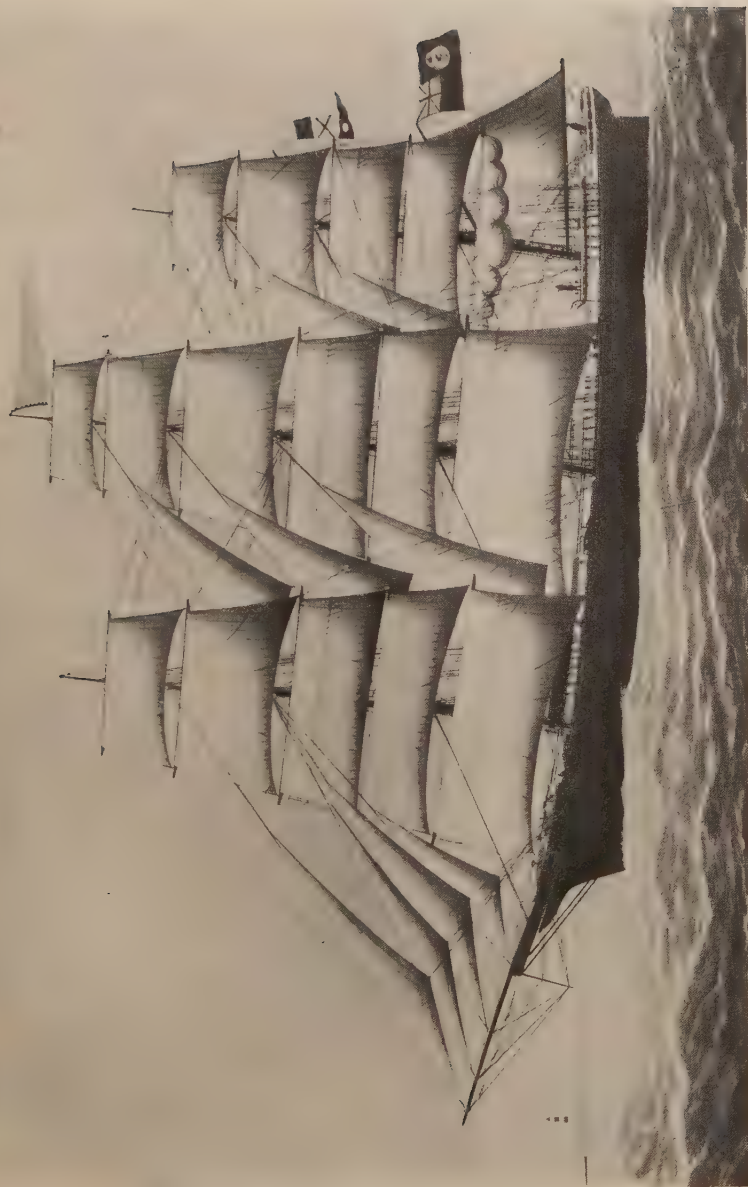
Arriving in Sydney, N.S.W., Captain Kenney discharged all the oil he had taken and shipped it to London. The *James Stewart* was put on the patent slip to be repaired and fitted out for another cruise, and when she was ready, a practically new crew was signed on and the ship sailed to the northward. She was now seventeen months out from St. John.

### THE RENEGADE SPANIARD

In the course of time they came to Sydenham Island, in the Kingsmill group, and while there Captain Kenney had an extraordinary adventure with a renegade Spaniard. This man was a "beach-comber" and had been landed on Sydenham Island by a French whaler. In the old whaling days men would ship on whalers at the islands for short cruises, on the understanding that they be paid off and put ashore at the next point of call. The Spaniard had elected to be landed on Sydenham Island, and the Frenchman paid him off with an old whale-boat, some cutlasses, a double-barrelled fowling-piece and some tobacco.

The Spaniard boarded the *James Stewart* while she was whaling off the island. He came out in a whale-boat accompanied by an Irishman and five natives, and when asked what he wanted, replied that he had knocked a hole in his boat and wanted something to stop the leak. Captain Kenney was busy at the time keeping an eye on his four boats, which were out after whales, and did not pay much attention to the visitor until his cook came aloft to him and expressed his suspicions of the stranger's business aboard.

Kenney was ever a man of action. He came down from the crow's-nest and asked the Spaniard what he wanted. In reply, the man begged for various small stores. Kenney declared that he had nothing to spare. The other became impudent, and the Nova Scotian had him seized and searched for arms, but nothing was found. Then the Irishman of the Spaniard's party suddenly appealed to Captain Kenney for protection, stating that his life was in danger from the Spaniard, and asking to be retained aboard the ship.



Ship "Muskoka," 1399 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1876, Moss Glen, N.B.

(See p. 234.)



Capt. FRANK GARDNER, of Liverpool, N.S.,  
Barquentine "GRENADA," etc.



Capt. NED O'NEIL, of Dorchester, N.B.,  
Barque "SYLVAN," etc.

(See p. 242.)



His suspicions aroused, Captain Kenney sent a man down into the Spaniard's boat to overhaul it, and stowed away under the stern-sheets were six cutlasses, a fowling-piece, a spear and spy-glass. "I took them all," he says, "and told the fellow to clear out. He did so, leaving the five natives on my deck, and I had to use a rope's end on their bare backs to drive them over the side." The Irishman was permitted to remain aboard.

Meanwhile, two whales had been killed and the *James Stewart* proceeded to where they were and got them alongside. While doing so, half-a-dozen canoes full of natives appeared near by. "There was no doubt," said Captain Kenney, "but had I gone off in my own boat and had four boats away, this Spaniard would have captured the ship, as there would only have been six men aboard, and one of them aloft."

### QUEER DOINGS AT SYDENHAM ISLAND

Three or four weeks later, the *James Stewart* came to Sydenham Island again and was favoured with another visit from the Spaniard. He came off through the reef in a native canoe which was flying a flag. "I gave orders to secure the canoe as it came alongside, which my men did. I took the flag and found the skull and cross-bones worked on it—a regular pirate's flag."

The renegade came aboard and Captain Kenney took him into the cabin, "intending to give him a severe thrashing and send him about his business." After asking him why he dared board the ship again, the fellow replied that he only wanted to trade. After trading, he wanted to come away in the ship and leave the island.

Asked as to what he had to trade, the other answered that he had chains, anchors and many other things, besides 100 barrels of oil and some whalebone which he had salvaged from the wreck of an American whaler. "This changed my intentions," admits Kenney, who, no doubt, was a keen business man. But when he came to put the Spaniard ashore, he found that the natives had shoved off in their canoes. It was now dark, so sail was made on the *James Stewart* and she stood off.

During the next two or three weeks the skipper was too busy to think of his visitor, as whales had been killed and they had taken 200 barrels of oil. Then he determined to go back



to the island and have a look at the stuff. "We anchored in 20 fathoms at 10 p.m. and a number of natives scrambled aboard, but not liking the appearance of them, I ordered them off. We could have tackled them, as the try-works were going and we had any amount of boiling oil, which would have been the best thing to clear the decks of naked natives."

In those days, it must be remembered, the natives on many of the Pacific islands were savage cannibals. Others nursed a fierce hatred for whalemén by reason of the brutal way they had been treated by some whale-ship crews, and, while outwardly friendly, they would not hesitate to murder a whole ship's company should opportunity present itself. Thus, in dealing with the natives for necessary supplies, the whalemén kept their weather eyes lifting.

Next morning, Kenney called for volunteers to go ashore and examine the Spaniard's *cache* of oil and bone. The Spaniard, the chief mate, third and fourth mates and three of the crew went ashore. Before leaving, the captain gave the mate a pair of pistols and warned him to come right back to the ship should he have any suspicion of foul play.

During the morning, Captain Kenney anxiously scanned the shore. As time passed, he became convinced that all was not right, as no sign of life was to be seen on the beach and the whaleboat remained just where his crew had left it. Then, about 2 p.m., a small canoe, manned by natives, came off, and one of them scrambled aboard with a message scrawled with lead—not lead pencil—on the fly-leaf of a Bible. Though difficult to decipher, it advised Kenney that his men were prisoners and in danger. Shortly after the note was delivered, the mate came off in another canoe with two natives.

He carried a note from the Spaniard ordering Captain Kenney to send the Irishman and a French seaman ashore. He also demanded a ransom of \$300. The mate stated that, after he landed, he told the Spaniard to lead the way to the hidden stuff. Pretending to do so, the fellow led them among the coconuts to another part of the shore, where the astonished whalemén found themselves in a sort of fort which the renegade had constructed and in which two guns belonging to the wrecked whale-ship had been mounted. He also had the ship's mizzen-topmast and topgallant-mast erected and stayed up, from which a flag was flown. Three or four huts were built around the fort, and out of these came a "bodyguard" of twenty natives, each armed with a rude knife.

As soon as the whalemén entered the fort, the natives

surrounded them and they were marched down to a large hut, or council chamber, in which a number of native chiefs were assembled. A great palaver among the natives followed, and when the mate asked the Spaniard what all the talk was about, the man replied that the islanders wished to make the whalemén prisoners.

Captain Kenney's account is not quite as lucid as one might wish. His narrative is terse and leaves much to the imagination. But one gathers the impression that the Spanish renegade was either insane or else a fool, albeit a dangerous one. It is evident that he did not have the support of the native chiefs in his schemes, even though they did nothing to help the whalemén. His permitting the mate to go off to the ship may have been because he knew the officer was armed. On the other hand, one wonders why the mate, possessing two pistols, did not make an effort to rescue his shipmates.

Captain Kenney prepared to repel boarders in the event of the Spaniard and the natives making an attack during the night, but nothing happened. Next morning, he sent the mate and a boat's crew, well armed, ashore to get the other men. They were to remain just off the beach. The result was that another of the captured men, a native of Manila, guarded by three natives, came down and got aboard the waiting boat. This man had been bound and kept captive all night. The Spaniard came to him while he was tied up and stated that he planned to capture the ship. His scheme was to get another boat's crew on shore after the first, and he would then muster a gang of natives and board the ship and take possession of her. He planned to take aboard all the gear he had salvaged and sail the *James Stewart* to the coast of Chile and dispose of her. All of the crew who would join him would share in the spoils; the others, including the captain, would be "polished off."

"That day passed without any further move," says Captain Kenney, "but on the third day, seeing no prospect of getting my boat and the remaining men, I determined to make hostages of as many natives as I could capture." It will thus be seen that Kenney was a Bluenose seaman of resource and daring. The natives must have been somewhat guileless, since they paddled around the ship and were seduced aboard without much trouble. "I seduced them first on deck and then into the fore-castle with beef and bread. They were so anxious for a good feed that there was no trouble in getting them aboard."

But the fun commenced when the *Stewart's* crew started to

secure them. Down in the dark and crowded fo'c'sle, the men threw themselves on the frightened islanders, and when they bore them to the deck they tried to bind their wrists with pieces of manila whale line. Several were lashed up and apparently subdued, but with their sharp teeth they soon bit through the lashings, and by the time the last of the crowd were fast, the first captives were loose and fighting again. "The next move was to tie their hands behind their backs," says the narrator, "but the most difficult thing to do was to hold them at all, as they were naked and greased with coconut oil, so the only grip we could get on them was by means of their long straight hair. They were so lithe and jointless that they drew their bodies through their arms, and bringing their wrists to their mouths again they bit through the cords as if they were cotton thread."

The next move was iron handcuffs. They could not bite through these. With the natives ironed, the panting and perspiring crew, after wrestling for more than an hour in the cramped forecastle, fancied they had them secure. But even handcuffs would not hold them, for, slipping their hands through, they were loose once more. Eventually they were handcuffed with their hands behind them, then passed into the 'tween decks, where they were lashed to the stanchions. These natives were fine big strapping fellows.

The hostage-hunting went on. One of the canoes around the ship contained a chief. Kenney wanted him, but he would not venture aboard the whaler. A man was sent down to him pretending that he wanted to buy some shells, and this man carried a lance-warp fashioned into a running bowline. But as soon as the chief saw the scheme, he jumped out of his canoe and started to swim. Captain Kenney, determined to catch him, lowered a boat. When the chief saw the boat coming, he got into a canoe and paddled like mad for the shore, and when the whalemens got near; he jumped into the water again. The chase went on for some time until one of the whalemens caught the swimmer with the boat-hook. He was hauled aboard the boat and submitted quietly to being secured. When night came on, Kenney had captured thirteen men, one woman and a boy. The chief, the woman and the boy were confined in the sail-room.

Nothing happened during the night. The whalemens were prepared for action with a four-pounder gun, eighteen muskets, and a deadly assortment of keen-edged cutting-spades, lances and boarding-knives. At daylight a large canoe manned by

fifteen natives appeared near the ship, watching her closely. Captain Kenney then called the Irishman, who could speak a few words of the native language, and told him to inform the natives that if they did not bring back the crew and boat before the sun was overhead, the captives would be hung at the yardarm. On hearing this ultimatum, they immediately paddled back to the reef, some of them jumping overboard and swimming ashore in their anxiety to carry the message.

After breakfast, Captain Kenney decided to get under way, as he knew that a move, one way or the other, was impending. Then a canoe came off, manned by three natives, and containing another of the captive whalers. He told of a great commotion among the natives, during which the Spaniard had cleared out. But the islanders had taken the whaleboat and had it triced up under the coconut trees, forty feet from the ground.

"I then hove short," says Captain Kenney, "hoisted the topsail-yards, loosed the yardarm gaskets and made ready for a start. As I was doing this, a great fleet of canoes came showing up inside the reef and I made out my whale-boat among them, manned by natives, and my three men in canoes. I kept the ship steady, main-yards aback, and soon the boat came near enough for me to heave a line and hook into it and bring it alongside. As soon as I did this, the natives in her jumped overboard, and I hoisted the boat up and shortly afterwards got the last of my men from the canoes.

"By this time the ship was surrounded and much yelling going on. My crew got excited and had taken up the muskets and lances, and I was afraid mischief might happen. As soon as possible, I released my captives and they were overboard like a shot. I had allowed the boy to swim ashore earlier in the morning, and he must have made a favourable report, for nothing happened except the yelling in the swarming canoes, but it was exciting."

The *James Stewart* got away to sea and continued her cruise, but they had not heard the last of the Spanish renegade. Some time later, they touched at Sydenham Island again, and from the natives who came off they learned that the man had been killed. A whale-ship, the *Triton*, Captain Spencer of New Bedford, had come in shortly after the *Stewart* left, and from two of the natives who had been former members of her crew, and who could speak some English, they learned that the Spaniard had had an encounter with the *Triton's* company and had been killed by them.



## THE SPANIARD'S END

The *James Stewart* then bore away for the Japan Sea for right whaling, and after three months' cruising there went into the Sea of Okhotsk, remaining there for two months until September 1848. The ship was now full, and Captain Kenney made for the Sandwich Islands to recruit ere sailing for London with his cargo. While at the islands, a pamphlet, published by Captain Spencer of the *Triton*, came into his hands in which the New Bedford skipper had detailed his encounter with the Spanish renegade at Sydenham Island.

In this document, Captain Spencer stated that the fellow had boarded the *Triton* and told him that he had anchors and chains stored ashore. Spencer was short of these articles and went in to the island to have a look at them. The same tactics were adopted as with the *Stewart's* men—leading them into the woods. Only, in this case, the renegade got a number of natives to launch the *Triton's* whaleboat and, jumping in himself, made off with it. Spencer hailed him and inquired what he was up to. The only answer he got was that he was going off to take the ship in revenge for another ship that had been there "and robbed him of three hundred dollars' worth of property."

The Spaniard went on board the *Triton* and told the mate that he had come aboard to stop all night with him, and that he was to keep the ship off and on, and in the morning he was to becket some casks and send them ashore to float off the chains the captain had got. The mate believed this yarn and made preparations accordingly.

After supper, the cooper told the mate that he was suspicious of the stranger and not to put too much confidence in him, as he, the cooper, had been in a ship that had got into trouble through trusting strangers from the shore. The mate took the hint, for he got a pair of pistols, loaded them and put them on the cabin table, but he did not give instructions to the other officers. And as the evening wore on, he stretched himself out on the cabin transom and went to sleep.

The Spaniard, in the meantime, had been making preparations and had enlisted the services of two native whalers of the *Triton's* company. With the shore natives who had pulled him off he hoped to capture the ship. Creeping to the cabin gangway, the renegade found the mate asleep, and entering the cabin he took possession of the two pistols on the



cabin table. Then he went on deck and cold-bloodedly shot the man at the wheel.

The mate awoke at the report, and finding his pistols gone, ran into the captain's cabin and secured a cutlass. He rushed on deck and met the Spaniard in the gangway, and the latter, parrying the mate's cut, managed to get the cutlass away from the officer when the latter slipped and fell to the deck. The mate, disarmed, jumped to his feet and ran forward—the other following him and slashing him about the neck and shoulders. In the darkness, the officer, severely hurt, leaped down the fore-hatch, which happened to be off, and, wounded in forty places, concealed himself in the 'tween deck.

The natives took possession of the cutting-spades and drove the crew down into the fore-castle, where they were kept prisoners. The second and third mates hid in one of the boats which, as is customary in whalers on the grounds, hung from the davits at the level of the ship's rail. One of the officers, guessing what had happened, cleared away one of the lances used for killing whales. Keeping down and out of sight, this intrepid fellow waited until the Spanish pirate came along that side of the deck and, watching his chance, thrust the terrible lance right through him. The renegade there and then gave up the ghost.

In the meantime the natives were in charge of the deck. There must have been some other killings, as another account of the *Triton* affair states that five of the crew were killed and seven were wounded. The two officers, seeing that they were powerless to cope with the well-armed savages, managed to lower the boat they were hidden in, but she capsized at the water's edge and the two men drifted away on the bottom of the boat.

At daybreak the two native members of the crew who had joined the mutineers compelled the ship's boy to take the wheel and beat the ship to windward, as they wished to fetch the island and run the whaler ashore. The boy, however—and a smart lad he must have been—ran her off before the wind whenever he could, and after one or two tacks the two native seamen found they were losing ground. The boy, thinking they were beginning to watch him too suspiciously, left the wheel and ran aloft into the main-rigging. The first thing he saw was the capsized boat upon which the two officers were clinging, and he sang out "Sail ho!"

The natives, knowing the meaning of the hail, supposed there was another ship in sight, and came to the conclusion

that their situation was somewhat perilous. Going into the captain's room they took his chronometer, sextant and all the tobacco they could find, and took a boat for the shore.

As soon as they were gone, the boy came down from aloft, released the crew, and the officers were picked up. The mate was brought out of the hold and his wounds dressed. The ship was thereupon taken to Otaheite, where it was reported that the captain and boat's crew were murdered by the natives on Sydenham Island. The American Consul put the mate in charge of the ship and the *Triton* continued her cruise.

In the meantime, Captain Spencer and his men, unharmed, made several efforts to get away. They were finally rescued by the Nantucket whalers *United States* and *Alabama*.

### HOMEWARD BOUND : A " FULL SHIP "

The *James Stewart* left the Okhotsk Sea on September 15th, 1848, the year of the gold discovery in California. The crew were showing strong symptoms of scurvy, and by the time the whale-ship reached the Sandwich Islands some were hardly fit for duty. A diet of fresh vegetables, however, fixed the sick ones up in a few days. All the officers left the ship at the island to go to the gold-fields of California, after supplying men to take their places.

Leaving the islands, the *James Stewart* touched at Rarotonga, filled up on water and fruit, then rounded Cape Horn and continued towards London. Just before picking up the S.E. Trades, they secured a small sperm whale, and having every cask full, they stored the oil in the empty water-casks.

In due time the Azores loomed up, and Captain Kenney intended to touch there for small stores, tea, coffee, sugar and such-like. But on a calm morning some sperm whales were raised. " I could not resist the temptation," says Captain Kenney, " and though I was very badly fitted for whaling, all my old officers having left in Hawaii, yet I got my boats ready and succeeded in making fast to a large sperm. Next day we cut the whale in."

The blubber was stored below, as they had thrown all the bricks of their try-works overboard, and the ship was kept on her course for London. In the Channel, Captain Kenney decided to go into the Isle of Wight and take care of his whale. A Cowes pilot was taken aboard, and the ship, under all sail with royals and studding-sails on her, was ghosting along in a light southerly wind around the eastern end of the island.

It was getting near sundown and the pilot, anxious to get in before dark, asked Captain Kenney to keep the light sails on her as long as possible.

"We'll keep them on as long as you like," returned the captain. "We can strip her of her canvas very quickly with the crew we have aboard." So the light sails were kept on the ship almost to the anchorage.

At that particular time the people of Portsmouth were expecting a sloop-of-war home from the West Indies. Seeing them take the canvas off the ship so quickly, the shore-folks imagined that the vessel coming to an anchor was the expected man-o'-war, and before long there were a couple of boats alongside with a lot of disappointed people in them.

Next morning, Captain Kenney went ashore and engaged a mason to go aboard and fit up the try-works to boil out the blubber of the sperm taken off Fayal. When this was done, the *James Stewart* sailed for London and berthed in the St. Catherine's Dock. Captain Kenney left the ship there to be sold, and taking passage from Liverpool to Halifax, he arrived back in St. John after being away for three years and six months.

This was the *James Stewart's* last whaling voyage. It was also Captain Kenney's conclusion to sixteen years a-whaling. But it was not their last voyage together. The ship found no satisfactory purchaser in England, and Captain Kenney bought her and brought her out to St. John. There she was loaded with lumber for San Francisco, and sailed in command of her old skipper on January 4th, 1850. The little ship arrived out safely, calling in at St. Catherine's, Brazil, and Callao, *en route*, but found a very poor market in San Francisco for the cargo, and after lying in port for 14 months, the lumber was disposed of at an unprofitable price.

The *James Stewart* was built for Charles C. Stewart, in 1833, by George Thompson, St. John. She was a small ship of 386 tons, 109½ feet long by 28 feet beam. Yet it was in such small craft as these that our old-time seafarers doubled the stormy Horn time and time again and wandered through all the seas of all the world.

It is recorded on her register that the ship was sold in San Francisco.

#### WHALING IN QUEBEC PROVINCE

Soon after the War of Independence, the British Government tried to induce Nantucket whalers to conduct a whale

fishery out of Quebec. The location, however, did not appear suitable for the establishment of a whale-fishery and nothing came of it.

In 1820, a whale-fishery, employing five or six large schooners with crews of eight to ten men each, was carried on from the port of Gaspé, Quebec, and continued during the summer months in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent waters. History records that, as far back as 1690, Bayonne harpooneers were brought to Quebec for whaling purposes.

### THE GLORIOUS 'FIFTIES AND THE COLONIAL PACKETS

The 'fifties—the Golden Age of Sail—found the Maritime Provinces of British North America playing their part in the building of large and swift ships. St. John, N.B., Quebec, and minor ports in New Brunswick launched a great fleet of vessels, many of which became celebrated in the Australian and New Zealand emigrant trade, and also as Government transports during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. In this shipbuilding boom Nova Scotia scarcely participated, the construction there being confined to small vessels operated by Nova Scotian owners. The other provinces were building ships for sale in England.

Many of these Quebec and New Brunswick ships were well-built craft, of fine models and fast sailers, but a goodly number were put together in a hurry, roughly built, poorly fastened and with treenails not driven through. But they were cheaper than any other ships procurable, ton for ton, and owners and brokers seeking vessels for the Australian trade between 1850 and 1860 bought hundreds of them. The majority of the emigrants to Australia between the years aforementioned were carried out in B.N.A. ships.

The first ship to fly the flag of James Baines' Black Ball Line was a Canadian-built craft; another ship of his, the *Marco Polo*, which brought much fame to his flag, was a St. John-built vessel, and of the seventy or eighty ships which he owned or chartered during the 'fifties, the majority were B.N.A. vessels. The same applies to the other Australian packet lines out of Liverpool.

The first ship of the White Star Line of Australian packets was St. John-built, the *Ben Nevis*, 1347 tons, built in 1852, and in 1855 the White Star Line contracted to carry the mails to Australia with the *Ben Nevis*, *Shalimar*, *White Star*, *Emma*, *Fitzjames*, *Mermaid* and *Red Jacket*. Of these seven ships,



six were built in New Brunswick—the *Red Jacket* being an American-built vessel.

The Liverpool Line of Australian packets (J. S. De Wolf & Co.) in 1852 ran twice a month to Melbourne and employed ten Canadian-built packets in their service. The cost of a passage in the Liverpool Line packets was £45 for 1st Cabin, £25 for 2nd Cabin, £16 for 3rd Cabin, and £13 for Steerage. The Mersey Line to Australia had, in 1858, the New Brunswick-built ships *Lillies*, *Zoboah*, *McLeod*, *Oceanica* and *King of Algeria* in their service.

The first ship to arrive in Liverpool with a shipment of Australian gold was the Eagle Line packet *Albatross*, 965 tons, which docked in the Mersey in August 1852. She brought £50,000 in gold dust and returned with the same crew that took her out. The *Albatross* was built in St. John by Wm. Olive in 1850 for Gibbs, Bright & Co., Liverpool, and was sister-ship to the *Eagle*, also a packet belonging to the same concern, and which in 1852 made the quickest passage from Melbourne ever known to that date, viz. 78 days to the Downs. The *Condor* and other ships of the Eagle Line were Canadian-built.

In the year 1858, out of 86 emigrant ships leaving Liverpool for South Africa and Australia, no less than 62 ships were built in Canada. This gives an idea of how these vessels dominated this particular trade in the 'fifties. Shipowners in Liverpool, London and Glasgow bought these "British Plantation Built"<sup>1</sup> craft, and even such aristocrats as Green's, Willis, and Somes of London had Canadian-built ships under their flags.

While many of them were splendid ships, fast and well-finished, and, in some cases, built under contract and special survey, the most were only good for about six or seven years in the emigrant trade. After that, the big ships of the latter class would become hogged and would leak badly, and the onerous job of pumping became a major part of the crew's duty aboard of them. It has been said that some of them "worked" so in a sea-way that the butts of the deck-planks would open up, and men have claimed that they lost the heels off their boots when the butts closed again.

One of the finest ships built in St. John was the clipper ship *White Star*, 2339 tons, launched from the Courtenay Bay yard of W. and R. Wright in 1854. When launched, she was

<sup>1</sup> Prior to 1860, vessels constructed in British North America were registered as being "British Plantation Built"—the term "Plantation" meaning "Colony."



named the *Blue Jacket*, but as another ship of the same name had just been built in Boston for the Australian trade out of Liverpool, the name was changed to *White Star*.

The *White Star* was built for Pilkington and Wilson, Liverpool, who operated the White Star Line of packets to Australia, and she cost them £35,000. At the time of her departure from New Brunswick, it was said that she was the largest, handsomest and costliest ship built in St. John. It was also claimed that she was the longest merchant ship in the world, being 284 feet on deck. Her saloon, with accommodation for 34 passengers, was luxuriously decorated and equipped by St. John ship-furnishers. The cook's stove, it was remarked, cost £50. On her outward passages to Melbourne she carried over 600 passengers and crew.

In command of Captain Richard Wright, one of the firm that built her, the *White Star*, loaded with deals, sailed from St. John for Liverpool on November 7th, 1854, and was off Holyhead in 14 days after sailing.

Coming home to Liverpool from Melbourne on her first voyage, the *White Star* arrived on November 27th, 1855, after a passage of 87 days. From September 4th to 26th she ran a distance of 4071 miles, rounding Cape Horn in a little over 20 days. From September 21st to October 8th she made 3993 miles. During the remainder of the passage she had light and baffling winds. Captain J. R. Brown was in command on this occasion.

The *White Star* was one of the finest and fastest ships built in British North America.<sup>1</sup>

The ship *Tiptree*, 1650 tons, was also built in St. John in 1855 for the White Star Line, and carried the mails to Melbourne. "No expense has been spared to make her equal to the finest ship or steamer afloat," states a Liverpool shipping notice regarding her.

The ship *Morning Light*,<sup>2</sup> 2377 tons, built in 1855, was the largest B.N.A. craft until eclipsed by the *W.D. Lawrence* in 1874. The *Morning Light* was built by Wm. and Richard Wright at St. John for their own account and was valued at £25,000 when launched and rigged. With the building of this ship the Wrights gave up active shipbuilding at St. John and removed to Liverpool, where they engaged in shipowning for many years afterwards. The *Morning Light* was chartered to the Black Ball and Mersey Lines of Australian packets and

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 69, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 77.

made several voyages in the emigrant trade, being quite fast. I understand that a Captain Gillies was in command of her while in the Australian passenger trade, and John Payson was mate. Both were Canadians.

In 1857 the ship *Sovereign of the Seas*, 1226 tons, was launched from the Wright yard, St. John, for themselves. She was sent across to Liverpool and placed in the Australian trade. On October 8th, 1861, the vessel was deliberately set on fire by one of her crew while she was lying in Sydney, N.S.W. The entry on her register states that she was destroyed by fire at Sydney on the date aforementioned and her registry was closed at St. John, April 8th, 1862. This vessel must not be confounded with the McKay clipper of the same name.

James Smith built the ship *Prince of the Seas*, 1427 tons, at St. John in 1853. She was taken up for the Australian run by the White Star Line, and a Liverpool shipping notice of 1859 states:—"She was built by the celebrated builder of the *Marco Polo*, and is one of the handsomest, fastest and best-built clippers in the trade. Her speed is extraordinary, having sailed the astonishing distance of 431 miles in one day." I am unable to verify this unusual run. Like the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Prince of the Seas* was destroyed by fire in Melbourne in January 1862.

Smith built the ship *Queen of the Seas*, 1649 tons, in 1854, for W. H. Prowse & Co., Liverpool. She also went on the Australian emigrant run. Similarly named craft were the *Empress of the Seas*, built at St. John in 1863, and the *Mistress of the Seas*, 1776 tons, built for the Wrights at St. John in 1861. Another *Mistress of the Seas*, 1241 tons, was built in 1863 at Miramichi. The *Empress of the Seas* went missing in 1872 while bound from Calcutta to the Clyde. The St. John *Mistress of the Seas* was abandoned at sea in February 1880, bound from Philadelphia to Bremerhaven with barrelled oil; the Miramichi craft of that name, bound from Greenock to Calcutta in 1870, foundered in the Indian Ocean and drowned ten of her crew.

Does ill-luck follow these regal names? The American ships of similar nomenclature have also met disaster within ten years of launching. The famous *Sovereign of the Seas*, built by Donald McKay, Boston, in 1852, was lost in 1859, the *Empress of the Seas*, built 1853, was burnt in 1861, the *Queen of the Seas*, built 1852, foundered in 1862, *Champion of the Seas* was lost off Cape Horn in 1877; but the McKay ship

*Glory of the Seas*, built in 1869, was afloat until 1924, when she was burned for her copper.

Another fine ship built by the Wrights at St. John was the *Beejapore*,<sup>1</sup> launched in 1851. She was a three-decker of 180 feet keel and 1676 tons reg. Though intended for the Indian trade, she was taken over by the White Star Line and placed on the Australian emigrant run, and was thus engaged in 1858, when she was credited with a passage of 74 days from England to Sydney, N.S.W. The *Beejapore* was Wrights' first large ship. Her main-yard was 80 feet in length and the maintopsail-yard was 64 feet. The main-yard of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, a ship of 245 feet keel, was only ten feet longer than that of the *Beejapore*.

A smart ship was the *Mermaid*,<sup>2</sup> 1233 tons, built by John McDonald, St. John, in 1853, and sold in Liverpool for £14,850. She was placed on the Australian run under Black Ball and White Star flags on different occasions and made some splendid runs out and home. She is credited with three outward passages from Liverpool to Melbourne of 72, 75 and 77 days, and homeward runs of 75 and 77 days. Also credited to her (previous to 1858) was a run of 3740 geographical miles in 13 successive days.

In 1859, the *Mermaid* was placed in the New Zealand trade and ran for many years to Auckland and Lyttelton under the house-flag of Shaw, Savill & Company. Her best passage out to Lyttelton was 81 days. In 1862, she arrived in the Channel from that port, 75 days out, and docked in London 78 days from Lyttelton. She continued in the New Zealand trade until 1869—sixteen years after launching, which would testify that she was a superior ship.

James Nevins, St. John, built the ship *Sultana*, 1308 tons, in 1853. She was taken over by the White Star Line, and under their flag made two passages to Melbourne from Liverpool in 78 days each. She made two passages as a troopship from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope in 45 days each. The *Sultana* also sailed under the Black Ball flag.

The *Miles Barton*, 963 tons, built in 1853 by W. and R. Wright, St. John, was taken up for the Australian trade by Beazley's Golden Line. In a Liverpool paper of 1857 she is credited with three passages from Liverpool to Melbourne of 74, 76 and 79 days respectively.

The ship *Merchant Prince*, 1438 tons, built in 1856 by John

<sup>1</sup> See also pp. 44 and 329, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 64.

McLachlan at Carleton, N.B., was another White Star packet credited with a passage of 72 days from England to Australia. The *Atalanta*, 1091 tons, built at St. John in 1856, arrived in Melbourne from Liverpool in June of that year after a passage of 79 days.

F. and J. Ruddock, St. John, built the ship *Anglo-Saxon*, 122 tons, in 1853, and she was bought by Farnsworth and Jardine, Liverpool. In 1855, she made the voyage from Genoa to Quebec, loaded a cargo of timber there, and arrived in Liverpool, heavily laden, all in the space of two months and four days, including detention at Quebec. This feat commended her to the White Star Line and she was placed on the Australian packet run by them in 1856.

The ship *Oliver Lang*, 1236 tons, built by Walter Brown, St. John, in 1853, sailed under the Black Ball flag to Australia. In September 1856, James Baines opened up trade with Wellington, N.Z., with a regular line of monthly packets beginning with the *Oliver Lang*. To celebrate the occasion, Mr. Baines gave a magnificent dinner and entertainment on board the ship *Great Tasmania*. It was intended to stage the event aboard the *Oliver Lang*, but she was being fitted out for sea at the time. At the dinner 300 guests sat down, including the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and several members of Parliament.

The *Oliver Lang* introduced the Black Ball flag to Wellington in December 1856, arriving there after a good passage of 85 days from Liverpool. In a published letter, James Baines credits the *Oliver Lang* with a passage of 68 days from Wellington to Liverpool in 1857. In 1859, while bound from London to Wellington, the packet met with the Channel-bound barque *Shan*. Acceding to the request of passengers, the master of the *Oliver Lang* signalled the *Shan* that he wanted to send a boat over with some letters. Both ships came to the wind, but, being too close, collided. It is said that the coming together started the *Oliver Lang's* planking, so that she was beached on arrival at Wellington and condemned. Another account states that she was blown ashore while at anchor in the New Zealand port.

F. Ruddock and Bros., St. John, built the ship *British Trident*, 1399 tons, in 1854. In command of Captain J. G. Kenney (the St. John whaling master) she arrived in Liverpool on October 15th, 1854, heavily laden with deals, after a good passage of 16½ days from St. John. The *British Trident* sailed in the North Atlantic trade with Captain Kenney in



command for a few years and then was chartered for the Australian run. Built at the same time was the ship *Ouangondy*, 1312 tons, which was launched from the Carleton, N.B., yard of Thos. McLeod. The *Ouangondy*, deal-laden, and on her first voyage, arrived at Greenock in 16 days from St. John. She also went into the Australian trade from the Clyde.

Captain Kenney, who is featured elsewhere in this volume in connection with whaling ventures out of St. John, commanded a number of New Brunswick-built craft that went into the Australian emigrant trade. One of these was the ship *Monsoon*, 1084 tons, built in 1852 by Wm. Olive, St. John. After a year in the Transatlantic trade, Captain Kenney sold the *Monsoon* in Liverpool for double what it cost to build her. Under the Black Ball flag she carried emigrants to Melbourne in 1858. Another ship which he commanded was the *Henry Fernie*, 1549 tons, built in 1860 at St. John. She was named after a well-known Liverpool shipowner who dealt extensively in New Brunswick ships, financing the construction of many. Captain Kenney had a hard time getting the *Henry Fernie* across to Liverpool, arriving in the Mersey with 15 feet of water in her hold.

Captain Kenney's next ship, I believe, was the *Metropolis*, 1081 tons, built in 1861 by James Nevins, St. John. Kenney had an interest in this craft and superintended the building of her. Commanding her for several Transatlantic voyages, he was compelled, owing to the depression in Atlantic trading due to the American Civil War, to charter foreign. The *Metropolis* was hired to carry passengers and general cargo from London to Lyttelton, N.Z., and arrived out safely with passengers in good health. From New Zealand the *Metropolis* went to Callao, thence to the Chinchas for guano to Glasgow. Captain Kenney remained in charge of this ship until 1865, when he left to command the St. John ship *Magna Charta*. In 1862, while the *Metropolis* was crossing the Grand Banks bound for St. John, Captain Kenney's son fell from aloft while reefing topsails and was killed instantly.

A smart ship was the *Lillies*, 1665 tons, built in 1855 by Alex. Simes at Lancaster, N.B. This ship is credited with transporting troops from Dublin to Gibraltar in 4 days, and also made a passage from Liverpool to Melbourne in 79 days. On this passage it is claimed that she made 365 miles a day for several days in succession. The *Lillies* sailed under the White Star flag and also in the Mersey Line to Australia.



The famous "MARCO POLO."

The celebrated Black Ball packet is here depicted upon a lustre-ware plaque produced in 1853 to commemorate her record Australian passages.

(See p. 44.)



Ship "GOVERNOR TILLEY," 1420 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1875, St. John, N.B.

(See p. 57.)



Barque (*ex* Ship) "PRINCE LEOPOLD," 1308 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1868, St. Martin's, N.B.

(Photo taken in mid-Atlantic, 1886, when under Norwegian flag.)

(See p. 57.)



She was ultimately lost in October 1863 at Morecambe Bay, near Liverpool.

Ship *Queen of the East*, 1393 tons, built in 1853 by Wm. Olive, St. John, was another Australian packet. On her first voyage, timber laden, she arrived in Liverpool, March 3rd, 1854, after a trip of 19 days from St. John. The *Queen of the East* was a well-built ship of hackmatack, yellow pine, oak, and iron and copper fastened, and in 1891 was afloat as a Norwegian barque.

A splendid New Brunswick ship was the *Witch of the Wind*, 1313 tons, built in 1854 by Joseph Sulis and Sons, St. John. She was a hackmatack and pitch-pine craft and was commanded by Captain Thos. W. Sulis, St. John. She was lost at sea a few months after launching.

The ship *Eastern City*, 1227 tons, built in 1853 by Alex. Sime at Lancaster, N.B., is credited with a passage of 76 days from London to Calcutta in 1855. While under charter to the Black Ball Line, the *Eastern City*, with 226 passengers and crew aboard, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne, caught fire and was burnt at sea, August 24th, 1858. Until another ship hove in sight and rescued everybody without accident, Captain D. H. Johnston passed an anxious time. For his cool and intrepid conduct in saving the lives of his passengers and crew, Captain Johnston was awarded a medal. The rescued people were landed at Cape Town.

Coming down from the big New Brunswick ships in the Australian trade to something smaller, we find the St. John brig *Retriever* arriving in Melbourne in 1854 after a passage of 156 days. The brig was loaded with lumber which sold for £17 10s. per 1000 ft. The people of Melbourne were amazed to see so small a vessel, deeply laden, that had accomplished such a long and perilous voyage. So deep was the *Retriever* that the pilot who took her over the bar thought that she was waterlogged.

John Craig at Oromocto, N.B., in 1853, built a ship of 1323 tons called the *Matoaka*. She was sold in Liverpool and placed in the Australian emigrant trade, latterly making several voyages to New Zealand in the Shaw, Savill Line. In 1862, the *Matoaka* made the passage from Bristol to Lyttelton in 82 days commanded by Captain Stevens. In 1869, she left Lyttelton for London and was never heard of again. It is assumed that she collided with an iceberg in the Southern Ocean.

The ship *Telegraph*, 1118 tons, built in 1853 by Smith and



Haws, St. John, was another Australian trader. In 1863, she was chartered by Shaw, Savill & Co. to carry passengers and general cargo to Auckland, N.Z. From Gravesend to Auckland anchorage, the *Telegraph* was 104 days. While on the passage out she was stopped and overhauled by the Confederate raider *Alabama*.

Wm. Olive, St. John, in 1856 built the ship *Elizabeth Ann Bright*, 1430 tons, and Samuel Bright of Liverpool (Gibbs, Bright & Co.) was empowered to sell her for not less than £14,500. From St. John to Liverpool, she made the voyage in 15 days. She engaged in the Australian trade under the Black Ball flag and was reputed to be a fast vessel. In 1863, she carried troops to New Zealand during one of the Maori uprisings, and made the passage from Plymouth to Auckland in 85 days.

The *Chrysolite*, 1129 tons, built at St. John, N.B., in 1858 was another Colonial packet. In 1861, she arrived off Lyttelton Heads, 74 days out from London—a fast passage. Sir Henry Brett, in his book *White Wings*, states that when towing down Channel, the hawser had to be cut as the ship made sail—she began to tow the tug. This ship was afloat and under the Norwegian flag in 1891. There was another *Chrysolite*—a ship of 1278 tons built by Nevins and Fraser at St. John in 1868. She was afloat in 1903 under the Norwegian flag.

The *John Duncan*, 970 tons, built at St. John in 1855 and owned by J. and R. Reed of that city, was chartered in the early 'sixties by Shaw, Savill & Co. for their New Zealand run, and made several voyages under their flag. On one occasion she was overhauled and boarded by a boat's crew from the U.S. steam frigate *Vanderbilt*. The boarding officer "was exceedingly civil, and when he saw the character of the ship, did not even ask to inspect her papers. The passengers, at first alarmed, accepted the offer of the officer to take a small mail for England, which he undertook to deliver to the British Consul at the Brazils."

Among other ships built in New Brunswick in the "Glorious 'Fifties" and which acquired sailing records, we might mention the ship *Silistria*, 1093 tons, built by W. and I. Olive, Carleton, N.B., in 1854. In command of Captain Anthony, the *Silistria* in 1855 made the passage from Newport, Wales, to Valparaiso in 69 days—at that time claimed to be the shortest ever made by a sailing vessel. The *Silistria* was coal-laden and drawing 21 feet when she made the voyage.

A record passage was made in the 'fifties by a ship called the *Conquest*, 1046 tons, which was built at Hopewell, N.B., by Azor Betts in 1855 for John D. Purdy, St. John. From Lawton's Wharf, St. John, to the Brunswick Dock, Liverpool, deal-laden, the *Conquest* made the run in 13 days, 9 hours. She was off Cork in 10 days, was becalmed all the eleventh day, and arrived in Liverpool as above. Unfortunately, I have no further particulars of this fine passage. The ship was commanded by Jacob Brewer. In 1861, she was wrecked near Holyhead, Wales, on the eighteenth day out from Savannah, cotton-laden. Her master on this occasion was Captain Johnson. He had been mate with Brewer and was known as "Plum-pudding Johnson." Captain Johnson was afterwards in the Lamport and Holt service.

It may be opportune to record here that William J. Lamport and George A. Holt dealt to a considerable extent in New Brunswick-built ships during the 'fifties and 'sixties. A St. John vessel was named after the latter.

Another fine St. John ship was the *Alciope*, 638 tons, built by Wm. Olive in 1851. She is referred to in contemporary Liverpool papers as a "yacht-built clipper ship." On her maiden voyage she went from Cape Sable to Liverpool in 16 days.

Coming from passages to tragedy, we record the case of the ship *Welsford*, 1292 tons, built in 1856 at Dorchester, N.B., by McMorran and Dunn. She took aboard the usual cargo of deals at St. John and sailed for Liverpool. On Christmas Day (December 25th, 1856) the *Welsford* ran ashore on Cape Race, N.F., and the master and 23 of the crew were lost.

### THE QUEBECKERS OF THE 'FIFTIES

Turning now to the Quebec-built ships of the 'fifties, we find the ship *Tudor*, 1786 tons, built in 1854 by H. N. Jones, Quebec, running in the Australian trade under the White Star flag. She was a three-decker and a former Crimean transport, and is credited with a passage of 77 days, Liverpool to Melbourne.

One of the pioneer ships in the Australian emigrant trade was the *Anna*, 1018 tons, built at Quebec in 1848 by James Tibbetts. She was owned by H. Barton, Liverpool, and was a hardwood ship. In 1852, she made the passage from Liverpool to Adelaide in 76 days.

Another pioneer Australian packet was the ship *Hibernia*, 1065 tons, which was built in Quebec in 1850 by J. E. Oliver. A contemporary Liverpool paper refers to her as "one of the finest ships ever built in Canada." In 1851, she ran in the Liverpool Line of Australian packets.

George H. Parke, Quebec, in 1851 built the ship *Africa*, 1306 tons. She was taken over by the Fox Line packets and placed on the Australian run in 1852, and was distinguished as being the largest single-deck vessel in the British Merchant Service at that time.

The ship *Maria*, 1014 tons, built by Thomas Oliver, Quebec, in 1849 was one of the earliest of the Black Ball packets. Captain "Bully" Forbes commanded her prior to taking over the famous *Marco Polo*. In a letter to his brother, a shipbroker in Liverpool, Mr. Oliver, the builder, says of the *Maria*: "She is the handsomest, the best built and the finest ship that has left here for some time, and being built in summer adds so much more to her value. You may sell her to your best friends and they will not be disappointed in her."

Edouard Trahan, in 1854, built the ship *Ultonia*, 1405 tons. In 1855, she went from Callao to Queenstown, guano laden, in 77 days. She was also an Australian passenger packet. Thos. Oliver, in 1856, built the ship *Sardinian*, 1268 tons. The White Star Line took her over for their Australian mail and passenger service, and on her first voyage she landed the mails in 74 days.

The splendid Quebec ship *Shooting Star*,<sup>1</sup> built in 1853, was another Australian packet and in 1858 carried 417 emigrants out to Melbourne. The *Shooting Star* was called a clipper ship, and her master, Captain John Cole, wrote to her builder, Thos. Conrad Lee, about the ship's arrival in the Mersey on her first voyage. "On the day we docked in Liverpool, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the great American clipper, was lying in the Mersey outward bound. We lay abreast of her, and every person who was a judge of a ship pronounced the *Shooting Star* to be the handsomest and finest ship of the two, and I must say we looked splendid, having got the three skysail-yards across," etc.

The ship *Arthur the Great*, 1389 tons, was one of T. C. Lee's clippers, and like all the ships he built was regarded as a superior craft. On her maiden voyage, while outward bound from Quebec in September 1853, the pilot gave orders to clew

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 67, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



Ship " S. B. WELDON," 1463 tons, of St. John, N.B.

Built 1878, Rockland, N.B.

(As Norwegian ship " KATHINKA " she is here shown ashore in Pensacola Bay about 1895.)



Barque " MARY I. BAKER," 865 tons, of Yarmouth, N.S.

Built 1876, Salmon River, N.S.,

(Photo taken in Pensacola.)

(See p. 214.)





Ship "DOMINION," 1287 tons.  
Built 1875, Quebec.

(See p. 105.)



Barque (*ex* Ship) "ROYAL VISITOR," 1220 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1860, Quebec.

(See pp. 105, 107.)



up main-royal and fore-topgallant-sail, as he intended to anchor the ship before entering the Traverses of the St. Lawrence River. Three men went aloft to furl the royal and some went up to the fore-topgallant-yard. One of them had only reached the fore-topsail-yard when the fore-topmast went, three or four feet above the cap, carrying with it the main and mizzen-topmasts and yards and the three men on the royal-yard. Two of the three were drowned, the other was picked up. The man on the fore-topsail-yard fell into the fore-top and was injured. As the wind was light and the ship brand-new, it was difficult to account for the mishap. The topmast was flawed probably.

The *Arthur the Great* was owned during part of her career by Somes Bros., London, and was a Government transport during the Indian Mutiny. In 1855, she was part of the transport fleet which took part in the Persian Gulf expedition. She is credited with a passage of 83 days from Bombay to London.

Mr. Lee earned a reputation as a builder of finely modelled ships, and both the *Shooting Star* and *Arthur the Great* occasioned much favourable comment when they were launched. In 1855, he built a schooner of 200 tons, *La Belle Canadienne*, for the Quebec Government Fisheries Protection Service. She was a clipper schooner, very fast, and for many years a terror to smugglers and poachers in Gulf of St. Lawrence waters. Her iron ballast was inserted between the ribs and the inner and outer planking, and so sure of her sailing qualities was Mr. Lee that he offered to wager £500 on her speed in a contest with the famous yacht *America*. It is to be regretted that the contest never came off.

A splendid ship was the *Boomerang*, 1823 tons, built ostensibly for the Australian trade, which was launched in May 1853 from the yard of Theophile St. Jean, St. Rochs, Quebec. On arrival in Liverpool, the *Boomerang* was bought or chartered by James Baines and placed on the Australian run. She had the name in Quebec of being a clipper, but the only word I have of her performance is contained in a letter from Mr. P. O'Dowd, a former Quebecker, who wrote friends in his native city from Melbourne, February 1st, 1854. Says Mr. O'Dowd: "This splendid vessel, the *Boomerang*, of 1823 tons, Captain Flynn, has made the quickest passage on record, beating the celebrated *Marco Polo* by four days (the latter vessel is ashore at the Heads). The *Boomerang* made the passage from port to port in 70 (?) days, frequently running 18 knots an hour,

and accomplished the extraordinary run of 400 miles a day for several days. I have been on board with a number of Quebeckers, and it is needless to say how proud we all felt to see one of our own vessels beating everything afloat.

“ Captain Flynn requests me to write to say to the builder, Mr. St. John (St. Jean), that a better sea-boat does not float, and to express to him the great gratification he feels at commanding so splendid a vessel. The *Boomerang* is the whole talk of our city since she has eclipsed the renowned *Marco Polo*.”

No mention is made of the *Boomerang's* passage in Lubbock's *Colonial Clippers*, but he notes that the *Marco Polo* arrived at Melbourne on January 31st, 1854, after a passage from Liverpool of 84 days. I am inclined to think that this patriotic Quebecker meant 80 days as the time of the *Boomerang's* passage, which would thus be four days less than that of the *Marco Polo*.

Another ship rated as a clipper was the *Nugget*, 1128 tons, built in 1853 by Edouard Trahan, Quebec. On her maiden voyage she left Goose Island, River St. Lawrence, on November 15th, 1853, and arrived in Liverpool, December 3rd, making the passage in 17½ days. In 1861, the *Nugget* was lost with all hands, 28 men, while bound from Calcutta to London. I believe she made Australian voyages.

The *Saldanha*, 1568 tons, built by John Nesbitt, Quebec, in 1853, carried passengers from Liverpool to Australia, and in 1858 flew the Black Ball flag. On her first voyage she sailed from Grosse Isle to Liverpool in 22 days, arriving December 7th, 1853.

The ship *Gananoque*, 783 tons, built at Levis, Quebec, by G. T. Davie, was chartered in 1860 to carry emigrants to New Zealand by Shaw, Savill. Leaving London on February 14th, 1860, with 215 passengers, she made the run from the Downs to the Line in 21 days. The passage to Lyttelton was made in 85 days.

Lomas and Sewell, Quebec, in 1854 built the ship *Lancashire Witch*, 1574 tons. She went to Liverpool and was owned by Fernie Bros. In 1863, she was chartered by Shaw, Savill & Co. for New Zealand voyages and made three round trips. On her first voyage to Lyttelton in 1863 with 420 emigrants, scarlet fever broke out aboard and three adults and 23 children died at sea. On her third voyage the *Lancashire Witch* carried 490 passengers from London to Auckland—the largest number to be landed there from one vessel. She was not a passage-

maker. In 1886, she carried coals from Cardiff to the West Coast of South America and was afterwards used as a hulk in Callao by Grace Bros. & Co.

Among other Quebec-built ships that carried passengers from Great Britain to Australia and New Zealand and which were launched during the 'fifties, we record the following:—ship *Rhea Sylvia*, 881 tons, built by J. E. Oliver in 1852; ship *Resolute*, 1072 tons, built by H. N. Jones in 1857; ship *Captain Cook*, 1272 tons, built in 1854 by Drolet and Leblond; ship *Clontarf*, 1091 tons, built in 1850 by H. N. Jones; ship *Pladda*, 982 tons, built in 1857 by Wm. Cotnam; ship *Bell-carrigg*, 937 tons, built 1851 by Thos. Oliver; ship *Fanny*, 950 tons, built 1851 by J. Nesbitt, and ship *James T. Foord*, 790 tons, built 1844 by T. H. Oliver. The three last vessels were running in the Liverpool Line of Australian packets in 1852.

In 1853, P. V. Valin launched the ship *British Lion*, 1370 tons. She was a hardwood craft and was reputed to be a good sailer. A shipping note in 1857 states that she made a passage from Calcutta to Havre in 91 days, during which she frequently logged 16½ miles per hour and made 362 miles in one day. In 1858, the *British Lion* was one of the White Star fleet carrying passengers to Australia.

#### COLONIAL TRADERS OF THE 'SIXTIES AND 'SEVENTIES

In the early days of the settlement of New Zealand, especially in the 'sixties, many pioneers were carried to the island colonies by Canadian-built craft. Sir Henry Brett in his book *White Wings* records the arrival of many of them, and he speaks very highly of these fast and comfortable North American ships. For many years, even in the 'seventies, Canadian-built vessels raced emigrants out to New Zealand in company with the iron packets of Great Britain. But, in the end, iron won and the wooden hulls of Canada no longer visited the Colonial ports as passenger packets.

One of these New Zealand packets of the 'sixties that had a noteworthy experience, as recounted in Brett's volume, was the ship *Queen of Beauty*, a vessel of 1235 tons, built in 1861 by Storm and King, St. John, for Fernie Bros., Liverpool. The *Queen of Beauty* was a lofty, sharp-modelled ship and had all the appearance of a Yankee clipper. She sailed from Gravesend, May 5th, 1863, with 270 passengers for Auckland, and when off the Brazilian coast was overhauled and had a



shot fired across her bows by a stranger steamer. The *Queen of Beauty* was brought to the wind as a boat pulled across from the stranger, and when the officer boarded the packet he revealed his craft as being the Confederate warship *Alabama*.

After examining the ship's papers, the officer apologized for detaining a British vessel. Refreshments were then served out and the *Alabama's* men pulled away to their own vessel with several boxes of clay pipes presented to them by the emigrants. The day before, the *Alabama* had been chasing the American ship *Onward*, but had failed to overtake her. When they raised the *Queen of Beauty*, the similarity of her appearance to the *Onward* made them think that they had found the chase again.

A curious error appears to have occurred in Captain Semmes' account of his *Alabama* cruise. In his book, *Memoirs of Service Afloat*, he states: "On the 16th of June, 1863, we overhauled two more American ships under English colours. One was the *Azzapali*, the other was the *Queen of Beauty*, formerly the *Challenger*. Under her new colours and nationality, she was running as a packet between London and Auckland. These were both *bona fide* transfers, and were evidence of the straits to which Yankee commerce was being put. Many more ships disappeared from under the 'flaunting lie' by sale than by capture, their owners not being able to employ them."

Captain Semmes is surely mistaken in his assumption, as the *Queen of Beauty* was a New Brunswick-built ship and sister to the *Queen of Australia*, 1238 tons, built at St. John in the same year, by the same builder, and for the same owners in Liverpool. Fernie Bros. also owned the *Queen of India*, 1044 tons, built in 1859 by Thompson, St. John, and which was also a New Zealand emigrant packet. The American ship *Challenger* was a vessel of 1334 tons, built at Boston in 1853.

The *Queen of Beauty* made the passage in 96 days. In 1887 she went missing.

The *Queen of India* aforementioned made two voyages to Otago with a few passengers. Her second trip from London to Port Chalmers was made in 1865, when she made the passage in 86 days, port to port. She was condemned in 1887.

Several "Queens"—British North American built craft—ran in the Colonial trade. There was the ship *Queen of the Deep*, 1257 tons, built in 1863 by Gass, St. John, and bought by Seddon & Co., Liverpool. In 1864, she made a voyage from London to Auckland with saloon and second class passengers as well as 130 Government emigrants. She was 117 days on the passage.

Another St. John-built ship was the *Queen of the Mersey*, 1168 tons, built in 1860. In 1862, she went out to Lyttelton from London with 349 Government emigrants and was 108 days on the passage. During the voyage some of the crew broached liquor in the cargo. After ironing the culprits, Captain Aitken was assaulted by one of the handcuffed men and was seriously hurt by the irons. On the ship's arrival, five of the crew were arrested and sentenced. This ship was under the Norwegian flag in 1891.

McMorran and Dunn, St. John, built the three-deck ship *Queen of the North*, 1668 tons, in 1860. She was despatched to Liverpool to be sold for not less than £13,500. Whether she fetched that price or not I do not know, but she was bought by Henry T. Wilson, of the White Star Line, and may have sailed under that flag. In 1865, she made a voyage with emigrants to Auckland, N.Z. The *Queen of the North* was a hackmatack and yellow pine ship, iron and copper fastened, and was afloat in 1891.

Another fine New Brunswick-built ship in the Colonial trade was the *Charlotte Gladstone*, 1304 tons, built in 1865 by Fisher, St. John. She was bought by London parties, and from 1870 to 1873 made three voyages to New Zealand with emigrants. Leaving London on November 4th, 1870, she crossed the Line 24 days out from the docks and was 50 days to the Cape. On January 30th, 1871, she arrived at Lyttelton, making the run from land to land in 76 days, and 87 days from port to port. The *Charlotte Gladstone* was afloat in 1891 as the Norwegian barque *Alfhild*.

The ship *Bulwark*, 1332 tons, built in 1862 by Storm and King, St. John, had a rough time of it when carrying passengers and general cargo out from London to Auckland in 1872. While "rolling up from St. Helena," she met bad weather and had to put into Simon's Town for water owing to leaking tanks. She was then 73 days out. Proceeding on her voyage and while in the "easting latitudes," she was pooped by a heavy sea which carried away the wheel, binnacle, compass, poop skylight, hurricane-house, smashed four boats, and pretty well gutted the ship. The *Bulwark* then made for the Mauritius and remained there 59 days refitting. Eventually she arrived at her destination after a voyage from London of 217 days.

Four voyages to Auckland and Dunedin were made between 1862 and 1875 by the ship *Aboukir*, 947 tons, built in 1861 by Milledge, St. John, as the *Star of Arcadia*. This vessel belonged to Glasgow and she made three voyages to Dunedin with Scottish emigrants. Her best passage was 97 days.

Other New Zealand traders built in New Brunswick were the ships *Green Jacket*, 1088 tons; *War Spirit*, 1234 tons, and the *Brother's Pride*, 1230 tons, built in Sackville, N.B., in 1858. The latter ship left London in 1863 with 371 emigrants—44 persons dying on the voyage. The *War Spirit* was built by Salter, Moncton, N.B., in 1854. In November 1872, she was abandoned in the North Atlantic, waterlogged and loaded with deals. She was salvaged, however, and registered at Quebec, and was afloat in 1891.

Coming now to Quebec-built ships in the Colonial trade, we find the ship *Golden Sea*, 1418 tons, making a passage of 89 days from England to Wellington with 368 emigrants in 1874. The *Golden Sea* was built by Thomas Oliver at Quebec in 1864, and was chartered for the New Zealand voyage by the Shaw, Savill Company.

There were two ships named *White Rose* built in Quebec. The first ship of that name was launched in 1862 by Thos. Conrad Lee. She was 1370 tons, and was said to be one of the best finished, best modelled and fastest ships built in Quebec. In August 1862, she made the passage from Quebec to London in 19 days. The other *White Rose* was a ship of 1528 tons, built at Levis by Dunn and Samson in 1874. With the ship *Tintern Abbey*, 1346 tons, built by P. V. Valin in the same year, she sailed out of London owned by H. Ellis and Sons, and both made passenger voyages to New Zealand under charter to Shaw, Savill.

The second *White Rose* left Quebec on her maiden voyage in August 1874, loaded with deals for Liverpool. When 10 days out, shortly after midnight, in fine weather, and the ship under all plain sail close-hauled on the starboard tack, the fore-topmast went over the port side, carrying with it the main-topmast and head of mizzen-topmast, with everything attached above the cap. The weight of the wreck in the water caused the jibboom to go soon after.

Two men who had been in the fore-top stowing the main-topgallant-staysail, had fallen upon the deckload—one of them died shortly afterwards. A third man, who had been aloft, was missing and was believed to have gone overboard. After saving what they could, the men were ordered to knock off until daylight. When they began again to clear away the wreck, the missing seaman was found in the fore-top, dead, and with the whole weight of the wreck on his back.

In the afternoon, when the wreckage had been pretty well cleared away, the S.S. *Indiana* hove in sight and sent a boat



across to the *White Rose*. Seeing the steamer, the crew of the *White Rose* came aft in a body and requested Captain Thomson to abandon the vessel. This he refused to do, but procuring some supplies and provisions from the *Indiana*, he continued the voyage to Liverpool and arrived there on September 12th—but 29 days from Quebec.

After refitting, the *White Rose* was chartered by Shaw, Savill & Co. to carry emigrants and railroad iron to Lyttelton. With 166 Government emigrants aboard, she left Plymouth on February 21st, 1875. On April 14, Captain Thorpe was found dead in his berth, having died suddenly of apoplexy. Mr. C. W. Best, the chief officer, then took charge, and shortly afterwards the ship met tempestuous weather, and in the heavy rolling the railroad iron got adrift. On May 10th and 11th, the *White Rose* encountered more severe weather, during which the fore upper topsail-yard carried away and the main-topmast settled down. With the cargo adrift and constantly rolling about, Captain Best bore up for Port Louis, Mauritius, and arrived there on May 22nd. On June 10th, repairs having been effected and cargo secured, the *White Rose* proceeded on her voyage to again receive a dusting to the eastward of St. Paul's, when a boarding sea did much damage to the gear. On July 9th, a fire broke out in the lower fore-hold and only strenuous efforts on the part of crew and passengers got it under. The ship arrived eventually after a long and trying voyage. The *White Rose* was afloat in 1903 and under the Norwegian flag.

The *Flying Foam*, 1327 tons, built in Quebec in 1863 and bought by Rylands & Co., Liverpool, also made a passage to Auckland, N.Z., with passengers and emigrants from London in 1864. During the voyage, trouble broke out between the crew and the passengers, and when the third mate went forward to bring aft an able seaman who had assaulted a passenger, he was set upon by members of the crew and had to withdraw.

After some temporizing, the officers went forward later and fetched the sailor aft and confined him in irons. From then on it was a case of open hostility between the sailors and their officers, who, assisted by the passengers, soon had the majority of the hands ironed and confined aft. "From the time of their arrest," writes Sir Henry Brett in *White Wings*, "the sailors seemed to have made their temporary prisons a sort of Donnybrook, wrecking the woodwork and making night hideous with their language. Such irons and handcuffs as there were were all in use, and some of the men were lashed to bolts in the tran-



soms of the lazarette. The carpenter was called in more than once to repair the damage. Some of the irons were even broken, and eventually the carpenter was ordered to make a set of stocks in which the men were placed. But even this did not restrain the mutineers, who forced the stocks open and eventually smashed the apparatus."

When the *Flying Foam* arrived in Auckland harbour with second-class passengers acting as crew, the police came out and arrested sixteen sailors. These men were later charged with mutiny and ten were sentenced to severe prison terms.

In 1860, Wm. Baldwin built the ship *Indian Empire*, 1634 tons, at Quebec. Owned by D. Law, Glasgow, she made three voyages to New Zealand. The first voyage in 1862 from the Lizard to Auckland took 96 days. Her second voyage in 1864 was to Lyttelton and was a smart passage of 83 days, land to land. The third passage, in 1865, was 85 days from the Lizard to Lyttelton.

The colonization passages of Canadian-built ships was not confined to Australia and New Zealand. Many carried emigrant passengers to South Africa. In 1858, the ship *Gipsy Bride*, 1457 tons, built in 1854 by Wm. Potts, St. John, and flying the Black Ball flag, carried 514 emigrants from Liverpool to Cape Town. The *Indian Queen*<sup>1</sup> in 1858 carried 408 emigrants to Algoa Bay. The *Edward Oliver*, 1167 tons, built at Quaco, N.B., in 1854 carried 481 persons to Table Bay, and the *Vocalist*, 1004 tons, built in 1856 by Fisher, St. John, brought 413 emigrants to Algoa Bay. Both ships were under the Fernie flag.

In closing this chapter on the Colonial packets, one realizes how apt is the Kipling phrase, "swift shuttles of an Empire's loom, that weave us main to main." The ships constructed of the timber, and by the men, of one part of the British Empire, played a most important rôle in the colonization of another when Canadian-built craft carried emigrants to the Cape, Australia and New Zealand, in the days of wooden ships and iron men.

### THE FAMOUS "MARCO POLO"

The *Marco Polo* is the most celebrated of all Canadian-built sailing ships from the fact that she was the first vessel to radically shorten the time of passage between England and Australia. Built as a common timber ship, through a lucky accident she became a clipper packet with the reputation of being "the fastest ship in the world." If James Baines had

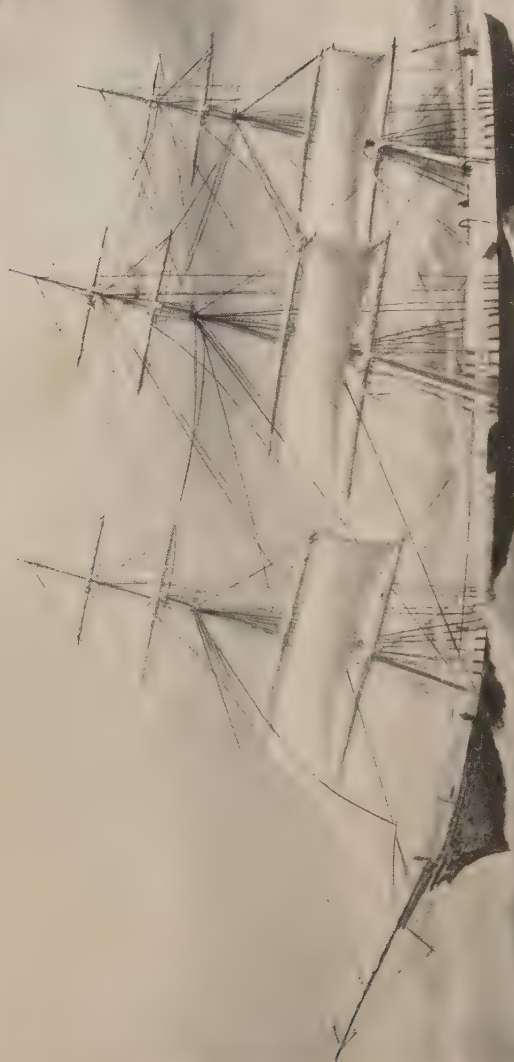
<sup>1</sup> See also p. 58, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



Senator JAMES GIBB ROSS, Quebec.  
Shipowner, merchant and financier.  
(See pp. 72, 104.)



Mr. E. E. SAMSON,  
Shipbuilder of Quebec.



Ship "LANARKSHIRE," 1439 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1864, Quebec.

not bought her when she arrived in Liverpool with a cargo of cotton from Mobile, the chances are that she would have passed her days in comparative obscurity.

When James Smith laid down her keel in his yard on the Marsh Creek, Courtenay Bay, St. John, he planned a big cargo carrier of the type then being built in great numbers. That was in the fall of 1850. It is true that he had departed somewhat in the *Marco Polo's* model from the ordinary run of St. John ships by giving her a sharper underwater body, but there was absolutely nothing of the clipper model about her. Clipper ships were not carriers, and St. John, at that time, was building nothing but cargo ships for sale in Great Britain. At the time of the *Marco Polo's* launch she was credited with being the longest craft ever built in the Province.

John Frederickson was the foreman builder for James Smith, and he has stated that she was a very ordinary wooden ship. After her frames were erected and nearly ready for planking, a violent gale blew them down and they had to be set up again. When launched in April 1851, she ran up on the opposite bank of the creek and heeled over on her beam-ends in the fresh breeze blowing, and some persons on board were hurt—one boy being thrown overboard, but swimming to shore safely.

The vessel was eventually hauled off after considerable trouble, and it was noted then that she was slightly hogged. It was said that she was such an ugly ship that everybody connected with her building disowned her, but after she had made her record as a Black Ball liner, those who formerly denied interest in her were just as vociferous in claiming credit for her speediness. Other ships were built by James Smith upon the same lines as the *Marco Polo*, but none developed the qualities of the original, and it was afterwards declared that her speed was due to the "hog" or twist she received in launching.

I have scanned the *Marco Polo's* entry in the St. John Shipping Register. The record is just as commonplace as those of less famous craft and the Registrar penned the entry without any extra flourishes. Had he been gifted with foresight, perhaps more intimate particulars of the vessel would have been set down. But, under date of May 26th, 1851, and in clear bold handwriting, the marine "birth certificate" reads:

Ship *Marco Polo*, 1625  $\frac{61}{100}$  tons. Three decks and a half-poop. Length: 184.1 ft. Breadth amidships: 36.3 ft. Depth of hold amidships: 29.4 ft. Standing bowsprit. Square-sterned. No galleries. Owned by James Smith and James Thomas Smith.



Below this entry is the endorsement: "Transferred to Liverpool."

Loaded with a cargo of timber and scrap iron, the *Marco Polo* sailed from St. John on May 31st, 1851, for Liverpool. From there she went to Mobile for a cargo of cotton, and arrived back in Liverpool again after a 35-day passage. She was then sold and taken over by James Baines' Black Ball Line for the Australian run. Particulars of her Australian voyages as a passenger packet are dealt with in Lubbock's *Colonial Clippers* and my *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

After her first round voyage to Australia, the Black Ball Line advertised the *Marco Polo* as having made the passage out in 68 days. Just how this was reckoned has not been made clear, but the actual time that elapsed between the date of leaving Liverpool and arrival at Melbourne was 76 days. In those days, most people reckoned that a voyage began with the dropping of the land and ended with the sight of the land, and many of the shipping advertisements extolled the land to land passages of the clipper packets on the Australian run. Pilot to pilot, and anchor to anchor, were also used as points of departure and arrival.

The *Marco Polo's* chief claims to fame at that period rested in the facts that she made the round voyage between Liverpool and Melbourne in 5 months and 21 days; that she was the largest and best equipped of the emigrant packets in the Australian trade out of Liverpool, and because her commander, James Nicol Forbes—"Bully" Forbes—was a colourful character, who, by his sayings and actions, attracted attention to his ship. Her passage out was remarkably good for those days, though a small St. John-built barque called the *Runnymede*, earlier in the same year, made the passage from Liverpool to Port Adelaide in 72 days.

But the *Marco Polo's* feat was well advertised and her name became a household word. A woodcut of her appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, and it was reproduced on earthenware plaques and similar ornaments. A dog-watch yarn of the packet's record trip was that Captain Forbes had discovered a new route to and from Australia, and the vessel became so much talked about that Liverpool drew the bulk of the Australian emigrant trade away from London. The latter port had placed her stately old Indiamen into the business, and the average passage of these well-built but lumbering craft was 123 days. Liverpool, with British North American and American ships on the run, averaged 110½ days.

When she left St. John, her bows were adorned with a full-length figure of the Venetian explorer, Marco Polo. There were no other decorations, but when she became a Black Ball liner some carvings were placed upon her stern—an elephant's head in the centre flanked by reclining figures of Marco Polo—said to be replicas of the figure-head. One of the latter carvings is to be seen in a St. John museum. How it got there will be explained later.

The *Marco Polo* remained in the Australian passenger trade for over fifteen years, and was then sold to Wilson and Blain of South Shields, who put her into general cargo-carrying. A sketch of this phase of her existence has been given me by a retired shipmaster who joined the *Marco Polo* as an A.B. in April 1874. At that time, he says, she was cut down and rigged as a barque—twelve feet having been cut off her lower yards.

Loaded with coke and coal, the old Black Baller left Shields for Rio and arrived five weeks later. At Rio, after discharging, she took aboard 1100 tons of stone ballast and sailed for Callao to pick up a guano cargo. On arrival at Callao they found that the Guano Shippers' Association and the British shipping underwriters were at law about sending ships south of Callao to load guano and compelling them to come north again after they loaded to affect their clearance at Callao. By the time the dispute was settled, about two hundred sail had arrived in Callao, and the *Marco Polo* had lain there for 96 days before she got orders to load guano at Huanillos down in 19° S.

With about one hundred and fifty ships waiting to load guano cargoes, and no men or gear ashore to dig out and load the deposits, the ships were put into waiting lists of six ships in a group and the crews were put to work loading. As one group of ships loaded and cleared, another group took its place. Huanillos was merely an open bay located in an arid and desolate section of the north Chilean coast. Like a good many of the guano deposits, the loading of the ships was conducted in the most primitive fashion. Chinese labourers or the ships' crews ascended the cliffs, dug the guano out and shot it down shoots of boards and canvas into lighters moored below. The lighters pulled out to where the ships were anchored and tub and yardarm tackles did the rest. It was a slow business, and the *Marco Polo* lay to an anchor in Huanillos for 15 months and 17 days before she acquired a full cargo.

Bound for Falmouth for orders, the old packet was ambling down the Chilean coast, when a large shark was observed to be following the ship. Between four and five in the morning of

the third day out, the second mate decided he would get him. The shark-hook was rigged and dropped overboard with the usual pork bait, and before long the shark was caught. He was hauled up alongside, a bowline slipped over his body, and, hooking on a tackle, the big fish was hauled over the rail and dropped on to the monkey poop.

Then the action began. The shark, a sixteen-foot monster, showed fight and stove in the cabin skylight with a fierce blow of his tail. The men on deck were frantically endeavouring to curb the brute's activity when it suddenly vanished through the broken skylight into the cabin.

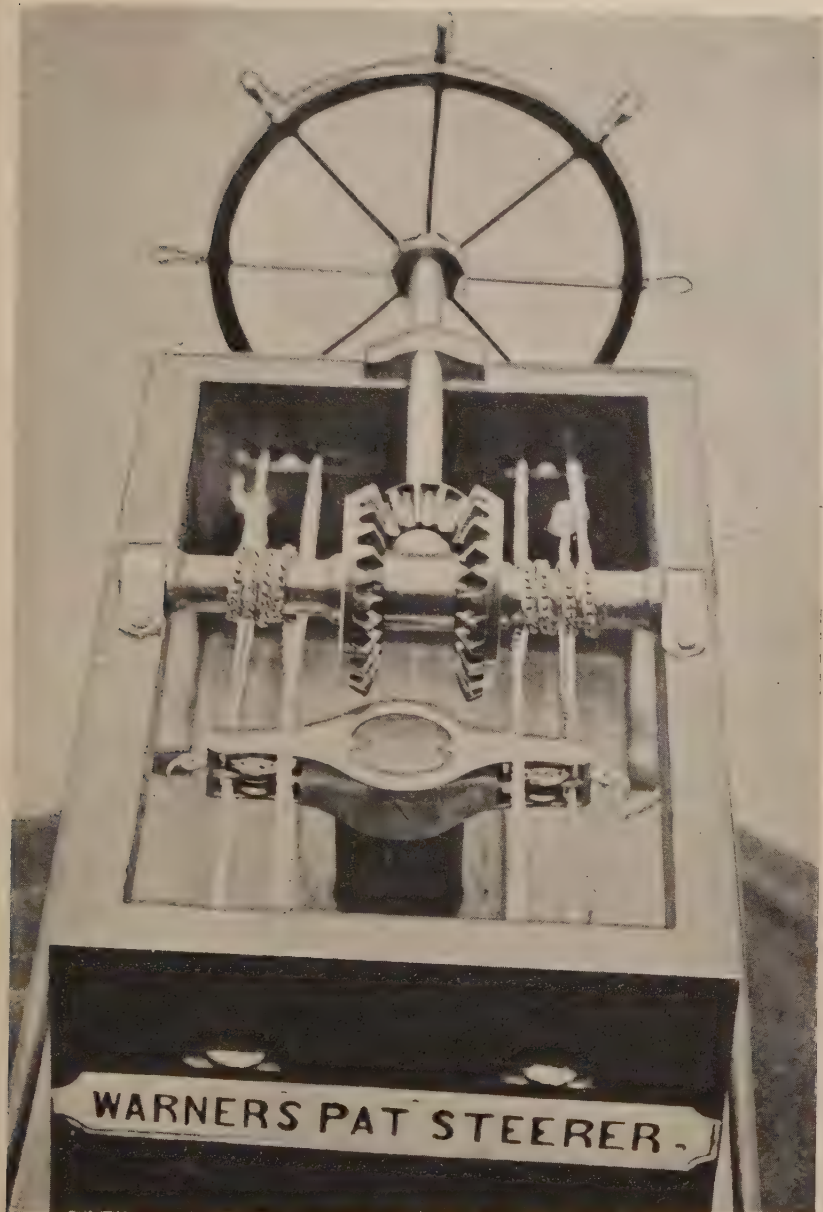
A sixteen-foot shark is no light weight. This one crashed on top of the cabin table and smashed it to pieces. The flailing tail stove in some of the cabin panelling and wrecked other pieces of furniture. The captain, mate and steward were aroused from slumber by the commotion and rushed from their berths. One can imagine their amazement on finding a live shark in possession of the cabin.

In rushed the carpenter, armed with his axe. He made a vigorous swing with the tool to cut off the shark's tail, but the monster whirled aside and the axe-blade cut deep into the cabin floor. In the battle between Chips and the shark the floor was sadly mutilated. At last, with the apartment a complete wreck, the floors and walls stained with slime and blood, the brute was finally subdued and dragged out through the fore-cabin and on the main-deck.

The *Marco Polo* arrived in Falmouth after a passage of 97 days from Huanillos. She received orders to discharge in Antwerp, and my informant was paid off there after a voyage of 23 months and 17 days. When he joined her the vessel was in good condition, as she had been completely overhauled to enable her to take up the guano charter. Ships in the guano trade were rigidly inspected in Callao before being allowed to load. The *Marco Polo* was considered a tight ship and leaked very little.

"She sailed fairly well," he declared, "but I would not claim her to be a fast ship. She steered well, light and loaded, and she was weatherly and dry."

The *Marco Polo* passed out from under the Red Ensign when she was condemned in London in 1880. A Norwegian company bought her and put her into timber droghing, and in July 1883 she loaded a cargo of No. 2 pine deals at Montmorency, Quebec, and left for Europe drawing 24 feet of water.



WARNERS PAT STEERER.

Patent Steering Gear.  
Invented by Capt. Henry Warner, Quebec.

(See p. 89.)





Capt. HENRY WARNER.  
Photo, Boston, 185 .

(See pp. 82, 80.)



Capt. LAUCLAN MCKAY.  
Photo, Liverpool, 185-.

(See pp. 82, 98.)

In the early afternoon of July 22nd, the farmers of Cavendish Beach, on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, were attracted from their labours by the sight of a big ship with all sail set heading straight for the flat rocky shore. The day was clear and sunny with a stiff breeze from the north-west, and the extraordinary behaviour of the incoming vessel brought the farmers down to the beach to watch events. Among the spectators was a Mr. Bail of St. John, N.B., then on a visit to relatives, and as he made his way to the shore he remarked: "If I did not know that the *Marco Polo* was condemned in London two years ago, I would say that was she coming in." Mr. Bail was acquainted with the ship, as he had supplied some of the materials at her building thirty-two years previously. As she neared the land he identified her positively.

At 4 p.m. the vessel fetched up on the bottom about three chains offshore, and as soon as she grounded her crew cut away the rigging and the masts and yards went overboard to leeward. Some of the islanders then put off in boats and brought the crew in. They were never in any danger, and they gave as their reason for beaching the ship the fact that she was leaking badly and their pumps had broken down.

The *Marco Polo* and her cargo were sold at auction where she lay and the deals were lightened by schooners. In order to get at the deals under the lower deck the beams were cut. After this was done, a gale sprang up during the night, and in the resulting sea the ship broke in two and nine of the salvage crew were marooned on the hulk for the remainder of the night and part of the next day before they were rescued. In taking them off, one of the rescuers was drowned. This was the last of the *Marco Polo*.

Though the ship herself was no more, yet parts of her fabric remained. Senator John Yeo, of Port Hill, P.E.I., purchased her steering gear, the stove and other fittings, and these were installed in the barque *Charles E. Lefurgey*, 936 tons, which was then building at Summerside, P.E.I. Curiously enough, this barque was also hogged, owing to a settling of the ground under her keel while she was building. Like the *Marco Polo*, the *Charles E. Lefurgey* appears to have acquired a reputation for speed due to this accident, and her master declared that she drew eighteen inches more water aft than forward, and this seemed to aid her in sailing.

A dinner-bell engraved with the name of *Marco Polo* is still in the possession of a Prince Edward Island family. It was for a long time used by a Charlottetown auctioneer. The stern

carving, now in a St. John museum, was removed from the *Marco Polo's* hulk by a farmer and nailed up on his barn. A gentleman from St. John secured it some years later and had it shipped to the Natural History Museum, where it still remains.

#### CANADA'S BLACK BALL LINE AND ATLANTIC PACKETS

The Americans had their Black Ball Line of packets plying between New York and Liverpool; James Baines had a Black Ball Line engaged between Liverpool and Australia, but there was also another Black Ball Line which maintained a service between Liverpool and St. John, N.B., in the early 'fifties. This latter was a fleet of ships operated by J. and R. Reed, St. John, in conjunction with Fernie Bros., Liverpool. These packets carried passengers and general cargo out to St. John and freighted lumber back. On the eastward passage, passengers were carried in the saloon only—deals being packed into the 'tween deck emigrant quarters.

Beginning in 1852, the service was maintained by eight ships sailing from Liverpool and the New Brunswick port twice a month. The ships of the fleet were all British North American-built and consisted of the *Eudocia*, 1015 tons, *Liberia*, 875 tons, *Imperial*, 1279 tons, *Middleton*, 996 tons, *John Barbour*, 990 tons, *John Owens*, 1236 tons, *Joseph Tarratt*, 942 tons, and *David G. Fleming*, 1425 tons. When some of the above vessels were secured for the Australian emigrant trade, their places were filled by other Canadian ships.

This packet service was carried on for some years, until 1856 at any rate, and it was claimed that very few cases of sickness occurred aboard these ships as compared with the packets running to New York. In two years, from 1852 to 1854, 6000 passengers were carried to St. John. Many of the pioneer families of Canada came out in these craft.

One of these packets, the *John Bannerman*, 1131 tons, in command of Captain R. D. Robertson, sailed from St. John on October 12th, 1854, and arrived in Liverpool on October 31st, her time of passage being reported as 17 days. The ship *Middleton* was commanded by Captain John Delaney, who afterwards commanded the *Athenais* in the same service. He was the leading figure in a treasure hunt conducted by the St. John pilots in the pilot boat *Rechab*.<sup>1</sup> The *John Owens* and

<sup>1</sup> See p. 82, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



*Joseph Tarratt* became Australian packets, and the latter is recorded as sailing from Melbourne for Liverpool in June 1856, with 21,000 ounces of gold aboard. The *John Barbour* was noted for her rapid passages between Liverpool and St. John, and was the most popular clipper in that trade. She was on the Australian run in 1877.

A number of B.N.A. ships carried emigrants and general cargo from Liverpool to Boston and New York during the 'fifties, and some are recorded as making very good passages. The ship *Oregon*, 928 tons, built by W. and R. Wright, St. John, in 1846, and owned by them, sailed from Liverpool for New York with emigrants and a general cargo on April 30th, 1851. From New York she went to Quebec, loaded a cargo of timber there and arrived back in Liverpool "within the unprecedentedly short period of 2 months and 28 days." The quotation is from a contemporary Liverpool paper.

When the American clipper ship *Typhoon* made her record Atlantic passage of 13 days, 10 hours from Portsmouth, N.H., to Liverpool in March 1851, the feat was given a great deal of publicity, and the skill of American shipwrights and sailing masters was lauded to the skies. The Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers appeared to take the affair as a sort of challenge to their own accomplishments, and numerous comparisons with the *Typhoon* were made in which they trotted out some of their own native efforts. When W. and R. Wright sent their ship *Beejapore* to Liverpool in 1851, Liverpool papers stated that "in point of sailing and carrying qualities she will stand a favourable comparison with the celebrated American ship *Typhoon*."

A more pointed reference appeared in a St. John paper of June 1851, under the caption of "Colonial Ships vs. American Clippers." The article reads :

"In the present efforts of the Americans to have the fastest, by building the *sharpest*, ships afloat, it is gratifying to know that with the vessels built in this country to combine large carrying with sailing qualities, we can already successfully compete; and should encouragement be given to builders, we might excel them. We have been led to these remarks by comparing the passages of the American clipper *Typhoon*, about which so much noise has been made by her making the run to Liverpool (flying light) in 13½ days. As an offset to this speed, we place the passage of the comparatively full ship *Themis* from St. John to Liverpool with a cargo of timber in 14 days; and that of the barque *Moro Castle* from Pugwash to Scilly in 13 days and to London in 14 days, loaded.



"The *Typhoon* arrived at New York on the 17th of June from Liverpool with a light cargo in 27 days, and the ship *David Cannon*, owned by W. and R. Wright, St. John, with 1100 tons of heavy cargo and 600 passengers, made the passage from and to the same ports in 28 days.

"The *Typhoon*, we believe, is the only American clipper yet trading between England and the United States. We will, perhaps, be able, not only to beat her, but any of their new clippers, by the fine ships now building in St. John.

"We would observe in addition to the above that the *Moro Castle* made the run last month (May) from London to within 24 hours' sail of Halifax in 11 days.

"New Brunswick has reason to be proud of her ships and shipbuilders."

The cockerel was crowing a little here, but the fact must be admitted that British North Americans *did* build ships that came the nearest to rivalling the skilled builders of the mighty republic, and was it not a Nova Scotian, Donald McKay, who built the greatest fleet of clippers the world has ever seen?

The *Themis* mentioned in the foregoing account was a ship of 1004 tons, built in 1841 by W. and R. Olive, St. John. The *David Cannon*, 1331 tons, was built at St. John in 1847 by W. and R. Wright. The *Moro Castle* was a barque of 557 tons built at Newport, N.S., by Nicholas Mosher.

The Black Ball packets running between Liverpool and St. John were owned in Canada and commanded by Canadians—Moran, Kenney, Doane, Spurr, Cruickshank and Marshall being some of the packet captains.

In the summer trade to Quebec and Montreal there were several packet lines, notably that of the Allans. But the Allan ships were small craft, mostly Clyde-built and commanded by Scotsmen. In the 'fifties a number of Quebec-built ships were added to their fleets.

T. C. Lee, Quebec, built a ship of 1022 tons in 1857 called the *Minnesota* for the Canada-Liverpool Packet Line. Under Captain H. Flinn, the *Minnesota* left Quebec on May 23rd, 1862, and arrived in Liverpool, June 10th, making the passage in 17½ days. She was laden with a cargo of grain and flour. A sister ship, the *Michigan*, made the run from Cape Race to Cape Clear in 10 days in 1857.

Many B.N.A. ships carried emigrants out to Canada. Fitting a ship up for the carriage of emigrant passengers required no great expense or effort—knocking up a hundred or so rough berths and partitions in the 'tween decks made an emigrant

packet out of many a Western Ocean timber-drogher, and in ships like these a good many thousands came out to the New World. During periods of depression in Europe, a vast number of vessels, ranging from brigs to full-rigged ships, were thus fitted and sent West crowded with passengers. On many of these craft, roughly fitted and ill equipped, commanded by ignorant and callous men, the emigrants endured frightful hardships, while the dreaded "ship fever" accounted for thousands of lives.

Slow-sailing tubs, ill-ventilated, with the most primitive sanitary arrangements, started out for Quebec during the season of open navigation, crowded with emigrants totally unprepared for a long passage across the Atlantic. In the years 1847 and 1848, the famine in Ireland forced thousands of Irish people to cross the ocean. Aboard these emigrant ships they died like flies from ship-fever. Ten thousand victims of the fever were buried on Grosse Isle—the Quebec Quarantine Station—and six thousand were buried in Montreal. It is estimated that during these two years some 25,000 people, men, women and children, died of ship-fever contracted aboard the emigrant ships in the Canadian trade. Truly an appalling record.

In the regular packets, specially built for passenger carriage, swifter ships and more ably commanded, the percentage of mortality was much lower, but these liners carried but a comparatively small number of the westward-thronging hordes.

In addition to the victims claimed by ship-fever, many were drowned through the foundering or stranding of the ships. In the spring of 1834, 700 lives were lost through disasters to 17 Quebec-bound ships, and during the period of heavy migration in emigrant ships, scarcely a season passed without one or more of the vessels foundering or driving ashore with consequent loss of life.

One fortunate case which I find in my notes is that of the ship *Lochmaben Castle*, which drove on to the vast block-like pile of the Bird Rocks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in June 1885. The *Lochmaben Castle* was a ship of 1350 tons built by the Jardines in Richibucto, N.B., and owned by them. She had 570 passengers aboard when she struck. The barque *Sophie Kidson* took off 220 female passengers and brought them to Quebec. The others were all safely fetched away from the wreck by schooners and landed in Quebec.

Another disaster in which no lives were lost occurred when the ship *Sir George Prevost*, 574 tons, built at Quebec in 1811, was wrecked at Gabarus, Nova Scotia, while bound from Newry,

Ireland, to Quebec, in 1844. She had 120 passengers aboard. The *Sir George Prevost* was only 125 feet in length and was 56 days out when wrecked. It is difficult to imagine any of our present-day emigrants being willing to cross the Atlantic in such a tiny tub, and 33 years old at that !

### THE GUANO TRADE

The droppings of vast hordes of sea-fowl on certain arid islands and coastal headlands in various parts of the world provided a lucrative freight for sailing vessels for over fifty years. In this business a great number of British North American ships were employed transporting the guano, as it was called, from the deposits to European ports, where it was distributed for use in fertilising farm lands.

For centuries, sea-fowl of the cormorant, pelican, penguin, gull and tern species have been in the habit of repairing to isolated spots for the purpose of nesting, breeding and rearing their young. Usually, these rookeries are on places where no disturbing element in the shape of man or adverse climate is to be found. As a consequence, the breeding haunts of these sea-fowl, which are located in regions free from excessive rainfall, have, during the course of time, become heavily covered with guano—in some places the deposits were over 100 feet deep and were estimated to be the accumulations of at least four hundred years.

The most important guano deposits were found on the west coast of South America from approximately the equator to 20° South latitude. Its introduction into European farming as a fertiliser was mainly due to von Humboldt, who became convinced of its value while exploring the coast in 1802, but it was evident that the Incas used the bird guano on their fields, since Garcilaso de la Vega mentions the fact in his history of Peru, which was published in 1609 and 1617.

The South American deposits were found upon a number of barren islets and rocks in close proximity to the coast of Peru and upon certain headlands of the main. Being situated in the arid belt, the deposits lost none of their high nitrogen content through being washed out by rains, and this continuous aridity has been a source of vast wealth to Peru and Chile in their guano and nitrate resources. With a normal rainfall neither guano nor nitrate could have accumulated.

Most important of the guano deposits in the Peruvian "dry belt" were these on the Chincha, Ballestas, Lobos and Guanape

Islands. Other important deposits on islets or headlands were found at Pabellon de Pica, Huanillos, Asia Island, Cerro Azul and the Bay of Independencia. Quantities of guano, amounting from half a cargo to a number of shiploads, were extracted from numerous other places along the coast, but the points mentioned provided the bulk of the Peruvian guano shipments. An idea of the tonnage and value of the deposits may be gained by considering the fact that over 10,000,000 tons were shipped from the Chincha Islands between 1851 and 1872, and the value of this has been estimated at about three-quarters of a billion dollars! To transport this vast tonnage, 5000 sailing vessels of 2000 tons capacity would be required. These figures from this one spot will illustrate the importance of the old-time guano trade.

These guano loading-places were positively the most God-forsaken spots to which a ship could possibly be sent. Waterless, without a tree or vegetable growth of any kind, with no towns or permanent settlements save the shacks and tents of officials and labourers, these sterile, dusty, sun-baked rocks and cliffs afforded nothing in the way of variety or enjoyment to the crews of the loading ships save occasional Sunday excursions after seals and sea lions, some fishing and bird-catching. Yet ships remained at anchor loading guano off these places for months without a break—three to six months being a common loading period. The *Marco Polo* lay for over fifteen months in Huanillos loading a cargo. Masters of ships loading guano at the Chinchas or Ballestas were better off, as they could, by pulling over to the mainland about ten miles, enjoy a visit ashore in the town of Pisco. However, good care was taken that the sailors did not get boats for such excursioning, and when the skippers went to the main, their boats were pulled in by apprentices or ships' boys.

Ships coming to the Peruvian coast for a guano cargo went first to Callao. In that port the wooden ships were inspected and caulked, if necessary, before they were permitted to load guano. As many of the ships had come up from Australia in ballast trim through hot latitudes, their topsides had shrunk and would leak when loaded. The ship would then receive orders to take a cargo at the Chinchas, Huanillos, Pabellon de Pica, etc. To these places the ship would sail and load; when full, she would have to proceed back to Callao again to receive her clearance.

The Peruvian guano trade, stimulated by Humboldt's writings, and Prof. Liebig's suggestions in 1840, began to draw



ships in the early years of the 'forties. In 1856, the whole business got into the hands of a Liverpool concern, Anthony Gibbs & Co., and for many years they had absolute control of the guano loading. In the two years following Gibbs' control, so many guano-laden ships foundered that they were obliged to institute inspection before ships were permitted to load. Even with these compulsory surveys, many ships foundered while homeward bound. In 1860, three British North American-built ships, the *British Empire*, 1136 tons, *John Owens*, 1236 tons, and *Vocalist*, 1004 tons, foundered while carrying guano. The Gibbs monopoly lasted until about 1862, when the trade was thrown open for a while until the Peruvian Government took over the control of the guano shipping.

At some of the deposits there were no facilities of any kind for loading the ships. Vessels anchored in the lee of an island or in an open roadstead, wherever the guano happened to be, and the crews were turned to digging the stuff out and loading it into their ship. In some cases, labourers were taken along to do the digging ashore while the crews attended to the loading of the boats and launches, brought them out to the ship, and transferred the guano into the ship's hold by the slow process of tub and yard-arm tackles. At other places—the Chinchas, for instance—the guano, dug out by Chinese coolies or Peruvian convicts, was transported in tramway trucks and dumped into a large hopper or *manguero* equipped with a wood and canvas shoot which projected over the cliffs. Launches would haul in under the shoot and load up in a few minutes. At some places and under favourable conditions, the ships themselves would haul in alongside the cliffs and load directly from the shoots.

In most of the guano ports, if such they could be called, there was little to fear from bad weather. The sea was invariably placid, and whatever wind there was blew steadily from the south-east. The greatest dangers came from earthquakes and submarine upheavals. Such caused the loss of many lives and much damage to vessels at the guano port of Pabellon de Pica.

There were many sailing vessels at anchor in the roadstead of Pabellon de Pica in the evening of May 9th, 1877, and among them were numerous Canadian-built and Canadian-owned craft engaged in loading cargoes of guano. It was a quiet evening until about 11 p.m., when the ships began to swing around their anchors. There being no wind, this unusual disturbance brought the crews out, and, the rotary movement continuing with considerable force, before long the deep-laden

ships began to break adrift from their anchorages and career among the shipping.

From a quiet, peaceful spot, the anchorage of Pabellon de Pica became a maelstrom of terror and tumult. There was no raging sea, naught but rotary currents of immense force; there was no wind and the stars twinkled clear from an unclouded sky. Yet the currents, twisting the ships from their anchors, sent them crashing into one another throughout the night. Some foundered, others crashed on to the rocks, many were dismasted and drifted about with their topsides stove in and sides scarred by drifting wreckage. Launches were swamped and smashed on the beach, and the sea rose and submerged the town of Pabellon de Pica, sweeping hundreds into eternity.

The disturbance was felt along the coast from Callao to Coquimbo, but Pabellon was the centre of the upheaval. The gyratory currents were strong enough in Callao harbour to cause the P.S.N. liner *Liguria* to break her stern moorings, and this ship, a large vessel in those days, kept swinging through an entire circle many times in an hour. She fortunately held to her anchorage by her foreground tackle.

At Pabellon de Pica, three ships owned by J. H. Moran of St. Martins, N.B., were in collision—the *Prince Leopold* and *Prince Eugene* were dismasted, and the *Prince Umberto* damaged. The St. John ship *Austriana*, belonging to David V. Roberts, was driven ashore but afterwards hauled off. The ships *King Ceolric*, *Governor Tilley*, *Westfield* and *William Leavitt*, all of St. John, were damaged, as was also the Pictou ship *Hallgerda*. Down at Iqueque, the Quebec-built barque *Sabrina* was damaged. The little barque *R. B. Chapman*, owned by R. A. Chapman, St. John, was among those that escaped damage. Soon after the catastrophe, Callao was crowded with ships seeking repairs.

It is said that just prior to the calamity, the wife of the captain of the ship *Avonmore* was singing "Home, Sweet Home," her husband, three children and another captain sitting by. She had got to the third verse when a great wave came and swallowed them all up but one. The *Avonmore* was a ship of 1157 tons built in 1867 at St. John, N.B., and owned by Chas. Hill & Co., Bristol.

This incident and the disaster at Pabellon de Pica were made the subject of the following verses written by the late Canon R. J. Weatherhead, who was then, in 1877, chaplain to the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. at Callao. The verses were latterly published in the P.S.N. Co.'s magazine *Sea Breezes*.

## PABELLON DE PICA

Night spreads her sable mantle o'er the land;  
 The busy town is hushed; and sweet repose  
 Steals o'er the face of nature; naught is heard  
 Save the soft plash of waves upon the shore;  
 Or where a joyous party, on mirth intent,  
 Make merriment, or on the anchored ship  
 The night watch pace the deck, or woman's voice  
 Is faintly heard, singing sweet songs of home.

But hark!

A sullen murmur strikes the ear;  
 Earth quakes and trembles, and the hills rain rocks;  
 A dozen fires in the doomed town burst forth,  
 Showing in lurid light th' affrighted folk  
 Panic-stricken in the street, and the ships  
 Tossing and whirling in the wild eddies  
 Of a maddened sea, and the hills trembling—  
 "La Mar! La Mar!" bursts from a hundred lips;  
 "The sea; the sea is coming!"

Great Ocean  
 Draws into itself, like tiger springing  
 On its prey, and then in might appalling  
 Leaps upon the shore, and fire and water  
 Wage an elemental war, with horrid  
 Rumbings, and the shrieks of men and women,  
 And the shock of ships clashing together,  
 And the noise of houses crackling with flames,  
 Then buried hissing in the boiling surge!  
 Oh, God, how dread the scene!

Baffled, the sea  
 Retires—'tis but to spring, with fury fresh  
 And strength redoubled, on its foe again;  
 And, wave on wave, incessant pouring,  
 Over the sunken ships it leaps to land,  
 And heavenward rearing, rushes resistless  
 O'er all the prostrate town, beats down the flames,  
 House, ship and people, indiscriminate;  
 Sucks down its black abyss of yawning jaws,  
 And in unfathom'd depths of darkness  
 Buries for shame the ruin it has wrought.

As mentioned before, at some of the deposits the excavating was done by Chinese labourers. It has been stated that these coolies were virtually slaves, and many, despairing of ever getting away from the dusty, ammoniacal rocks, leaped into the sea or otherwise did away with their lives. In the transport of coolies to Peru, a Nova Scotia-built ship, the *Zetland*, 1283 tons, built by James Malcolm in St. Mary's Bay in 1848, figured in a revolting case. The *Zetland* sailed from Amoy for

Callao in 1855 with 600 Chinese coolies, who were provisioned for a voyage lasting 40 days. The voyage across the Pacific actually consumed 152 days, and when the *Zetland* dropped anchor in Callao, 200 coolies had died on the passage, while 45 had committed suicide. An inquiry was instituted at which it was brought out that the *Zetland* was sheathed with zinc instead of copper, and the ship's bottom got so foul that she was unable to make headway. Zinc for bottom sheathing was discarded after this.

British North American ships regularly engaged in the guano trade often carried a large boat specially built for lightering off cargo to the ship. The ship *Rock Terrace* of the Troop fleet, St. John, was equipped with such a boat when she was fitted out in 1875.

An account of guano loading at the North Chincha island in 1850 is given in the memoirs of Captain David Cowans of Montreal, who visited the place at that time in a Quebec-built ship, the *Collector*, 792 tons. As ballast was discharged, guano was taken aboard by launch-loads until the ship's turn came at the shoots. "At length our turn came to haul the ship under the great shoot. We passed lines ashore under the direction of the pilot of the islands and hauled on board the large shoot, which was directed into the main hatch. At the signal, tons of guano were soon rushing into the hold from the rocks above our mast-heads. The ship was enveloped in a perfect cloud of guano dust which penetrated the inmost nook in the cabin. As we loaded, we veered and hauled on the tackle, guiding the shoot into the hatchways as the ship rose and fell on the swell. Our ship was loaded with about 1000 tons in from six to seven hours, and we once more hauled out to the anchorage to clear decks and prepare for returning to Callao."

At the time the *Collector* loaded at the Chinchas, she had first to be inspected at Callao before being permitted to take a cargo. Securing her clearance here for the Chinchas, she had to beat south along the coast in the teeth of the S.E. Trades for 90 miles, which took about 8 days; then sailing right through the islands and the fleets in the anchorage she was compelled to go into Pisco and report at the Custom House there before she could go and load. After loading, the ship had to return to Callao to obtain final clearance.

This running back and forth caused many protests from the captains engaged in the trade. No objection was made to the initial call at Callao, but strenuous objections were made to final calls from as far south as Pabellon de Pica and Huanillos



or from a northerly guano point like the Guanape Island. But none of the protests carried weight until the British shipping underwriters won the disputed point in 1874.

Occasionally, a concession was made to a private party. A case in point was that of Captain J. G. Kenney (whose whaling reminiscences are given elsewhere in this record) when he arrived in Callao in 1869 as master of the St. John ship *Chrysolite*, 1278 tons. He was chartered by the Guano Shippers to load at the Chinchas for Liverpool, but they ordered him instead to sail north and load a cargo at the Guanape Islands. Captain Kenney having a Chincha charter refused to do this unless he could get a clearance for Liverpool direct from the Guanape Islands without calling back at Callao.

After 13 days contesting the question, the captain won his point as well as 13 days' demurrage, and cleared for the islands. Arriving there, he found forty ships lying at the anchorage and only twelve ships being loaded. "I went ashore," says Captain Kenney, "and gave notice of being ready to load. They told me at the office that I'd better go to South Island for a cargo and load my own ship. Finally, myself and two other masters decided to do so and we shifted our ships over to South Island and moored them there. Then we set to work to build our *manguero*—a big hopper to tip the guano into, then a wooden shoot, and a canvas shoot about eighty feet long to run the guano from the pitch of the cliff down into the launch. We got to work and went on swimmingly—taking in about 145 tons of guano every day. We loaded our ships up in less time than the charter-party called for." One of the other ships, the *Star of England*, Captain Newell, had also won the point of direct clearance from the islands. She and the *Chrysolite* hove up and sheeted home together for Cape Horn and England. The other vessel had to beat down to Callao to secure clearance. The *Chrysolite* arrived in Liverpool and the *Star of England* arrived in Bristol on the same day.

Elsewhere in this record, the *Marco Polo's* experiences at Huanillos are set down. Many famous packets drifted into the guano trade—a number taking passengers out to Australia and crossing the Pacific in ballast to secure a guano lading for Great Britain. Among the most famous ships to load at the Chinchas was the Atlantic packet ship *Dreadnought*. That was in 1866. "I helped to tow her out to sea one calm day," says Captain S. J. Hatfield of Kemptville, N.S., in a letter to me. "All the little boats towed her out from the Chinchas, and we spliced the main-brace quite often. I wonder how many

people there are alive to-day that launched guano from the famous 'Cape Horn Shoot'? It was tough at times and one French crew were all lost on the rocks. But strange as it may seem, I often long to go back and visit those coves where we used to go in and catch sea lions."

The guano trade of the "Chincheys" and the islands of the Peruvian coast are now things of the past, and gone with the vast fleets of square-riggers which once engaged in what sailors vulgarly called "dung droghing." There is guano still upon the Chinchas and elsewhere, but the accumulation of centuries is gone, and what is left is rigidly preserved by the Peruvian and Chilean Governments for domestic use and restricted export.

There were other places to which the guano ships were wont to repair for cargoes. There were deposits on the south-west coast of Africa, notably at Ichaboe and the Angra Pequena Islands. Cargoes were also obtained at Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands of the Tristan da Cunha group and from Gough Island lying 250 miles S.S.E. of the remote Tristans. The Kooria Moorla Islands off the coast of Muscat in the Arabian Sea, Browse Island in the Indian Ocean, and the Canton Islands off Auckland, New Zealand, were other bird-roosts which provided guano ladings for sailing ships.

The Quebec ship *Batavia* was lost at Inaccessible Island while loading guano, and the St. John ship *Howard D. Troop*—the wooden ship, not the steel vessel of the same name—was lost at the Canton Islands in 1885 while securing a cargo of the valuable fertilizer. That the Kooria Moorla deposits proved attractive to some shipowner is evidenced by the name of those islands being bestowed on a ship of 1112 tons which was built in New Brunswick in 1857.

At Browse Island, the Yarmouth, N.S., barque *Carleton*, 742 tons, Captain Robt. W. Allen, was driven ashore during a hurricane in March 1878. An account of the wreck is given in Lawson's *Record of Yarmouth Shipping*. Briefly, the *Carleton* had 200 tons of guano aboard which had been dug out by her own crew, and was lying at anchor on the north side of the island in company with seven other vessels. Bad weather in such a place was not expected, and when squalls and heavy rain commenced on the morning of March 11th, the ships had no chance of slipping their cables and beating out to sea before they found themselves jammed down on a dead lee-shore with wind and sea growing in violence.

Second anchors were let go and the ships held during the day. At nightfall the wind increased to a hurricane and the

*Carleton* parted from one of her anchors and began dragging the other. Captain Allen, seeing that his vessel was driving in to the reef which fringed the island, set some sail. The barque struck the reef, but being light and having some canvas on her, she bumped over it and eventually fetched up on the beach, where she remained safe until the storm passed. Captain Allen had his wife with him and a passenger, who wrote an account of the disaster. The latter credited Captain Allen with commendable forethought in setting sail when the anchors dragged, and declared that if the *Carleton* had not been a well-built ship she would not have stood the dashing on the rocks all night as she did without being broken to pieces.

The ship *Matterhorn* dragged at the same time, but having 2000 tons of guano aboard and being about ready to leave, she failed to pass over the reef and was dashed to pieces—her master and seventeen of the crew losing their lives. The second mate and three members of the *Matterhorn's* crew hung on to some wreckage, and in attempting to rescue them, four seamen of the barque *Flora's* crew were drowned when their boat capized in the breakers. The *Matterhorn's* men were rescued later by a Swedish barque.

When the weather moderated it was found that the *Carleton*, though she looked little the worse, was badly holed and it was impossible to salve her. She was built at Beaver River, N.S. in 1871.

A similar mishap befell another Yarmouth guano trader when the barque *Acadian*, 787 tons, Captain S. J. Hatfield, Jr., was driven ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, Chile. The *Acadian* had sailed from the Lobos Islands for Hamburg with a cargo of guano in August 1883. She encountered severe weather and started leaking, and the water soaking into the guano, the barque began to increase her draught with the weight of it. The *Acadian* was worked into the nearest harbour, Cumberland Bay, Juan Fernandez, and brought to an anchor.

While lying there she got caught in an easterly gale, dragged her anchors and drove ashore, becoming a total wreck. There was no loss of life.

The Windsor ship *Berteaux* was burnt at Browse Island while loading guano, and in 1889 the Maitland ship *Christina* was burnt at Lobos a Fuera.

Captain Cowan describes a voyage he made to Ichaboe in 1844. This island, situated but a few miles off the coast of what was formerly German S.W. Africa, provided a great quantity of guano at one time. "As we approached we could



make out the hulls of some three or four hundred ships of all sizes, from the small schooner of 100 tons to the large full-rigged ship of 1600 tons . . . rolling and plunging at their anchors. What a desolate, forbidding-looking spot for ships to come to! The island itself is about a mile and half in circumference, being nothing but a rock covered with guano to the height of from ninety to a hundred feet in some parts, and sloping down to the sea and adjacent rocks.

"The coast of Africa, about five miles off, looks barren in the extreme. Nothing but hills and ridges of grey sand with here and there some black and very bleak-looking rocks. The whole coast for hundreds of miles is completely iron-bound, with a heavy surf constantly breaking on its whole extent, so that any unfortunate ship stranded is soon broken up and the crew can only escape with extreme difficulty."

Upon anchoring they sent down topgallant-masts and yards, double-reefed and furled the topsails, and with both anchors down had the cables arranged for slipping if necessary. Heavy gales of wind were of frequent occurrence and it taxed the skill of masters and crews at times to prevent the vessels from breaking adrift. One ship, the *Margaret*, was caught in one of these sudden gales while her two mates and twelve men were ashore. The ship broke from her anchors with the captain, carpenter, cook, steward and a boy aboard, and with this small crowd the skipper managed to get the *Margaret* clear of the anchored shipping and before the wind. Running down the Trades, they eventually made St. Helena, where a new crew was shipped and the vessel went to the West Indies.

The method of loading guano at Ichaboe at that time was hazardous in the extreme. Stages were rigged out from the island, clear of the surf, and the labourers and seamen carried the guano down in bags. The ships' boats dropped anchor off the loading-stages and slacked away until their sterns came to the stage. Stern moorings were quickly made fast, the bags of guano were tumbled into the boat with the utmost haste, and the boat's crew stowed them. When the big rollers came in, the stern moorings were cast off and, hauling on the surf-line, the crews drew the boats out to smooth water until three big surf rollers had passed. The loading was then resumed.

Each morning the sailors and labourers were landed on the island and at night they were taken aboard the ships—nobody being left ashore. At first, tents were pitched on Ichaboe and the men camped therein, but some of the captains and mates



who had made themselves obnoxious to the crews were so cruelly ill-used by being pelted with stones and dead penguins from the tents that the commander of the warship stationed there forbade residence on shore.

Captain Cowan was five months loading a cargo at Ichaboe, and during that time, he states, the great fleet had almost cleared the island of its guano deposit.

### IN THE SOUTHERN PORTS

Certain ports of the southern United States were favourite loading places for British North American ships, and cotton and hard pine lumber provided remunerative cargoes. When the Gulf of St. Lawrence was in winter's icy grip, the fleets that used to engage in the Quebec trade did their winter voyaging between Europe and such southern ports as Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Savannah and Charleston. Of these places, Pensacola provided cargoes of hard pine lumber; the others were shipping ports for cotton.

When the Quebec season ended in November, the gangs of hardy men—Irishmen and French-Canadians mostly—who stowed timber aboard the ships at the coves during the seven months of St. Lawrence navigation hied them south and passed the winter, profitably and agreeably, in the warmer climates of the southern ports, where they stowed timber and cotton. It was a curious migration, and one which no longer exists nowadays, as the present-day longshoreman of Montreal and Quebec usually migrates to St. John, N.B., Portland, Me., and Halifax, N.S., and works the winter out in these near-by northern ports.

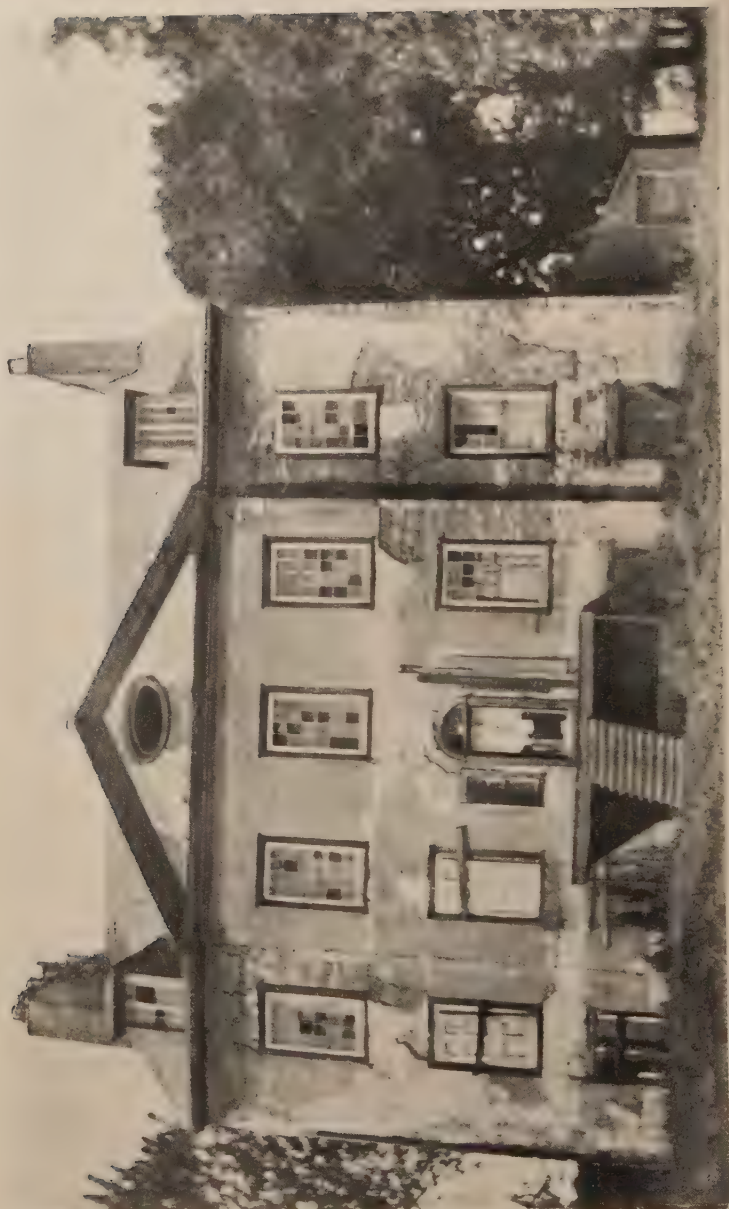
Pensacola, Mobile and Savannah were favourite winter resorts for the Quebec timber-stowers. In Mobile and Savannah they stowed cotton, and engaged in the terrific labour of cotton-screwing—work which called for strong men. Before the introduction of hydraulic baling presses, the light, fluffy fibre was packed and strapped with iron bands as compactly as possible by steam presses up in the plantation areas, but when it came alongside the ships the bales still had a considerable amount of elasticity, especially at the ends which were not strapped. With freights ranging from seven-eighths to a penny-halfpenny a pound, shipowners naturally wanted to stow as great a weight of cotton as possible into their ships. Thus it was the aim of every stevedore to stow three bales in the space that would ordinarily be taken up by two. Old-time



McKay and Warner's Yard, Quebec, 1869.

Photo shows two vessels on the stocks and a barque being rebuilt. The Charles River is frozen over and sleds are drawing ice upon it. The residence of the shipbuilders is seen to the left.

(See p. 82.)



skippers in the cotton trade preferred to load at the wharves rather than from lighters, as the bales did not have so much time to expand and less screwing was required.

To stow cotton, jack-screws were employed to force the bales into place. Four powerful men applied themselves to each screw—one end braced against the ship's deck-beams, the other to the bale—and with one of their number lifting his voice to a chantey, they tugged and sweated in the dark hot hold from morning until night. And so great was the force applied in cotton-screwing that, oftentimes, the decks were lifted off the stanchions and the vessel seriously strained. Rolling and stowing the 500-lb. bales was work for human horses, and such arduous labour, commanding high wages, attracted the roughest characters, and among them the Quebec timber-stower ably held his own.

To these cotton ports came many B.N.A. ships. In Mobile they anchored in the Bay—some thirty miles from the city. A stevedore would come and measure the ship's holds, and later on, a fleet of lighters, loaded with baled cotton, would arrive alongside the vessel. With the cotton came the screw-gangs, and the work of stowing the cargo commenced—the screw-men living aboard the ship, “dossing” on the cargo, until the job was finished.

Echoes of these days are embalmed in sailor-chanteys. Even latter-day square-rig seamen will recall :

“ Away down South where I was born,  
*Roll de cotton down !*  
 Away down South where I was born,  
*Dey roll de cotton down ! ”*

And the other old working chorus :

“ Were you ever in Mobile Bay ?  
*Lowlands, lowlands, away my John !*  
 Screwing cotton all the day,  
*For a dollar-and-a-half a day ! ”*

As remarked before, these screw-gangs were a hard crowd, and I do not suppose such fellows as the Quebec timber-and-cotton-stowers are to be found in any sphere of labour to-day. Their brawn and toughness were their only assets ; they drank rum like water, and there was plenty of it to assist their exertion ; their mouths were full of tobacco and foul language, and in their fighting they were primitive—kicking, knifing and eye-gouging being regarded as permissible in the settling of differences.



However, as one often finds with men of this class, they were usually good-natured and placid when working and fairly sober, and those who have been aboard cotton-ships of the old days recall with pleasure the day-long succession of chantey-choruses which sounded around the wharves and anchorages.

In Pensacola the Quebecker changed his latitude but not his labour. In this port he stowed timber and deals—hard pine mostly. The Quebeckers liked Pensacola, and the numbers who migrated there in the fall were quite considerable. Many of them remained permanently in the pleasant Florida town and their descendants are there to-day. It was said that, after a goodly number of Quebec Irishmen had settled in Pensacola and were engaged in timber-loading, they did their best to keep the fall-time visitors out, and there was bad blood between the settlers and their migrant fellow-countrymen.

To Pensacola also came a great fleet of Quebec timber-ships. Lower Palafox Street was the southern counterpart of Champlain Street. Here flourished the boarding-houses and the "dives." Hundreds of ships would be lying in the Bay loading pitch-pine, and their crews required diversion of an evening, or board and lodging when circumstances urged a change in ships. To provide this there were the Sea Breeze Hotel, the Bay View Theatre and the Fore Royal Bar. As was the case in Quebec, the respectable citizenry of Pensacola shut their eyes to happenings along the water-front. Dead men were often found floating in the Bay with a cracked skull perhaps, or a knife-thrust between the shoulders, but when such flotsam were seafarers or longshoremen, the authorities scarce bothered to make inquiries. However, all these things have passed away. Pensacola is a flourishing city—the majority of whose seafarers nowadays are quiet fishermen who man the red-snapper fleets.

They tell a story in Pensacola of the stevedore—a Quebec Irishman—who took \$500 from the French-Canadian skipper of a Quebec barque to set her afire. The barque was old and leaky and the skipper knew that she'd never make the winter voyage across the Atlantic. The stevedore was a hard case who seldom drew a sober breath, and he was pretty drunk the night he set out to turn the trick. Loading his dinghy with combustibles—fatwood, resin and such-like—he pulled out into the Bay and proceeded to look for the barque. Boarding his victim, he piled his fuel in the forecastle, set it alight and quietly made his way ashore. Before long the vessel blazed up and the water-front and Bay were awake, but all that could be done

was to tow the burning craft away from the shipping and let her burn out. When the incendiary came to his sober senses, he found himself being luridly cursed by the French-Canadian shipmaster for having *set the wrong vessel afire*. And the end of the yarn is that the Quebec barque had to sail and was never heard of afterwards.

In 1889, the Yarmouth, N.S., ship *Ryerson*, 1428 tons, Captain Joselyn, was one of the largest vessels to load lumber in Pensacola. In April 1884, the Canadian ships *Lennie Burrill*, *Excelsior*, *Oneota*, *Algoma*, *Annie Bingay*, and barques *Addie H. Cann*, *Neophyte*, *Lady Dufferin*, *Chinampas*, *Romanoff* and *J. W. Holmes* were all in yellow fever quarantine at one time in Pensacola harbour. One of the last, and the largest, Bluenose craft to load there was the four-mast barque *King's County*, Captain Salter, which took a cargo of lumber from thence to the River Plate in 1904.

Savannah was another favourite loading port for Canadian ships, and to this city, in winter-time, came ship-labourers from the St. Lawrence. Seafaring Nova Scotians from the "Head of the Bay" were reminded of their home waters when they stemmed the red flood of the Savannah river and gazed on the brick-coloured mud of the low-lying, grass and palmetto-covered shores.

The writer has rambled around the levees at New Orleans, and sauntered about the water-fronts of Gulfport, Mobile, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Savannah and Charleston. New Orleans, modernized, efficient, holds nothing along her wharfdom that is reminiscent of the past; nor do any of the other places save Savannah and Charleston. One can excursion readily into the imaginings of old days around Savannah. The brick and stone cotton warehouses, well preserved, with their iron shutters and doors and vast cool interiors, still face the river. The cobbled ramps still lead down to the wharves through old stone walls from Bay Street and the large squares shaded with live-oaks and palmettos. Behind the warehouses and facing the squares are the offices of the various cotton factors and agents—brokers, shippers, middlemen and quarter men who derived their livelihood from the cotton bale. Across the squares was Sailor-town. With such an existing setting, it is not hard to conjure up visions of the Savannah of old when square-rigged ships lined the wharves or anchored in the river; when mule-teams dragged the clattering wagon-loads of bales down the ramps; when grinning negroes "rolled the cotton down" to the ship's side to be swung into the holds and

screwed in under the beams by that heavy-muscled fraternity of past days.

There were Bluenose ships in aristocratic Charleston, South Carolina, when the first gun of the Civil War was fired at Fort Sumter, among them the Maitland barque *Jane*, Captain MacDougall. And it is safe to say that Bluenose skippers ran "the Yankee lines" into that port when the Federal blockade made the cotton bale a desirable and remunerative freight and there was still a chance for a smart sailing craft to sneak in and out of a dark or rainy night. But Charleston's old-time water-front, unlike Savannah's, has sadly decayed. The old warehouses are forlorn and empty—the windows boarded up, the brick showing in great patches where the stucco has fallen away. The paved streets of the river-front are uneven and grass-grown, the former shipping berths abandoned and dilapidated, and around them one finds the negroes engaged in sunning themselves or passing the time fishing. The ruinous effects of the Civil War, the decline of the city as a cotton shipping port, the cyclone of 1885 and the earthquake of 1886 have also laid their mark on the city's once-busy water-front. But because this condition exists in certain sections of the water-front, formerly a hive of activity, I would not give the impression that Charleston is in a state of decline. Far from it; the city's recent commercial growth has been along other lines, and her modern docks are in other localities. In this sketch I am dealing with those sections to which the old-time ships repaired.

In its hey-day as an outlet for cotton, Charleston berthed many B.N.A. vessels of medium tonnage. To give an idea of its popularity with Canadian shipowners, I may cite the fact that in January 1875, out of 28 ships and barques in the port, 15 were Bluenose craft, hailing from Yarmouth, Pictou, Maitland and St. John, loading at Vanderhorst's, Boyce's and Atlantic wharves. In addition to these there were many brigs and schooners.

In the carriage of cotton the Bluenose ship claims some records. In 1878, the Yarmouth ship *N. and E. Gardner*, 1465 tons, left Galveston with the largest cargo of cotton shipped up to that time from the Texas port, viz. 5299 bales weighing 2,683,136 lbs. In 1883, the *William Law*, 1599 tons, also of Yarmouth, sailed from Norfolk, Va., with the largest cotton cargo from that port—6723 bales weighing 3,120,101 lbs. To be sure, these cargoes have since been greatly exceeded, but in their day they were worthy of record.



Ship "MARY FRY," 986 tons, of Québec.  
Built 1861, Québec.





Ship "SUNBEAM" of Quebec.  
American-built ship bought by Henry Fry.  
(Painting of the vessel in a gale in the English Channel.)

(See p. 95.)



Canada has retired from these maritime acquaintanceships. She has ceased to carry the freights of her North American sister nation. The Quebecker no longer migrates to the sunny south when the Ice King grips the St. Lawrence; the ship-owners of the Maritime Provinces have no occasion nowadays to name their ships after their business friends in the American ports, and the visits of the "white sails of Canada" to the seaboard of the United States, from Portland, Maine, to Galveston, Texas, is a thing of the past. Pleasant business relationships have relaxed thereby, and a generation has come along in both countries which knows little or nothing of the intimate commercial intercourse of the old days of the windships.



## PART II

### QUEBEC'S SHIPPING ERA

Ships and shipping of Old Quebec—The great firms of Pollok, Rankin, Gilmour and Ritchie—McKay and Warner, famous shipmasters as Quebec shipbuilders—Henry Fry of Quebec, shipowner and good citizen—Captain Joseph Elzear Bernier, Canada's Master Seaman—Henry Dinning, Quebec shipbuilder—The Taylor-Davie family of Quebec—The crimps of Quebec—Deck-loads in the Canadian timber trade—The St. Lawrence traders.

### SHIPS AND SHIPPING OF OLD QUEBEC

IN the old days they talked about the wooden ships and the iron men who sailed them. In speaking of Quebec we might add, "and the iron men who built them!"

Beginning with the time when the lily banner of France was replaced by the Jack of Great Britain, until the closing days of the nineteenth century—a period of one hundred and thirty-five years—the swinging flood of the mighty St. Lawrence has borne more than twenty-five hundred craft from the shipyards of Quebec and vicinity. They were full-rigged ships, barques, brigs, brigantines and schooners—some of them registering two thousand tons, and many of them splendid specimens of naval architecture—and in the building of them, French- and British-Canadians divide the honours equally. And as most of these craft were built during the long months of winter; when deep snows cloaked the ground; when the frost at times was so intense that a steel wedge could not be driven into a hardwood timber and the bare hand would stick to metal, the men who laboured in the open air at the building of a ship must needs be iron men.

It is doubtful if any other country in the world constructed such a fleet and under such conditions. In the Baltic, perhaps, the winter conditions of Quebec might be duplicated, but I question if any Baltic nation built as many craft as were sent afloat from the yards of French Canada. In 1854, forty ships and nine barques were built in Quebec; in 1864, forty-three ships and twenty-two barques were turned out from the yards

there—no less than 31 vessels being launched in May and June alone, and as many as five large ships have been launched in one day.

And if the shipyard workers were men of rugged fibre, the builders themselves were persons of courage and foresight. They took chances and risked their capital. Few of them made any money in the long run; some built great fleets and died poor. Many laid down keels for charity's sake, giving employment in winter to people that would otherwise face hard times. There was John Munn, for instance, who was the benefactor of the shipyard workers of St. Roch—French-Canadians mainly. Munn built ships when there was little prospect of him getting his money back.

Munn was a Scotchman, born in Irvine, Ayrshire, on St. Patrick's Day, 1778. He was a successful shipbuilder and made a fortune only to lose it in later years when he engaged in the building and operating of St. Lawrence river steamers. He died a poor man in Quebec in 1857. His fellow-citizens erected a tablet to his memory, upon which is engraved the tribute "to mark their respect for the modest value of an honest and good man, unassuming, liberal and benevolent when in possession of wealth; patient and uncomplaining when it took wings and flew away." Thus did the people of Quebec record the passing of a worthy citizen, leaving a tablet which is reminiscent of a day when "they had a humanity which led them to dip into their pockets to perpetuate their sentiments of the deserving."

A man of deep religious convictions was John Munn, I take it. One judges so by the names he gave to his ships. He began in 1798 with the brig *St. Peter*, and throughout the years until the 'fifties, he gave us the ships *Covenanter*, *John Bunyan*, *John Calvin*, *John Knox*, *Martin Luther*, *Cromwell*, and in 1850 he built the ship *Pilgrim* and the barque *Progress* side by side, launching them on the same day. One wonders if the devout Catholics of St. Roch had any qualms of conscience when fashioning the stout timbers of the *Martin Luther* and the *John Knox*?

During the 'fifties, the shipbuilders of Quebec and St. John became familiar names to the shipping men of Liverpool, London and Glasgow. Munn, Nesbitt, T. C. Lee, Oliver, Jones and Dinning of Quebec were well known for the fine ships which they sent over to England for sale. Many of their vessels were bought for the Australian emigrant service, and many were employed in passenger-carrying between England and India. British shipping journals of the 'fifties carried



numerous advertisements offering Quebec-built ships for sale, and in most of these the ability to sail fast and carry a large cargo is stressed. The ship that made a fast passage from Quebec to Liverpool immediately changed her status to that of a "clipper," and as such became desirable for the passenger trades. This accounts for the numerous fast Atlantic trips made by these B.N.A. craft on their maiden voyages.

When one deals with the ships of Quebec, one man, James Gibb Ross, looms up, a dominating figure, during the 'sixties and 'seventies. Ross, Scotch-born, settled in Quebec as a boy and entered the 'wholesale grocery business. Prospering, he became interested in the shipbuilding industry of the port, and did a great deal to stimulate it. But Ross never engaged in shipbuilding himself; yet there were times when most of the yards in Quebec were constructing craft which he financed. Like Munn, he caused the building of many a vessel to relieve distress amongst the working men. These ships he would load, send to Liverpool and arrange the sale. If the market was poor for shipping sales, Ross would charter and manage them until more favourable times. He is said to have had no less than 100 ships in commission at one time, and managed their operating. His great wealth, intimate knowledge of the ports of the world, rates of freight, and value of goods, combined with a wonderful memory, enabled him to carry on this great business with marked success. "He was the King of the whole shipbuilding industry," says Mr. J. G. Scott, of Quebec, who knew him intimately. Ross's courage and foresight were applied to railroad building when the shipbuilding and timber trades passed away, and he died in 1888, a Senator of Canada and one of the wealthiest men in the Dominion.

Many of the shipbuilders of Quebec were first-class shipwrights but poor business men. Numerous ships were built out of which the builder himself would receive but little more than day's wages. They built ships on borrowed money and hoped for profits on the sale of the vessel in England. But the agents through whom they had to secure cargoes and arrange sales usually got all the profits, and very often the sale of a thousand-ton ship fetching £7000 would return the builder a mere £50—often nothing at all. It was a gamble for years. A good market for vessels, such as arose at the time of the Australian boom in the 'fifties, set every master shipwright to building on his own account—borrowing money at high interest to finance construction. There was no restraint, everyone was engaged in the scramble for the big

profits of one or two lucky builders. When Baldwin and Dinning in 1854 sold their 1800-ton ship *Ocean Monarch* in the stocks for over \$100,000 and made \$20,000 profit on her, over forty builders went into the game and forty ships and nine barques went from Quebec to be sold on the Liverpool market. Then the crash came; prices fell from \$53 to \$34 a ton, and most of the builders suffered heavy losses.

It was after this that James Gibb Ross stepped in and applied business methods to Quebec shipbuilding. Ross studied the market; knew the class of vessels that was wanted and directed the builders in their construction. He financed the yards, imported vessel gear, took care of the sales through his correspondents abroad, and if prices were not attractive, he would send the ships under charter to all parts of the world until the market was favourable. Under his guidance the builders made some money—not a great deal, it is true, but without Ross they would have made nothing. Deprived of the great financier's directing genius, Quebec's shipbuilding industry would, in all probability, have passed away in the late 'fifties.

Quebec ceased to build ships long before the business died in the sister provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Quebec built her craft primarily for sale abroad. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had native shipowners who built and operated their own vessels.

Apropos of Quebec's vessel merchandising, the following incident is worth recording. In 1858, Edouard Trahan of Quebec built the ship *General Neil*, 970 tons, and sold her to H. J. Watt, a merchant of Glasgow, Scotland. The *General Neil* was sent to Montreal to load, and while lying there several attachments were laid upon her for furnishings. Until the suits could be decided, the ship was placed in the hands of a guardian.

In the meantime, a suit of £40 was carried through a Justice Court, and under an old Canadian law by which no advertisement of the sale of movable property under a warrant is necessary, a bailiff went aboard the ship, and before the guardian knew anything about the matter, sold a vessel worth £5000 for £100—a procedure which was sanctioned by the Canadian Courts at that time.

The Glasgow merchant was advised of what had been done. With true Scotch tenacity he determined that he was not going to be done out of his ship in this fashion, so he despatched a shipmaster to Montreal with orders to secure the vessel. The

skipper must have been a man of wit and courage, for, taking skilful advantage of a fog to "cut out" the ship, he had her towed away from Montreal and down the river to sea before it lifted.

When brought out, she had neither rudder nor ballast, but these were supplied while going down the St. Lawrence—at Quebec probably—and she arrived at Greenock in December 1858 after a stormy passage of 47 days. During a gale she lost her rudder, but an ingenious substitute was constructed by her commander, a Captain Black.

Another incident of those days is cited as showing the character of a Quebec merchant, John Ross, brother to J. G. Ross. Mr. Ross had built a saw-mill at Magdalen River on the Gaspé coast. The bay at the mouth of the river was somewhat exposed, and shipowners and marine underwriters asked high rates on vessels loading there. Ross, undaunted, bought two ships, the *Walsgrif* and *Ocean Phantom*, and loading his lumber in them with perfect safety, got two trips a season out of each vessel. Then he transferred his marine insurance from London to Boston, to the dismay of the underwriters. He also built a small barque, the *Emma V.*, 412 tons, at Cape Chatte, in 1875, sending Ferdinand Labbe down from Quebec to build her. She freighted lumber from the Magdalen River mills, and on her first voyage made the passage to Liverpool in 18 days.

A number of vessels were built upon Lake Ontario and sent down through the canals to be sparred and rigged in Quebec. Allans, afterwards founders of the famous Allan Line, bought a Toronto-built ship, the *City of Toronto*, 758 tons.<sup>1</sup> She was built in 1855 under Lloyd's survey to class 8 years A1, and was constructed entirely of selected upland white oak fastened with yellow metal and locust treenails. Towed down through the canals, she was rigged in Quebec. About the same time, a clipper barque built of white oak on Lake Huron was advertised for sale.

At Garden Island, near Kingston, Ontario, Dileo Dexter Calvin built a number of ships and barques for ocean voyaging. Calvin was a lumberman and did a large business rafting timber to Quebec. He purchased Garden Island and formed thereon an almost Utopian community, "a veritable hive of industry, a peaceful abode where distinctions between rich and poor are unknown, and where there was as near an approach to equality as can be looked for amid the complex civilization

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 79, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

of the nineteenth century." One of Calvin's vessels, the barque *Garden Island*, 870 tons, built by him on the island in 1877, was afloat under the Norwegian flag in 1905.

E. W. Berry built ships at Kingston, on Lake Ontario, during the 'sixties and 'seventies, and these were rigged and registered at Quebec—the hulls being towed down through the canals. These were the *Sparkenhoe*, 1223 tons, built in 1865; the ship *Kenilworth*, 860 tons, built the same year, and the ship *Quorn*, 1220 tons, built 1879. The latter was commanded by Captain Joseph Bernier, Canada's famous Arctic explorer, and particulars of his voyages in her are detailed elsewhere in this volume. This building of sea-going sailing ships so far away from the sea is probably unique in the annals of old-time shipping. From Kingston to Quebec the distance is about 350 miles; from Toronto it would be almost 500 miles by water. The canal locks restricted the length of vessels to about 180 feet, and the *Sparkenhoe* and *Quorn* were built to the limit of the restrictions.

Returning more particularly to Quebec and its shipping. Old-time seamen will recall how the Yankee clipper ship skippers often designated their voyages between New York and San Francisco as "coasting voyages," since they were between ports located in the United States, and it used to be said that the trip around the Horn from Atlantic to Pacific U.S. ports was the longest coasting voyage in the world. Quebec, however, lays claim to the longest passage for which a "home trade clearance" was issued. This occurred in July 1880, when the Quebec barque *Signet*, 574 tons, was granted a coasting voyage clearance from Quebec to Victoria, British Columbia, a trip of about 16,000 miles around the Horn.

Shipmasters in the old days often carried their wives and families to sea with them, and on numerous occasions they had to officiate at the birth of sons or daughters on the high seas. Many Canadians were born at sea in the days of square-rigged wooden ships, but few, if any, could claim to have first seen the light in a ship's boat while the parents were castaways. Yet a child was born to the master's wife of the Quebec barque *Aurelie* in 1875, after the barque had been abandoned with her cargo of coals afire, and all hands had taken to the boats. After five days adrift in the South Atlantic, the survivors were rescued by the ship *Moonlight* with mother and child alive and well. The *Aurelie* was a vessel of 548 tons built by N. Rosa in 1869, and was bound from Liverpool to La Plata when the fire broke out.



It was the wreck of a Quebec-built ship on the sandy shoals off Ramsgate, England, in January 1881, that gave W. Clark Russell a subject for one of his stirring recitals of hardship and heroism. This ship was the *Indian Chief*, 1238 tons, built at Quebec in 1877 by Dunn and Samson. Shortly after the ship left Middlesbrough for Yokohama, she grounded on the Long Sand during heavy weather and remained fast. Buffeted by a wild winter's gale, the *Indian Chief* began to break up and the crew took to the fore and mizzen tops, there to await a rescue by the lifeboat. The mizzen-mast carried away and those who had lashed themselves to it were drowned. The main-mast also went by the board, and only the fore-mast remained standing and visible to the lifeboatmen trying to reach the wreck. Ultimately, after being lashed in the rigging for more than twenty-four hours, the survivors, eleven men, were taken off by the Ramsgate lifeboat, which had been all night trying to effect a rescue in freezing weather and high seas. The master, Captain Fraser, the second mate, his brother, and fifteen of the crew were drowned.

While there were a good many vessels built at Quebec which were far from being beauties—ships that were blunt-bowed, and fitted with just enough gear to comply with the regulations—yet there were many that compared favourably with the best from British and American shipyards. No genuine clipper ships were built in Quebec. The real clipper ship was a craft built for speed and with a consequently reduced cargo capacity. Only a few trades could maintain clippers—the California trade of the 'fifties, the Australian emigrant packets, the China tea, and the Brazilian coffee trade being the most important. High freight rates and the desire for speed brought the clipper into being and their era did not last for much more than twenty-five years.

Quebec, however, like New Brunswick, did build some vessels of medium model that were designated as "clippers" by contemporary authorities largely because they were finer-lined than the ordinary run of craft. Such ships were handsome and well finished and were usually built for a specific trade—many being acquired by British shipowners for their Indian services. Occasionally, vessels were built to order in Quebec for British owners. In other sections of this volume, some particulars of these so-called "clippers" are set down.

As to the quality of Quebec-built ships at the time when speculative building was dominant, a Liverpool circular of 1852, calling attention to the improvement in model, material



Ship "Rock City," 825 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1868, Quebec. One of the vessels built by McKay and Warner.

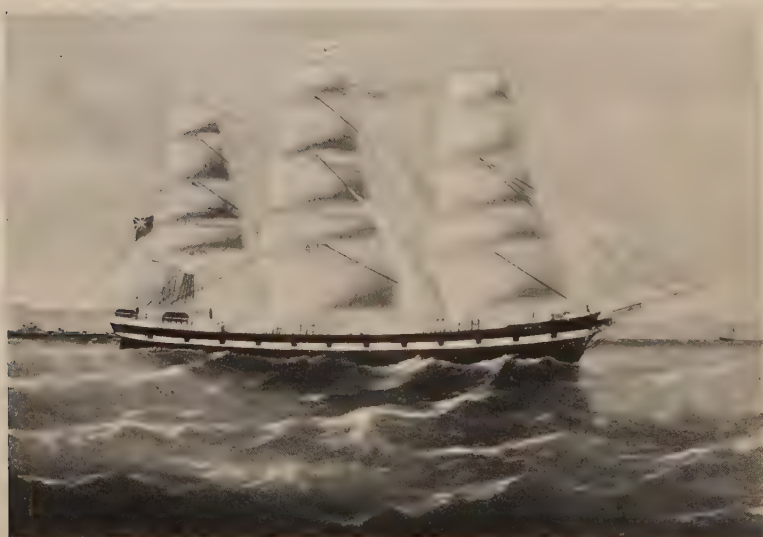


Ship "Cosmo" 1220 tons, of Quebec.

Built 1877, Quebec.

Said to be the finest Quebec-built ship.

(See pp. 100, 114.)



Ship "MONTAGNAIS," 1297 tons.

Built 1879, Quebec.



and finish of Quebec-built ships, concludes : " Among those which have arrived within the last eight months will be found some as fine specimens of naval architecture as has ever been produced, combining both carrying and sailing properties of no ordinary kinds."

Many hardwood ships were constructed in Quebec ; few, if any, were built in the other British North American provinces. So that the sweeping statement, often made by nautical historians, that all B.N.A. craft were " softwood ships " is in error. Figure-heads and elaborate carvings adorned many Quebec vessels, and William Black, a wood-carver of the city, did a thriving business in this line. As an instance we learn that the barque *Eleutheria*, 794 tons, built by Rosa in 1862, had a stern carved with handsome scroll-work supporting the Quebec coat-of-arms and the motto *Natura Fortis, Industria Crescit*.

In Quebec of the present-day scarcely a link remains to recall her gallant age of sail. The old shipbuilders are all gone to their reward. The only shipyard that exists which was founded in the days of wooden ships is that of G. T. Davie and Sons at Levis. Relics of her glorious maritime era are scarce and models and ship paintings are few. Men who lived in the shipbuilding days have contributed to the information in this record, and it is a matter for congratulation that we have been able to set down their reminiscences, for forty years have passed since the last of the Quebec square-rigged ships was launched. In that period the records of a great industry seem to have been effaced as completely as that of the Yucatan civilizations.

I have been able to secure a few photographs and copies of paintings of Quebec ships. As art, these pictures may be found wanting, but they portray the ship and her gear as accurately as any photograph. The artists were specialists in the work. They knew the intimacies of rigging and such-like and they made few mistakes, for they were catering to an exacting and critical clientele. A good ship painting could be made in those days for forty shillings, and as a rule the master or owner had one executed for his home or office. In some cases they were made for the purpose of selling the ship, portraying her rig and model to prospective purchasers. Other paintings reproduced in this volume were made by seamen on board the vessel itself. We are lucky to have them.

It will be noted on examining the paintings of some of these Quebec-built ships that they lean more toward the British



type rather than the American model. In the Quebeckers we find ships with full short poops and without the trunk cabins common to the usual type of B.N.A. craft. The "half-round" style of building the poop is seen on the Quebeckers, and the general lines of the vessel are such that one might easily take them for British-built vessels. Another feature was the painted ports. Quebeckers affected this hull decoration in many instances at a time when the Nova Scotiamen and New Brunswick craft had long discarded such. In fact, we might correctly assume that Quebec builders copied British models, while Nova Scotian and New Brunswick shipwrights retained the style developed in New England yards. This may have been brought about by the fact of the respective relationships of the various Provinces. Quebec's commercial ties were essentially with the Clyde and the Mersey; those of the Maritime Provinces were strongly linked up with the New England States, from whence came many of their settlers in the loyalist exodus following the American Revolution.

In the following pages are set down some sketches of ships, builders and shipmasters of Old Quebec. They are elaborations of the facts recorded in the previous volume, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

#### THE GREAT FIRMS OF POLLOK, RANKIN, GILMOUR AND RITCHIE

Prominently identified with the shipping, shipbuilding and timber industries of Quebec and New Brunswick in the first half of the nineteenth century were a group of Scotsmen—Pollok, Rankin, Gilmour and Ritchie. Their interests in Canada were extensive, and in their timber trade between America and Great Britain they owned, at one time, a fleet of forty ships built by themselves in Canadian yards.

There is a great story in the growth of the various firms which sprang from the association of five or six young lads who were born and brought up together in the Mearns parish of Renfrewshire, near Glasgow. Trafalgar was yet to be won when, in 1804, the firm of Pollok, Gilmour and Company, composed of John and Arthur Pollok and Allan Gilmour—all young men—was founded in Glasgow. The Canadian timber trade was their particular commercial effort, and they applied themselves to mastering its ramifications in a way that eventually placed them in the forefront of the business.

When they wanted men to send out to look after their interests in New Brunswick and Quebec, they selected their

"ain folk"—schoolmates and relatives from the Mearns. To the Pollok-Gilmour establishments in Montreal, Quebec, Miramichi, Restigouche, Dalhousie and Campbellton—the four latter branches in New Brunswick—were sent various members of the Ritchie family, the Gilmours and the Rankins. With true Scottish foresight and careful business methods, they prospered until no less than fourteen firms sprang from the original. Pollok, Gilmour & Co., of Glasgow, became eclipsed in commercial importance by the firm of Rankin, Gilmour & Co., Liverpool. Then there were Allan Gilmour & Co., at Quebec; Gilmour, Rankin & Co., at Miramichi, N.B.; Robert Rankin & Co., at St. John; Ferguson, Rankin & Co., at Bathurst, N.B., and branches of the Ritchies in Montreal and Restigouche, N.B.

They built their own ships in Quebec and in northern New Brunswick to freight their own timber to Liverpool and Glasgow, and carried on from about 1830 until the 'eighties. Certain members of the firms acquired great wealth and honours—the Rankins and Ritchies of Liverpool especially.

The writer of these chronicles would love to tell the story of these men. Not alone from the romance of industry which runs through it, but because I can somewhat appreciate their various environments. As a boy, I rambled and cycled around the Mearns where these pioneers of Canadian industry grew up; I am familiar with the Clyde-side street where the business was first established back in Nelson's day, and the scenes of their Canadian endeavours—Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Dalhousie, Restigouche, Bathurst and Campbellton—I am acquainted with in a more or less degree. And for inspiration in writing such a story one needs but the odours of spruce and pine, and a whiff of Norway tar.

The most important shipyard of the firm was at Quebec, where Allan Gilmour commenced building the "P.G." ships about 1831. A ship called the *Wolfe's Cove*, 587 tons, was launched that year. In 1843, he built the large ships *Ottawa*, 1152 tons, and *Rankin*, 1120 tons—biggest of all Quebec craft up to that time. In 1845, the *Argo*, 1163 tons, and the *Agamemnon*, 1167 tons, were constructed of oak and other hardwoods at the Wolfe's Cove yards.

Captain John Dick designed and superintended the building of the Gilmour ships in Quebec. They were fine craft, with plenty of oak and hard pine in them, very thoroughly fastened and well salted. In the 'forties, the Gilmour ships were unusually big for the times, and, with their painted ports and

high sides and massive design, they looked like East Indiamen. Being constructed for themselves, these "P.G." craft were, as a rule, superior to the usual run of Quebec vessels, but they were never classed in Lloyd's or any other Registry—the firm insuring their own fleet and sending them out to Quebec whenever they required overhauling or repairs. The house-flag of the firm was the letters "P.G." in a diamond, and a friend of mine, who knew the ships in his boyhood days, says that "evil-minded sailors, in their cups, in the Champlain Street crimp-resorts, declared that 'P.G.' meant 'poor grub,' but it was not a justifiable translation."

Prior to the establishment of their own shipyard in Quebec, the firm had vessels built for them, and my records show that as early as 1824, the barques *Carlton*, 539 tons, and *Broom*, 510 tons, were built in St. John by John Owens and Wm. Lawton for Pollok, Gilmour & Co. In 1828, Robert Rankin, a member of the firm, built the barque *Faside*, 572 tons at Portland, St. John, for the timber trade of his associates.

In the boom days of the 'fifties, the Gilmour yard at Quebec had as many as four large ships building at one time and over a thousand men were employed in the work. In addition to the new vessels, there were always one or two ships being repaired. The building of ships by the Gilmour yard continued almost uninterruptedly until about 1855, when new construction ceased—the firm having enough of a fleet to take care of their business.

In 1848, the Rankin, Pollok, Gilmour organization owned forty ships of their own building. They freighted timber from Quebec and Northern New Brunswick during the open season of St. Lawrence navigation to Liverpool and Glasgow, and in winter made cotton voyages from New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah and other southern ports. Some of the ships made guano voyages from the Peruvian deposits. The *Calliope*, a ship of 671 tons built in Weymouth, N.S., in 1840, and owned by Pollok, was lost in 1847 while homeward bound with guano from Peru.

Beginning with the year 1846 and up until 1873, the "P.G." ships had made a total of 1503 round voyages. Of these, 1151 were with timber, the rest with cotton and guano, and during that period of twenty-seven years, the firm had only lost fifteen ships out of the many which they operated.

Among these losses was the *Margaret Pollok*, 918 tons, built by Allan Gilmour at Quebec in 1840 of hardwoods. In 1872, after making fifty-five round voyages in her thirty-two years



Capt. J. E. BERNIER,  
Aged forty-four years.

(See pp. 102, 125.)



Capt. J. E. BERNIER,  
Aged seventeen and master of Brigantine "St. Joseph."





Brigantine " St. JOSEPH " of Quebec.

Capt. Bernier, aged seventeen, was master of this vessel on trans-Atlantic voyages.

(From a photo taken in 1869.)

(See p. 103.)



Brigantine " St. MICHAEL " of Quebec.

Capt. J. E. Bernier, master, 1870-1872.

Off Leghorn, Sept. 1871.

(See p. 103.)



afloat, she sprang a leak in heavy weather during a winter voyage homeward from Quebec and was abandoned. A British war-steamer was sent out to look for her, and finding her in bad shape, she stood off and sank her by gunfire.

The fall and winter of 1872 played havoc with the timber-droghers on the Atlantic and many B.N.A. ships were abandoned. "As we entered the Channel in December," observed the master of a tea clipper in his reminiscences, "we passed through shoals of logs and deals, and when we got to Dungeness, the pilot said that incoming sailors remarked that they passed through enough timber so that one could almost walk on it across the Herring Pond."

Pollok, Gilmour lost a number of vessels that year, among them the *Allan*, 987 tons, built in Quebec in 1849. Her captain had been in the ship since her first voyage, a period of twenty-three years. She was abandoned in the North Atlantic, timber-laden from Bathurst, N.B. Another ship which was abandoned that winter was the *Argo*, built in 1845. The master and two men were drowned. The *Illustrious*, 1172 tons, built by Gilmour in Quebec in 1855 and regarded as a clipper, was also abandoned at sea during that fatal winter while bound to Liverpool from Quebec. Another "P.G." ship to be abandoned was the *Arthur*, 993 tons, built by them in 1849. The owners sent a steamer out to look for her and the vessel was picked up 700 miles off Ireland and towed in. She was repaired and was afloat and in good condition in 1873. However, in that black winter on the North Atlantic, the Pollok-Gilmour fleet came off very well, and had their ships not been so well built and well kept, their losses would have been much heavier. At any rate, no insurance companies suffered through their mishaps.

A fine ship called the *Lotus*, 872 tons, was built for them in 1840 by John W. Smith, St. John. In 1857 she was purchased by Henry Fry, a well-known Quebec shipowner. Mr. Fry operated her in the timber trade for nine years, clearing about \$35,000 on her freightings. In 1866, when she was twenty-six years old, he gave her an extensive overhaul at Dinning's yard in Quebec and she continued running until 1879, when she went ashore on Cape Ray, N.F., and became a total wreck. During the "black winter" on the North Atlantic she shipped a sea over the poop which carried Captain John Harris and the wheelsman overboard. This was the worst accident to befall any one of Mr. Fry's ships.

One of the vessels built by Allan Gilmour at Quebec in 1848 was actually afloat under the Norwegian flag in 1905. This

was the barque *Actæon*, 609 tons, She was a hardwood craft, iron fastened, and was rebuilt in 1885. Fifty-seven years afloat, for a Quebecker, is surely a tribute to the hands that built her !

In later years, when the timber trade from British North America declined, the ships of the firm were transferred to East Indian and other voyages, and when the wooden craft played out, the flag was kept flying by iron ships in the eastern trade.

Losses of ships in the Quebec timber trade were blamed upon the heavy deck-loads which most ships carried. In summer-time, these were not dangerous, but in the fall months, when the Atlantic gales were fierce, long-lasting and accompanied by high seas and bitter cold, these deck-loads were disastrous to the ships and terrible to the crews. While most of the shipping firms in the American timber trade resisted the imposition of a deck-load law when such was advocated in 1873, the Rankin-Gilmour firm went on record as being opposed to the carriage of timber on deck during the fall and winter months.

Canadian timber and Canadian-built ships laid the foundation for many fortunes in the Pollok, Gilmour, Rankin and Ritchie organizations. One of the Ritchies was Lord Mayor of Liverpool a few years ago, while John Rankin, a latter-day descendant of the family, is honoured for his benevolence and munificent gifts to Liverpool. Allan Gilmour (son of the original Allan Gilmour) remained in Canada, and on his retirement from lumbering and shipping in 1873, maintained a fine residence in Ottawa which was said to be a veritable museum of art. He died in Ottawa in 1895, aged seventy-nine years.

#### McKAY AND WARNER—FAMOUS SHIPMASTERS AS QUEBEC SHIPBUILDERS

Among the many shipyards located on the banks of the Charles River, Quebec, that of McKay and Warner is noteworthy, since both partners were formerly shipmasters who added to the laurels of clipper seamanship in their days at sea. McKay was none other than Captain Lauchlan McKay, brother of Donald McKay of East Boston, and famous as the commander of the Yankee clipper *Sovereign of the Seas*. Captain Henry Warner, the other partner, was a celebrated Black Ball skipper who had also commanded the *Sovereign of the Seas*, and latterly the great Black Ball clipper *Donald McKay*. The

shipbuilding activities of McKay and Warner at Quebec extended from 1864 to 1873.

As Lauchlan McKay was Canadian-born, a brief account of his activities prior to coming to Quebec might well be set down in this record of Canada's maritime annals. Born in Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, in 1811, he was one year younger than his famous brother Donald. Like the latter, Lauchlan came to New York when in his 'teens and served an apprenticeship to shipbuilding in the yard of Isaac Webb. Following that, he entered the United States Navy and served four years as a carpenter on the U.S. Frigate *Constellation*. From the navy he went to Boston and engaged in the repairing and building of ships in partnership with another brother, Hugh.

But it was as a sailor that Lauchlan's reputation was made, and in 1847 we find him at sea in command of the American barque *Oddfellow*, which he helped to build, and the following year he was making some excellent passages in the ship *Jenny Lind*, a small vessel built by Donald McKay in 1848.

In 1851, Donald McKay built the clipper ship *Sovereign of the Seas*, 2421 tons, the largest merchant ship afloat at that time. McKay built her for his own account, loaded her in New York with 2950 tons of cargo for San Francisco (receiving \$84,000 freight money) and despatched her under the command of Lauchlan. With a crew of 103 men and boys, the great clipper spread her vast wings and swung off around the Horn.

During the voyage, Captain McKay—a physical giant but “an easy, good-natured sort of a man, careless of display”—carried such a press of sail in strong winds that “it was truly frightful to look aloft”; so one of his crew wrote. As a result of sail-dragging in a heavy gale, when the ship was to the westward of Cape Horn, she carried away fore- and main-top-masts, fore-yard and all the canvas on the fore, as well as the mizzen-topgallant-mast. In spite of such a sudden shearing of her pinions—a mishap that would have appalled most men—Captain McKay proved his ability as a seaman *par excellence* when he saved all the spars and gear without cutting a rope, and had the ship refitted and complete aloft within 13 days, during which time she held her course and made the run from 50° S. to the equator in 29 days.

The *Sovereign of the Seas* swept into San Francisco Bay, 103 days after leaving New York, a record for the time of year she left the latter port, and had she not been dismasted, she might



well have equalled, if not beaten, the *Flying Cloud's* record passage of 89 days. For the feat of re-rigging his ship at sea without putting into Valparaiso, Captain McKay received a silver dinner service from the New York marine underwriters.

From San Francisco, in ballast, the giant clipper sailed for Honolulu, and there loaded a cargo of sperm oil in barrels for New York. Leaving the Hawaiian port in February 1853, the *Sovereign of the Seas* arrived off Sandy Hook 82 days afterwards. On this record passage from the Islands, the ship was worked with a short-handed crew—which handicap, however, did not prevent her master from carrying sail. When running the "brave west winds" she logged 1478 miles in four consecutive days, and one day's sailing was the extraordinary distance run of 424 miles in twenty-four hours—the greatest ever made by a vessel, steam or sail, up to that time.

The next voyage of the ship was from New York to Liverpool with Donald McKay and his wife as passengers. Leaving on June 18th, 1853, Captain McKay brought the *Sovereign of the Seas* to an anchor in the Mersey in the record time of 13 days, 22 hours, 50 minutes from the time of leaving the dock at New York. The big clipper was immediately chartered by James Baines for the Black Ball Line and placed on the berth for Melbourne. Captain McKay gave up his command then, and the master who succeeded him was his future partner, Captain Henry Warner.

Born in Chelmsford, Essex, England, in 1821, Henry Warner was apprenticed as a youth to the honourable, but prosaic, business of a linen-draper. Two years of it evidently failed to repress young Warner's desire for a sea-life, and at sixteen he ran away to ship on salt-water. By the time he was twenty-one he had attained command of a vessel—a brig, I believe—and was known as "the boy captain." Of his ability there can be no question, since he was appointed master of one of the finest sailing-ships afloat when he took charge of the *Sovereign of the Seas* in his early thirties.

Prior to taking command of this clipper, Captain Warner had moved to Boston and was in the employ of Donald McKay, and I understand that he was mate of the ship under Lauchlan McKay and succeeded him as master when the big clipper was chartered by James Baines.

With Captain Warner in charge, the *Sovereign of the Seas* made the passage from Liverpool to Melbourne in 77 days—an exceedingly good run considering the light and variable winds prevailing during the voyage. The homeward run was

by way of Cape Horn and was made in the fine time of 68 days.

On this voyage to Liverpool, the clipper carried a large consignment of gold-dust in her strong room. Some ex-convicts among the crew concocted a plot to seize the ship, and suddenly rushed on the officers. Captain Warner, suspecting their intentions, grasped a cutlass and plunged boldly among the advancing scoundrels, cutting right and left. Mrs. Warner brought her husband's pistols up and handed them to the officers, who quickly followed their captain and soon intimidated the mutineers without bloodshed. Fifteen men, the ringleaders in the plot, were secured and placed in irons in the after-hold.

When the ship arrived in Liverpool, the British courts failed to take any action in the matter—the mutiny taking place on the high seas on board a ship under the American flag. Captain Warner thereupon decided to allow the mutineers to escape. George Warner, his brother, was purser of the ship, and he tossed the keys of the irons down into the hold, and it was not long before the mutineers were ashore and away. For his courage in handling this affair, Captain Warner received the commendations of his owner and the underwriters.

In the meantime, Donald McKay returned to Boston with orders from James Baines to construct four large clipper ships for the Black Ball Line. These were the ships *Lightning*, *Champion of the Seas*, *James Baines* and *Donald McKay*. The huge four-masted clipper *Great Republic* was building while the brothers were in England and Lauchlan was to command her. This ship, the greatest clipper of all, unfortunately caught fire while loading in New York for Liverpool and passed out of McKay's hands, and Lauchlan's next voyage was in the *Lightning* as adviser to Captain Forbes and builder's agent. The *Lightning's* extraordinary passage of 13 days, 19½ hours from Boston Light to Rock Light, Liverpool, under the joint command of the two men, and her record day's run of 436 miles are too well known to be detailed here at length.

Of Lauchlan's sojourn in Liverpool, the *Liverpool Courier* on May 12th, 1854, remarked: "Captain McKay, brother of the celebrated shipbuilder, took his departure in the S.S. *America* for Boston this afternoon. Since his arrival here in the *Lightning* he has made arrangements for his brother to build for different Liverpool houses nearly £20,000 sterling worth of shipping. A pretty good specimen of the business habits of the enterprising Yankee." There is a tinge of

irony in the latter remark which makes amusing reading nowadays.

The *Sovereign of the Seas*, on arrival at Liverpool from Melbourne, was released from her Black Ball charter and sold by McKay to Hamburg parties for \$150,000. In 1859, she was lost in the Straits of Malacca. Her name was perpetuated in a St. John-built ship of 1227 tons, built by W. and R. Wright in 1857, and a second craft built in 1868 by Donald McKay.

Captain Warner returned to Boston after the *Sovereign* arrived in England and, according to a newspaper account, took McKay's new ship *Commodore Perry* to Liverpool. "In taking this ship to Liverpool," it states, "he had a crew of wharf-rats brought from New York, and found only eight men out of the crew of forty fit to steer or go aloft. It was the dead of winter at the time, with heavy westerly gales prevailing all the way from Cape Cod to Liverpool, yet he made the passage in 16 days, and would have made it in 12 if he could have carried more sail. Fortunately he had his topsails reefed before he left port, but he dared not shake the reefs out because he knew he could not put them in again. Captain Warner and the mates were compelled to be on deck nearly night and day. They never undressed from the time they left Boston until they arrived in Liverpool." The *Commodore Perry* was taken over by the Black Ball Line.

We next find Captain Warner superintending the construction of the clipper ship *Donald McKay*, 2598 tons, building for James Baines, and when she was completed in the winter of 1854-5, Warner took command of what was then the second largest merchant sailing ship afloat—the rebuilt *Great Republic* being the largest. Leaving Boston on February 21st, 1855, the big clipper was off Cape Clear twelve days afterwards, but owing to head winds she was five days from there to Liverpool. Yet on this passage, during a hurricane gale from the N.W. and scudding under topsails and foresail, the ship logged 421 miles in the 24 hours.

Leaving Liverpool for Melbourne on June 6th, 1855, with Warner in command, the *Donald McKay* arrived out on August 26th, after an 81-day passage. Her homeward run was made in 86 days. Both were good but not noteworthy.

In 1861 Warner was in partnership with the Hon. Benjamin Palmer of East Boston, operating a sail-making loft. The former had secured the rights to manufacture Cunningham's Patent Self-reefing Topsails—the "Rolling Topsails," now obsolete, which had quite a vogue during the later days of the



single topsails. Then the Civil War broke out and the partners turned from topsails to making tents for the Union Army. Hard times coming along in 1864 and poor prospects, Warner decided to enter the shipbuilding business at Quebec, and he leased and afterwards purchased a shipyard located on the banks of the Charles River at Stadacona. The property, known as "Smithfield," included a fine stone mansion which was erected in 1810 by a Mr. Smith, a meat contractor to the British regiments quartered in Quebec. This building is still standing, though sadly dilapidated.

Captain Lauchlan McKay joined Warner in this enterprise (both had married sisters of a Maine family named Coombs), and the first sizable craft to be constructed by them was the ship *Early Morn*, 999 tons, mixed woods, iron and copper fastened and iron strapped. This vessel was launched in July 1864, and a well-built craft she must have been, since she was afloat over forty years afterwards as the Norwegian barque *Valborg*.

For almost ten years the two shipmasters were engaged in shipbuilding in Quebec, and during that period they launched eighteen ships and barques of 500 tons and over, in addition to a number of smaller craft; in all, twenty-eight vessels of various rigs. The larger vessels are herewith noted in chronological order :

- 1864. Ship *Early Morn*, 999 tons.
- 1865. Ship *John Elliott*, 1198 tons.  
Ship *Truce*, 760 tons.
- 1866. Barque *Laina*, 608 tons.  
Barque *Homer*, 538 tons.
- 1867. Six small vessels for the Upper Lake trade.
- 1868. Ship *Rock City*, 825 tons.  
Barque *Watersprite*, 769 tons.  
Ship *Lord Napier*, 1227 tons.  
Barque *Deele*, 695 tons.
- 1869. Ship *Canute*, 1217 tons.  
Barque *Velocipede*, 545 tons.  
Barque *Oneata*, 588 tons.  
Barque *Manoah*, 776 tons.  
Barque *Wasp*, 442 tons.
- 1870. Barque *Verona*, 648 tons.  
Barque *Alice C.*, 858 tons.
- 1872. Barque *Beulah*, 746 tons.
- 1873. Ship *Venus*, 746 tons.

Of the above vessels, the *Rock City*, constructed during a spell



of hard times in Quebec, was one of the best. She was built for Henry Fry of Quebec for \$38 a ton, and Mr. Fry superintended her building and had his own way in everything. She was a ship of good model, with double diagonal ceiling and extra fastenings, and a good sailer. In command of Captain Wm. Holmes, she passed the Downs on December 17th, 1869, in 18 days from Bic, and only a few hours later than the steamer *Dacia*, which left about the same time. The *Rock City* was a very fortunate and profitable ship during the ten years Mr. Fry owned her. She was under the Russian flag in 1905.

Another craft built by McKay and Warner was the brigantine *J.L.B.*, 147 tons, for the salt-fish trade of J. Le Boutilier, Gaspé. This little packet was launched in 1872, and was narrow in beam and loftily sparred. She was engaged principally in running salt-fish from Gaspé to Brazil, and, like most of the Brazil traders, carried a great spread of canvas. She is credited with a passage of 12 days and a few hours from Gaspé to the west of England, and another passage from Bahia, Brazil, to Gaspé in 28 days.

When McKay and Warner started shipbuilding in Quebec, the age of clipper ships had passed and none of the large craft built by them were other than full-modelled cargo-carriers. A French-Canadian, Richan by name, was their foreman builder. They had the reputation of building good vessels, and at times employed as many as 200 men in their yard on the banks of the narrow Charles River. Among the French-Canadians they were known as "les Américains," and the English Quebecers always referred to them as "the Yankee shipbuilders."

The two partners lived together in the big stone house with their wives—neither had any children—but invariably had a houseful of nieces and nephews to keep them company. The mansion was located close to the shipyard—in fact the vessels were built almost in front of it—and the tidal stream of the Charles ebbed and flowed through a succession of shipyards in the vicinity. Owing to the narrowness of the river, vessels were launched obliquely into it at high water, and after launching, the sparring and rigging were done outside. The shipyards of Oliver, Rosa and Parke were also located on the Charles, and some very large ships were built there.

In the summer of 1925, I visited the site of the Warner shipyard. Naught remained to indicate that ships were once built there. The old mansion, verandahs gone, windows boarded up, the stucco fallen away from the stone in great

patches, was still standing in the fields of long grass and unchecked weeds which fringed the banks of the river. Inside the house, a number of curious old grates for burning soft coal still remained in the walls as well as portions of a fine old balustrade for the main staircase. When shipbuilding passed away and the house was no longer used as a residence, the interior was gutted out and the place used as a mill.

One could imagine it as an ideal spot for the two retired clipper ship masters. Before them, the huge rock of Quebec frowned over the marshy meadows through which the Charles meandered; behind loomed the mountain ranges which flank the North Channel of the St. Lawrence, stretching wide and blue to the sea. In the days of their tenancy, the timber trade brought to Quebec a fleet of square-riggers which numbered hundreds at a time, and the spars of these craft could be seen all around. All about the banks of the Charles were shipyards, and the daylight hours of winter and summer resounded to the ring and rasp of the saws, the thuds of hammer and maul, the metallic clink of caulking mallets, the shouts and cries of the French-Canadian shipwrights.

Above the fireplace of the drawing-room in the old house while the partners lived there hung a fine picture of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, painted by an artist of merit. Another painting which graced the residence was one of the ship *Donald McKay* in a dangerous position between Fastnet Light and the mainland of Ireland. She is depicted lee-rail down and clawing-off an ominous lee shore during an occasion when Captain Warner commanded her. Copies of both paintings were made by a nephew of Captain McKay—a young shipmaster who spent some time in Quebec with his uncle. These pictures have been reproduced in volumes dealing with the clipper ships.

McKay was fifty-three years old and Warner was a few years younger when they launched their first ship at Quebec. There are men alive in Quebec who still recall them; McKay—a man of great stature, fair-complexioned, powerful, commanding. His partner was of medium height, stout, good-natured, generous, and of a likeable disposition.

Warner possessed mechanical genius of no mean order, and he invented a number of appliances ranging from a patent steering gear to a perfume bottle—the latter being exhibited at the Continental Exposition of 1876. A photograph of Warner's Patent Steerer is shown in this volume. This was made in Quebec, but I cannot say if it was applied to any ships. But similar apparatus is in use upon small vessels nowadays.

In 1873 the partnership was dissolved and Captain McKay returned to the United States, residing in Brooklyn, N.Y. Captain Warner built the ship *Venus* that year, and in 1874 sold out the yard and retired from business, residing in Boston. But in 1877 he returned to Quebec and built the *Chelmsford*, a barquentine of 381 tons which he operated on his own account. Two more craft were constructed in Bath, Maine—the *Franc Lambirth* and the *Samuel and Florence Wackrell*. In 1878, Captain Warner was in England looking after his vessels, but it was evident that he had made a mistake in building and operating wooden ships again at a time when iron and steel were coming in, for the venture resulted in financial loss and he sold out and retired again to the United States. In February 1893, the old Black Ball skipper and shipbuilder passed away in his seventy-third year, and was laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery, Boston.

After dissolving partnership with Captain Warner, Captain McKay allied himself with Captain Charles B. Dix, and under the name of McKay and Dix, New York, owned and operated, for a number of years, a fleet of small barques in the cryolite trade between Greenland and Philadelphia. He also returned to Quebec in 1877 and built the barque *Iviglut*, 331 tons, for the cryolite trade of his firm. Some of these cryolite carriers were constructed in Nova Scotia—the *Calcium*, *Platina*, *Alkaline* and *Argenta*. These vessels were built by the Eatons near Parrsboro, N.S. The *Argenta*, a barque of 629 tons, was built in 1890. Captain McKay died in Boston in 1895, aged 83 years.

#### HENRY FRY OF QUEBEC, SHIPOWNER AND GOOD CITIZEN

One of the outstanding figures in the shipping industry of Quebec and the public life of that city was Henry Fry. His prominence in the maritime affairs of Canada during the Golden Age of sailing ships deserves the most extended reference in a historical record such as this, for he did many things to benefit his adopted city and to improve the condition of seamen in the Quebec trade.

He is credited with having built the best ship to be sent down the ways from a Quebec yard. In securing a law against timber deck-loads in the fall and winter months and regulations for the stowing of grain in bulk, Mr. Fry was, perhaps, the leading spirit; and through his efforts, crimping in Quebec was made a penitentiary offence. In many other public works, charitable, religious and educational, he was ever to the forefront.



Henry Fry was born in Bristol, England, and in 1838, at the age of twelve, he entered the employ of Mark Whitwell, a well-known shipowner and shipbroker of that city. In Whitwell's office he received a very thorough training in the management and chartering of ships.

In 1849, while he was still in Whitwell's employ, Mr. Fry took a half-interest with Wm. Yeo, of Appledore, Devon, in a brigantine called the *Favourite*, 168 tons, which was built at Port Hill, Prince Edward Island, by Mr. Yeo's father, James Yeo—a leading builder and owner of "island" craft. The *Favourite* was a tamarac vessel and cost, when coppered and complete for sea, about £1400. Managed by Mr. Fry, she was sent to Cuba with rails, from thence to London with sugar and mahogany. Her next voyage was from Shields to Venice with coals, thence with a cargo of wheat from the Adriatic to Donegal. This gives an idea of how these little P.E.I. brigantines traded.

In the spring of 1854, Mr. Fry made his first visit to Quebec, having been sent out by Mark Whitwell to superintend the salving and repairs to two of his barques which had been caught in the ice of the St. Lawrence. These vessels were the *British Queen*, 534 tons, and *J.K.L.*, 757 tons—the latter a Quebec craft built by Lee in 1850. For his services in saving and repairing these vessels, the underwriters at Lloyd's made him a present of \$800, and two years later appointed him as Lloyd's agent, covering the St. Lawrence district from Sorel to Gaspé.

Remaining in Quebec all summer, Mr. Fry was instructed to buy one or two ships for Mr. Whitwell, but owing to high costs due to the Crimean War and general "boom times" in shipping, he was only able to purchase a small barque called the *Hinda*, built at Quebec by François Lachance for David Vaughan. She was a strong little vessel, of good model and had been coppered. She cost \$52 per ton—a very stiff price. As she had no bow ports, she could not carry timber, and as no deals offered, Mr. Fry sent her to Pictou, Nova Scotia, to load coals for Boston, and thence to St. Stephen, N.B., for deals to Greenock.

Returning to Bristol in December 1854, he found the market for ships in a collapse. Prices had dropped to around \$35 a ton for new vessels, and a large dealer in Quebec ships, W. Edward Oliver, of Liverpool, had failed, causing much loss to builders who were anxious to unload. Whitwell felt that the *Hinda* was a bad buy. Mr. Fry, feeling that his judgment was at stake, promptly offered to take her over. A deal was made and the *Hinda* passed into Fry's hands, and he chartered her to carry pressed hay from Chepstow to Balaklava at a high rate



—the British cavalry horses being in dire need of fodder at the time. The *Hinda* did pretty well for about three years, but as Mr. Fry was unable to own her outright and was paying interest charges on her cost, he sold her at a sacrifice, and lost about £600 of his scanty capital by the sale.

His next shipping venture was in the spring of 1855 while on his second sojourn in Quebec. In conjunction with Henry Dinning, shipbuilder of Quebec, and Arthur Ritchie, he purchased a third interest in a Pollok-Gilmour ship called the *Ant*, 663 tons, which had been built in St. John sixteen years previous. The *Ant*, loaded with timber, had run ashore at Matane, Gulf of St. Lawrence, and was sold at auction to Mr. Fry and his associates. She was salved without much trouble, and Dinning repaired her and fitted her out for sea. After the first year, Mr. Fry bought out his partners and placed his brother, Charles Fry, in command. In the fall of 1859, the *Ant* sprung a leak in mid-ocean, and as her cargo was salt in bulk, it melted and the ship had to be abandoned. The vessel was insured and occasioned no loss to her owner as she had done fairly well in her voyaging.

Up until the end of 1855, Mr. Fry was a partner of the Whitwell firm, spending most of the year in Quebec attending to the loading and management of Whitwell's and other ships. In the spring of 1856, he decided to remain in Quebec and go into business for himself as shipowner, shipping agent and Lloyd's agent.

In 1857, he bought an interest in the ship *Lotus*, 872 tons, built in 1840 by Smith, St. John, N.B., for Pollok, Gilmour & Co. She was a fine vessel, suitable for the Quebec trade. This vessel was bought from the "P.G." firm for £3900 though sixteen years old at the time of purchase. Afterwards, Mr. Fry owned her outright and ran her for some twenty-two years, finding her a profitable venture until later years, when repairs ate up her profits. She was lost on Cape Ray, N.F., in 1879. In the winter of 1872, her master and the man at the wheel were swept overboard and drowned—this being the worst accident to befall any of Fry's ships.

A Quebec-built ship, the *Riverdale*, 771 tons, had stranded on Green Island in the St. Lawrence, and Henry Dinning had salved and repaired her in 1858. Mr. Fry purchased the ship and placed his uncle, Wm. Holmes, in command. She proved leaky and had to put into Fayal for repairs. On the passage to Liverpool from the Azores, she still leaked, and Fry sold her. The new owner placed her in dry-dock and caulked her all over,

but when loaded she made as much water as ever. He then lightened her, placed her in dry-dock and pumped water into her hull. It was then discovered that one of her planks was of *red oak*—a coarse and porous wood—and the water passed through it like a sieve. By taking out the plank and replacing it, the *Riverdale* was made tight.

In the fall of 1859, shipbuilding was at a low ebb in Quebec—wages were low and wood cheap. Mr. Dinning offered to build a ship for Mr. Fry at \$34 a ton. An arrangement was made for a vessel of 850 tons to be built in Dinning's yard during the winter, and the keel of the ship *Devonshire* was laid. Built of tamarac and rock elm, and by carpenters working for fifty and sixty cents a day, this vessel was completed and launched in the spring of 1860. Prices had risen in the meantime, and when Mr. Fry sent the ship to Liverpool, he was offered £8 10s. sterling per ton for her—a price which he accepted, and thereby cleared about \$7000 on the sale. This ship afterwards went into the Liverpool and Australian trade.

As an offset to this fortunate deal, showing that shipowning was a hazardous venture at times, Mr. Fry was induced to buy the barque *Columbine*, 566 tons. This craft had been built in St. John by John Smith in 1838, had got ashore near Quebec in 1855 and was repaired by Mr. Dinning. But the new top failed to agree with the old bottom and the ship could not be made tight. In the fall of 1862, Gilmours chartered her at 45s., deals for Sunderland. When loaded, the *Columbine* commenced leaking and the master declined to risk the voyage. She therefore wintered at Quebec and had some further repairs. In the spring, she sailed with her freight and arrived at Sunderland, but Mr. Fry had to deduct £400 from her freight-money owing to the delay in delivering her cargo.

In the fall, a French shipbuilder chartered the *Columbine* to deliver a cargo of red pine at Toulon—there being no pitch pine procurable from the States owing to the Civil War. The barque received a high rate for the charter and was fortunate enough to pick up a return cargo of oak from Toulon to Woolwich—clearing \$5000 on the year's work—two-thirds of her value. But in the following year she broke out leaking and had to put back twice with cargoes. In 1867, bound from Savannah to Gloucester, England, she put into St. Thomas, leaking, and was condemned and sold for a trifle. She was insured for £1500, but £500 of this sum was lost due to defaulting underwriters.

His experience with the *Columbine* caused Mr. Fry to refrain

from investing in salvaged wrecks, and also to resolve to become his own underwriter. In 1860, the shipping business had picked up, and Mr. Fry gave Mr. Dinning a contract to build him a ship of 1000 tons at \$42 per ton. In honour of his wife, he named the new vessel *Mary Fry*, and a carving of the lady graced the ship's stem as a figure-head. The *Mary Fry* was a handsome craft, built of rock elm and tamarac, but rather too short for her beam. Her dimensions were 165 × 35.6 × 22 feet, and she registered 986 tons, and was fitted with Cunningham's patent self-reefing topsails and all the latest improvements, iron and copper-fastened, iron strapped, etc. The command of the new ship was given to her owner's brother, Charles Fry, and the latter fitted up her poop cabin to suit his own taste, and that of his wife, who sailed with him.

The *Mary Fry* was launched into the St. Lawrence from Baldwin and Dinning's yard in May 1861, and during the summer made two voyages from Montreal to the U.K. with flour and wheat at high rates, clearing a profit of \$10,000. In the fall she left Quebec for London and got jammed by an easterly in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which kept her beating about in the narrow seas for a whole month. She ultimately arrived after a passage of 60 days.

Mr. Fry had her coppered in England and chartered her for Melbourne, thence to Manila for sugar and hemp to Liverpool. On this voyage she made a profit of \$12,500. In 1864, she carried rails to New York and loaded at Quebec for London. From London she went to Naples with a cargo of teak for the Italian Government, and from thence to Calcutta. While bound west from Calcutta to Hull in 1865, she lost all three topmasts in a sudden squall near the Equator, and it cost \$15,000 to refit her.

In 1866, she went from Shields to Bombay and secured a charter out there to carry stores for the Indian Government to the army in Abyssinia. When this expired, she got a cargo from Bombay to Havre, and on her arrival in Europe she had been over two years away and had made a profit on her voyaging of about \$20,000. She was reclassified in 1869, and in the fall of that year she loaded at Three Rivers, Quebec, for Callao, but was overtaken by winter and had to remain until spring at Indian Cove. She then made the passage around the Horn, discharged her cargo in Callao and loaded Peruvian guano for Hamburg. In the fall of 1871, bound to Montreal with rails, she was unable to get farther than Gaspé—winter setting in on the St. Lawrence—so had to swing off for New York, where she



wintered with her cargo. In 1872, she loaded at Montreal for Buenos Ayres, and in 1873 brought teak from Rangoon to Greenock. On her arrival in January 1874, the price of ships was very high and Mr. Fry sold her for £7000, or about 75 per cent. of what she cost thirteen years before. During that period she cleared about \$30,000 net. Captain Charles Fry and his wife were in the ship during all of her voyaging. The *Mary Fry* was not famed as a sailer, but once made a day's run of 290 miles.

In 1862, Mr. Fry bought the American ship *Sunbeam* at New York for \$24,000 in American paper currency or "greenbacks." The Civil War was raging then and gold was at a 33 per cent. premium, so the *Sunbeam* actually cost Mr. Fry but \$18,000 in Canadian money.

This vessel was regarded as a splendid craft, being built by Paul Curtis, at Medford, Mass., in 1845, for the Chilian copper trade of Augustus Hemenway of Boston. She was superbly constructed, with a heavy frame of white oak planked and ceiled with pitch pine, and cost 50 per cent. more than an ordinary ship. Hemenway, her owner, had gone out to Chile as a poor clerk, and had made millions out of copper mining. The *Sunbeam*, with other vessels, was built for the carriage of copper, and was engaged in that trade until Mr. Hemenway met financial reverses which forced him to sell her. Mr. Fry, in 1859, had loaded the *Sunbeam* in Quebec for London and had inspected the ship at that time. He thought so much of her that when he heard she was for sale in New York, he determined to buy her.

Captain Holmes, an uncle of Mr. Fry's, was given command, and when the former died in 1866, he was succeeded in command by his eldest son, William Holmes, and latterly by another son, Henry. The *Sunbeam* was operated by Mr. Fry for eight years, clearing him some \$30,000 net. He was very proud of her and declared that she was the cheapest and best ship he ever owned.

She was a vessel of 993 tons, full model, and could stow a large cargo. Mr. Fry kept her in the North Atlantic trade, and he gave so many invalids free passages in her that he was wont to refer to the *Sunbeam* as "his hospital ship." In 1871, she got ashore near Savannah and was sold, as she lay, for \$2000. The buyer hired a hundred negroes and floated her by digging her out of the sand. After repairs, she ran for several years until she was finally wrecked on Doboy Bar, not far from Savannah.



So pleased was Mr. Fry with the *Sunbeam* bargain that he determined to look for another. Gold had gone to 50 per cent. premium in New York in 1863, and he heard that the ship *Richard Alsop* could be bought for \$23,500 U.S. paper currency, or about \$16,000 Canadian. He had seen this ship in Quebec in 1855 and knew something of her model. She was a vessel of 861 tons, built at Bath, Maine, for Grinnell & Co., New York, in 1847. The purchase was made without seeing the ship, and Mr. Fry took possession of her in Liverpool in January 1864, and renamed her *Miranda*.

The *Miranda*, however, was not as good a bargain as the *Sunbeam*. She had a bad private leak which could not be located and caused her owner much trouble and anxiety. Captain Clark, Jr., took command of her in Liverpool and sailed for New York. Soon after starting out, she commenced leaking and the master would have put back because of it, but strong easterly winds prevailed and he decided to hold on. The passage to New York was made in 22 days.

The *Miranda* operated in the Fry fleet for seven years, principally in the Quebec and North Atlantic trade. She made very little profit and was sold in Liverpool in 1871 for \$7500.

Between 1861 and 1864, Mr. Fry, in conjunction with Mr. Dinning, contracted with Edouard Trahan, of St. Roch, Quebec, to build four ships. Trahan was known as one of the cleverest shipbuilders in Quebec, a conscientious and unassuming man, but, having no capital of his own, he could never make more than a bare living when building ships on his own account—the heavy commissions of those who advanced money and undertook the sale of ships swallowing up the major portion of the profits. The first ship to be built by Trahan for Fry and Dinning was launched in 1862 and named the *Sea Queen*, 848 tons. She was a smart ship of medium model, costing about \$40 per ton, and was sold on arrival at Liverpool for a small profit. The next ship, built in 1862, was the *Ontario*, 1068 tons, also sold in Liverpool and afterwards owned by Benjamin Vaughan. The third ship was the *Rock Light*, 778 tons, launched in 1863, and sold in Liverpool. In 1891, she was under the Norwegian flag as the *Thalassa*. The fourth vessel was built on Mr. Fry's account and was named by him the *Shannon*, after the British frigate of that name which distinguished herself in the action with the *Chesapeake*. She was a ship of 1150 tons and cost \$42 per ton. Like the others, she was immediately sold in Liverpool. All four ships were of fine model, the workmanship was good and the finish first-class.



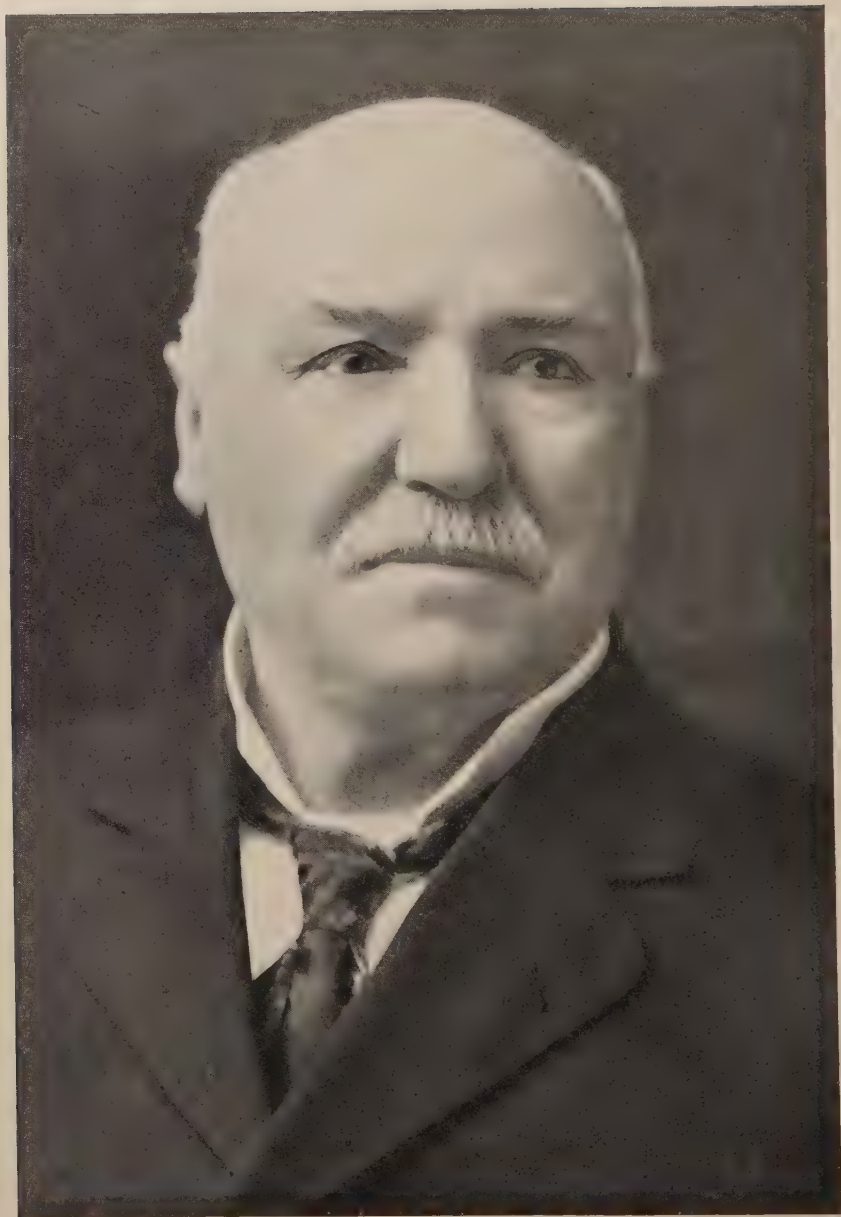
Brigantine "ST. MICHAEL," Bernier, Master.  
In a gale, North Atlantic.

(See p. 103.)



Barque "CAMBRIA," 1252 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1885, Quebec.

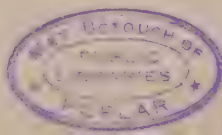
(See pp. 105, 109.)



Capt. JOSEPH ELZEAR BERNIER, F.R.G.S.,  
Canada's Grand Old Man of the Sea.

(From a photo taken in 1926, when the subject was seventy-four years of age.)

(See pp. 102, 125.)



Mr. Fry lost most of his profit on the *Shannon* in a singular way. Lloyd's rules allowed rock elm for keel and bottom, but disallowed grey or swamp elm. The ship was built under Lloyd's special survey, but when she was docked in Liverpool to be coppered, Lloyd's surveyor there insisted that her keel was grey elm and ordered it out. Trahan, the builder, declared that the *Shannon's* keel was made of pure hard rock elm, but it takes a good judge of timber to tell one from the other. A piece of the keel was sent out to prove that it was grey elm, and Mr. Dinning, Mr. Coker, Lloyd's surveyor in Quebec, and others were positive that it was rock elm of excellent quality. However, Lloyd's were adamant in their decision, and the keel had to be replaced by a new one which cost Mr. Fry some \$1250. He applied to Lloyd's for redress, pointing out that their surveyor had passed the timber and had accepted his fees for special survey, but nothing could be done.

In 1865, Mr. Fry purchased the ship *Constance*, 1100 tons, in London for £4300. This vessel was built in 1852 by W. and R. Wright, St. John, N.B., under contract and special survey for James Beazley's Golden Line of Australian Packets. She was of clipper model and very fast—sailing thirteen knots when deep laden—a superior ship in every respect. The command of the *Constance* was given to another brother of Mr. Fry's, and she was put in the Quebec trade in summer, and in the New Orleans and Pensacola runs in winter.

In 1869, she was refastened and reclassified, and in 1873, while loading boards at Victoria Cove, Quebec, for Buenos Ayres, she broke adrift in a heavy squall and strong tide, bilged on the rocks and filled. Mr. Fry sold her to Mr. Dinning for \$10,500, and the latter got her off and doubled her from keel to covering board with rock elm at a cost of \$25,000, which was more than she was worth. The *Constance* was afloat in 1891. Her last commander under the Fry flag was Captain Wm. Lord, who was an old boyhood friend of Mr. Fry's, an excellent shipmaster. He was very much cut up through the loss of his fine ship, and retired to his brother's home in Cleveland, Ohio. On his retirement, Mr. Fry presented him with a gold watch. He was seventy years old and had sailed the *Constance* for six years.

During the depression of 1867 there was much distress among the ship-carpenters of St. Roch, Quebec. No ships were being built and the men and their families were facing a hard winter. A meeting of Quebec citizens was called for the purpose of promoting soup kitchens, when Mr. Fry arose in the gathering



and denounced the plan on the ground that it tended to make paupers of the afflicted people. "What they want is work, not soup," he declared vigorously, "and there are enough wealthy men here to provide it without loss."

Mr. Fry suggested that contracts be given out for five or six ships, and that the money for wages, etc. be furnished weekly free of commission. He offered to sell the ships in Liverpool free of charge beyond the Liverpool brokerage fee of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and he undertook to build one ship himself.

The proposal was approved, and Mr. Fry, believing that some of the capitalists present would act on the scheme, went ahead and contracted with McKay and Warner to build him a ship of 800 tons at \$38 per ton. However, he was apparently the only one to go through with the plan—the others contenting themselves with giving small subscriptions.

McKay and Warner—two clipper-ship captains who had retired to engage in shipbuilding at Quebec—laid the keel of a ship to be called the *Rock City*, and Mr. Fry superintended her construction throughout the winter and had his own way in everything. She was a good model, nicely sparred, with double diagonal ceiling and extra fastenings. In May 1868, the *Rock City* was launched into the narrow waters of the Charles River, and when fitted out she was placed in the North Atlantic trade in command of Captain Wm. Holmes, and during her first five years she cleared \$32,000 for her owner. Her next five years were spent in deep-water trading to Buenos Ayres and Peru, and during that period cleared \$25,000. Her ten years' earnings of \$57,000 were reduced to about \$32,000 when Mr. Fry sold her in 1878 to the Norwegians for a low price. He declared that the *Rock City* was the most fortunate and profitable ship he had ever owned. She was afloat as a Russian barque in 1905.

During the building of the *Rock City*, Mr. Fry showed so great an intimacy with the details of ship construction that Captain Lauchlan McKay declared that he knew more about a ship than any landsman he had ever met. She was a staunch and well-built craft.

In 1869, the Fry fleet consisted of seven vessels, the *Lotus*, *Mary Fry*, *Sunbeam*, *Miranda*, *Constance*, *Rock City* and *Oceola*. The latter vessel was an iron ship of 895 tons, built by John Reid of Port Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Fry owned a quarter interest in her and managed her from the Canadian end. She was engaged in the Montreal-Liverpool trade during the season and did pretty well. In October 1871, when off

Bardsey Island, sixteen days out from Quebec, she was run into and sunk by the iron barque *Marmion* and went down in five minutes, five of the crew being drowned.

In 1872, Mr. Fry became interested in another iron ship, the *Varuna*, 1317 tons, built on the Thames in 1864. This vessel was a narrow-gutted, over-masted craft and would not stand up in port without 500 tons of ballast in her. She made one or two voyages to Montreal, and in the following winter, while bound to England from New York with grain, she was hove down on her beam ends by a sea and her main and mizzen masts were cut away. The crew insisted on abandoning her and were taken off the ship by the S.S. *Rowantree*.

These mishaps turned Mr. Fry away from ventures in iron ships, and he began looking around for likely wooden craft suitable for the Quebec trade. In the spring of 1875, he purchased the American ship *Gaspee*, 993 tons, built by John Currier of Newburyport, in 1859. She was a well-constructed craft, and before buying her, Captain Henry Warner and he gave her a careful inspection. The *Gaspee* sailed under the Fry flag until 1878, when she was sold.

While in London in the spring of 1876, Mr. Fry's fancy was taken by the American ship *Tirrell*, which was for sale. She was a vessel of 1078 tons built in Portsmouth, N.H., and though over twenty years old had been considerably overhauled. Owing to her resemblance to the lucky *Sunbeam*, Mr. Fry bought her for £3300 sterling, without thoroughly examining her, although he was assured that she was in first-class shape. However, in a good many ways, ship-trading is akin to horse-trading, and the *Tirrell* proved a poor bargain. She was leaky, and on arrival in Quebec, inspection showed that many of her timbers were rotten and her breast-hooks and some knees were working. A new bow, breast-hooks and some knees had to be put in her at Quebec, costing \$3500, but she still made water. The *Tirrell* was engaged in the Fry fleet for about two years and was sold in 1878.

In the fall of 1876, Mr. Dinning urged Mr. Fry to build a ship during the winter and provide employment for some 200 men who would otherwise be without. Mr. Fry was reluctant to take up the proposition, as he had much of his capital tied up in timber for shipment, but the charitable appeal made him consider the matter, and he finally asked Mr. Dinning to give a price on a ship of 1200 tons with a rock elm bottom, tamarac frame, beams and planking, double diagonal ceiling, locust and elm treenails and iron lower-masts and bowsprit. Mr. Dinning

contracted to build the vessel for \$39.50 per ton and was awarded the job.

Mr. Fry put into this ship, the *Cosmo*, all that he had learned in his many years of shipping experience. The ideas that he was in the habit of expounding to Quebec shipbuilders were incorporated in the *Cosmo*, and she was to be an example of what a Quebec-built ship should be. And, riding his hobby, Mr. Fry superintended her construction all winter.<sup>1</sup>

The name *Cosmo* was chosen because it was a packet barque of that name in which Mr. Fry first came to America. Mr. Coker, Lloyd's surveyor, pronounced *Cosmo* the best ship ever built in Quebec, and if she had any faults it was in having too sharp a floor, which made her somewhat tender. However, her fame had preceded her to Liverpool, and when she arrived there on her first voyage a firm offered a fair price for her which would have covered her cost. Mr. Fry refused to sell her even though the day of the wooden ship was ending.

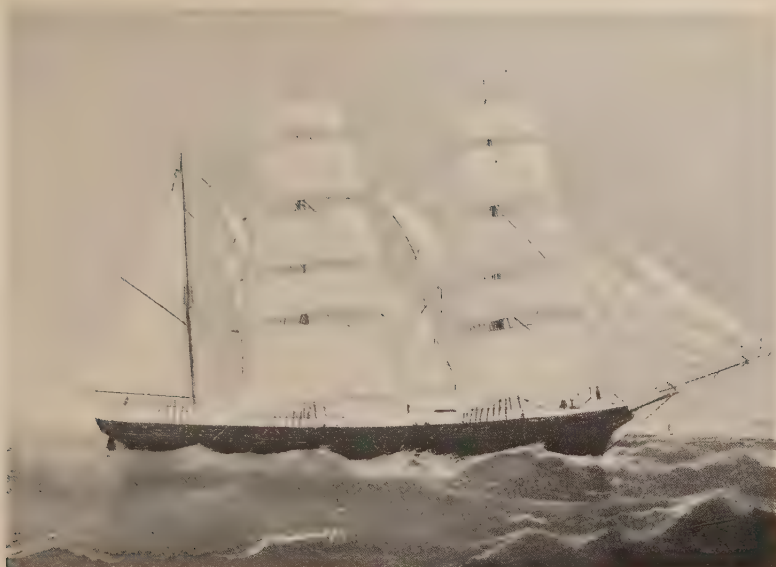
Captain Alexander Laverick took command of her at first, and latterly Captain Thompson. After being coppered in Liverpool she was sent to New Orleans. On her return she went out to China with coals, and home from Chile with nitrate. While outward bound to China laden with 1770 tons of coal, the *Cosmo* ran from the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope to Anjer in the good time of 28 days. She was credited with some smart passages.

The *Cosmo* was Mr. Fry's last ship, and was sold to Henry Dinning in 1878 and afterwards to James G. Ross of Quebec. In 1891, she was under the Norwegian flag.

In 1877, Mr. Fry's health broke down and he was forced to give up his numerous activities and take a complete rest. One by one his beloved ships were disposed of and the Fry house-flag, a red Maltese Cross on a plain white ground, was no longer to be seen flying from a ship's main truck after 1878.

Henry Fry loved ships. They exercised a fascination for him which, in some cases, overcame his business judgment. He admitted that he ought to have dropped wooden ships in 1875, for no one knew better than he that their day was done, and when he built the *Cosmo* he allowed that he would have been wiser to have sold her. But she was his own creation and his ideas were embodied in her fabric, and he was loath to part with her or any other of his favourite craft. It was only when illness struck him down and he was unable to manage them that his "sea children" were sold.

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 271, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



Barque "FELICITAS," 749 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1874, Quebec.

(See p. 105.)



Ship "GERMANIC," 1310 tons, of Quebec.  
Built 1878, Quebec.

(See p. 105.)





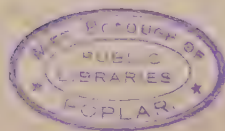
MR. HENRY DINNING,  
Shipbuilder of Quebec.

(See p. 112.)



MR. GEORGE TAYLOR DAVIE,  
Shipbuilder of Quebec.

(See p. 115.)



In addition to managing his own ships, Mr. Fry did an extensive timber-shipping business and loaded numerous other vessels with wood cargoes. He was also Lloyd's agent at Quebec. In the affairs of Canada and his home city, Mr. Fry was particularly active. In 1873, he was president of the Dominion Board of Trade, and his public duties in Quebec included the presidency of the Quebec Board of Trade, membership on the Quebec Harbour Commission, and a directorate of the Quebec Bank. In addition to these he was president of the Quebec Y.M.C.A., treasurer of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, treasurer of the Baptist Church and City Mission, director of the Quebec High School, and Protestant Commissioner of Public Instruction. In 1876-7 he held no fewer than thirteen offices, none of which had been sought by him.

For a landsman, Henry Fry possessed an unusual knowledge of ship construction and seamanship, and he was perfectly at home aboard a vessel and in talking "ship" with seafaring men. On the subject of Salvage, General Average and the Merchant Shipping Acts, Fry was regarded as one of the best informed men on the American continent, and often sat with the Quebec Admiralty Court judge as assessor.

Between 1853 and 1879, Mr. Fry crossed the Atlantic thirty-seven times. His first crossing was in the packet barque *Cosmo* from Bristol to New York. His later passages were made in the steamers of the Allan, Cunard, Collins and other lines. His intimate knowledge of Transatlantic steam shipping inspired him to write a book on the subject, the *History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation*, written in 1895. In the same year he wrote a brief history of Lloyd's, which was published in pamphlet form in Quebec.

But his greatest public service was accomplished by him when he instituted a demand for the regulation of grain cargoes and deck-loads of timber and deals. On his own ships he would not allow deck-loads after October 1st, even when the law permitted them. His work in this direction, and in the abolition of crimping in Quebec, is treated elsewhere in this volume.

Those who knew him intimately say that he was a man who took chances both in his shipping and lumber dealing operations. "A bold business man, not afraid to risk his capital at times when others held back. He had great faith in his judgment and experience. In any walk of life he would be characterized as a man of resolution and daring."

At his home, Belmont, in the village of Sweetsburg, Que., Mr. Fry died in February 1896.

#### CAPTAIN JOSEPH ELZEAR BERNIER, CANADA'S MASTER SEAMAN

Canada has given the world a number of seamen and ship-builders who have acquired some measure of fame in their professions. Eckford and the McKays we have dealt with elsewhere. Then there was Captain Joshua Slocum—he who sailed alone around the world in the sloop *Spray*—and who was born on the North Mountain of Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. But the Dominion's "Grand Old Man of the Sea" is a French-Canadian of Quebec, Joseph Elzear Bernier.

Seventy-four years of age in 1926 and still in harness, Captain Bernier can declare with pride that "the wooden ships are gone, but here is one of the iron men!" And Bernier is undoubtedly one of "the iron men." Master at seventeen, and the youngest skipper in the world at that time, he has been in active command of ships of all kinds for fifty-six years. To date (1926) he has made 266 voyages to various parts of the world, including twelve expeditions into the Arctic, and during the course of his busy life has commanded and repaired no less than 107 ships.

A shipwright, a daring and resourceful shipmaster with an astonishing record of consistently good passages under sail, a shrewd business man, an Arctic explorer to whom science and his country owes much, a holder of high public offices, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Colonial Institute and other organizations, Captain Bernier is at the same time one of the few survivors of that Golden Age when the "white sails of Canada" were afloat on every sea.

Bernier's life is divided into two distinct phases. One is his years as a shipwright, shipmaster and ship's husband; the other is his work as commander of Arctic expeditions. The latter has brought him world-wide fame and recognition and will become a perpetual monument to his name. But that is another story, as Kipling says. This chapter deals with the first phase of his life, since it is in line with the subject to which this volume is confined.

The Berniers were a seafaring family, though the first of the line to come to Canada, Jacques Bernier, was a farmer from Paris who settled on the Isle of Orleans, near Quebec, in 1656. Jean Baptiste Bernier, grandfather of our subject, born in 1786, navigated Quebec vessels for fifty-two years. Captain Bernier's father, Thomas Bernier, born in 1825, served his time

in the British Navy and was master for fifty years of Quebec and foreign vessels.

At L'Islet, a French-Canadian village on the St. Lawrence to the east of Quebec, Joseph Elzear Bernier was born on New Year's Day, 1852. With his parents, he went to sea when three years of age and remained afloat until 1859, when he was sent ashore to acquire schooling at L'Islet. Leaving the school of the Christian Brothers in 1865, he commenced his career by working in his father's shipyard in Quebec, where the brigantine *St. Joseph*, 216 tons, was being built by the elder Bernier for himself, and when she was launched and rigged in the spring of 1866, young Joseph Bernier shipped in her as a boy before the mast.

The maiden voyage of the *St. Joseph* was to Ballena, Ireland. Three years later, in July 1869, when only seventeen years of age, Bernier took command of the brigantine after serving in her as A.B., second mate and mate. His first voyage as master was from Quebec to Teignmouth, England, and it was claimed that he was the youngest master mariner in the world at that time.

This voyage ended in an amusing incident. On the passage across, young Bernier was doing some caulking to the decks of the vessel—masters worked like the men in those days—and exposure to the hot sun peeled the skin off his face until he had acquired a particularly ruddy complexion. The Teignmouth pilot, noting Bernier's dark hair and coppery skin, and being unable to understand the young skipper's language (he spoke only French at that time), came to the conclusion that Captain Bernier was a Canadian Indian. After the vessel was berthed, the pilot invited the young shipmaster to have dinner with him next day. Bernier accepted the invitation and went to the pilot's home, where something like a dozen people had been invited to meet the Indian who commanded a British ship. Of course, it was not until later that young Bernier was aware of the misapprehension, and he wondered why he was the subject of so many curious stares and comments while in Teignmouth.

In the *St. Joseph*, Captain Bernier made Transatlantic voyages between Spain and Mexico and New York, and when he arrived in Quebec in the fall of 1870, he married and was given command of the brigantine *St. Michael*, 460 tons, built and owned by his father. This craft he sailed until he was in his twenty-first year, when he took the examination in Quebec and received his master's certificate.

Now began his voyaging in larger craft. These were mainly



Quebec vessels built for sale in Great Britain—the building of which was financed by Senator James Gibb Ross, Quebec's great capitalist. Ross built ships on his own account or took them over from the builders to dispose of. If the vessels were not sold at once, the Ross firm secured charters for them and ran them until transferred to other ownerships. Bernier entered Ross's employ, and his first commission was to take the barque *Success*, 476 tons, across to Scotland. The passage to Greenock was made in 24 days.

For a number of years from this date he passed the winters in Quebec, working in Peter Baldwin's shipyard, and during the summers he took Baldwin's newly-built ships across to Great Britain and arranged for their disposal there. In this vocation he acquired a reputation as a passage-maker and ship-salesman, making *forty-six Transatlantic passages at an average of twenty-two days each*.

The ready sale at a good price of these speculative ships depended greatly upon their maiden voyages. Bernier always shipped his crews "by the run," *i.e.* so many pounds for the voyage from Quebec to Liverpool instead of paying the usual monthly wage. In the latter case sailors worked on the old adage, "the more days, the more dollars," and they did all they could to spin out the time of the passage. But in shipping "by the run," the crews exerted every effort to shorten the voyage. They steered better, carried sail without growling and were eager to set canvas. Under such conditions, and in new ships with good gear, Bernier "cracked on" and made clippers of the stout Quebec timber ships he commanded.

While awaiting the sale of the ship, Captain Bernier would purchase the fittings for new vessels. Iron for making knees and straps would be bought in Great Britain, also anchors, chains, copper bolts, rigging wire, compasses, flags, all the hemp rope and the canvas for sails (usually Corsar canvas). Thus, this versatile master mariner would assist in building a ship all winter, take her across to England in the spring, sell her there and buy the materials for the next ship to be built.

In all his voyaging he was ever a student of natural phenomena. He studied the winds and currents unceasingly and with the enthusiasm of the scientist, and, in his Western Ocean passages, maintained the axiom of "making easting" or "westing" all the time. He was a believer in having the canvas full, the yards off the backstays and the ship making headway whether she was laying her course or not. And experience in his North Atlantic crossings proved the wisdom of his practice.

Some of his Atlantic passages might be quoted herewith :—

Barque *Felicitas*, 749 tons, left Quebec, August 18th, 1874, and arrived at Liverpool, September 5th; a passage of 17 days.

Ship *Dominion*, 1287 tons, left Quebec, June 1st, 1875, and arrived at Liverpool, June 23rd; a passage of 22 days.

Barque *Queens Cliff*, 611 tons, left Quebec, August 17th, 1875, and arrived at Liverpool, September 5th; 18 days from Bic. This craft he delivered, arranged the sale, and by taking a steamer home, was back in Quebec 29 days after sailing.

Barque *Tarifa*, 634 tons, left Quebec, October 25th, 1875, and arrived at Liverpool, November 14th; a passage of 19 days.

Barque *Supreme*, 762 tons, left Quebec, May 21st, 1876, and arrived at Liverpool, June 8th; a passage of 17 days.

Barque *Modern*, 757 tons, left Montreal for Glasgow with cargo of wheat and arrived on November 27th, 1877, after a passage of 18 days.

Ship *Germanic*, 1295 tons, left Quebec, June 1st, 1878, and arrived at Liverpool, June 23rd; a passage of 22 days. In the same ship he sailed from Liverpool, August 10th, 1878, and arrived at Quebec, September 2nd; a passage of 22 days. The return voyage to Liverpool was made in 24 days.

Barque *Quorn*, 1220 tons, left New Orleans for Liverpool, March 24th, 1880, and arrived on April 26th; a passage of 32 days. In the same barque, he left Quebec, July 6th, 1880, and arrived in Glasgow, July 29th; a passage of 22 days.

Ship *Royal Visitor*, 1220 tons, left Port Glasgow, April 6th, 1881, and arrived at New Orleans, May 12th; a passage of 35 days. In the same ship he left Quebec, November 1st, 1881, and arrived in London, November 25th; a passage of 24 days.

Ship *Lanarkshire*, 1439 tons, left Greenock, July 15th, 1883, and arrived at Quebec, August 7th; a passage of 22 days. In the same ship he left Mobile, February 10th, 1884, and arrived in Liverpool, March 8th; a passage of 27 days.

In the barque *Cambria*, 1252 tons, Captain Bernier had a race with the barque *Cheshire*, 1307 tons. Both ships were launched on the same day in May 1885—the *Cambria* from Samson's yard and the *Cheshire* from Charland's. The *Cheshire* loaded and left for Liverpool on June 11th, and the *Cambria* left two days later. In 21 days from Quebec, Bernier brought his ship into the Mersey and docked one tide ahead of his rival.

Captain Bernier made many Western Ocean voyages in addition to those quoted above, and, as remarked before, the average duration, east and west, was 22 days—truly a remarkable record! And it must be taken into consideration that practically all of the vessels were full-modelled timber carriers.

Most of the eastward passages from Quebec were made out through the Straits of Belle Isle. The run through the Straits was usually determined when the vessel fetched by Heath Point, Anticosti. If the wind was fair for Belle Isle, Bernier squared her away for it: otherwise the passage was made through Cabot Straits. Like other passage-makers, Captain Bernier kept the deck and carried sail at night.

Fast passages were part of his scheme of salesmanship. On arrival at port, the decks were scrubbed clean, the yards trimmed, every rope coiled and stopped in the pins or up to the fair-leads, and there was always a mat at the gangway. Furthermore, the ship was not left in charge of a decrepit old watchman. Bernier was aboard himself to show prospective customers around. The clean ship, the moral effect of a mat at the gangway, and the fast passage recorded in the log-book, invariably resulted in quick sales at good prices. So successful was Bernier in selling Quebec-built ships that many inducements were made for him to leave Ross's service. But he remained with the one firm for twenty years—until the decline of the shipbuilding industry—and he became Senator Ross's favourite skipper.

Bernier is short in stature, broad-shouldered, and was always a man of great strength. He is built like a bollard, and was just as hard a proposition to try conclusions with, as some unruly characters found out on occasion. But, as is to be expected in one whose mind is cultivated and alert, he never looked for trouble at sea. He insisted on discipline and always was master of his ships, yet his rule was a kindly one. No belaying-pins were misused on the craft he commanded. If any man under him aspired to run the ship, Bernier would take off his coat and invite him to stand out and try. And invariably the unruly one backed out, or else was rash enough to stand up and be knocked out.

It is said of him that no man could bend his arm. At seventy-four he looks like a man in the prime of life. In his sailing-ship days he could take the wheel and steer a griping ship when other men could not hold her. This was one of his shipboard jokes when wheelmen complained of the ship taking charge. Bernier, in assumed astonishment, would grasp the spokes and steer with apparent ease. "You need to eat more beef, my man," he would declare seriously. "See, I can hold her quite easily. Try again!" The sailors would be induced to try the wheel again and again until almost exhausted, when the skipper, chuckling to himself, would compassionately ease off the spanker sheet.



In Rio one time he spied the somewhat astonishing spectacle of a shipmaster in a ship's dinghy engaged in pulling the two men of his boat's crew about the harbour. The sailors, hard cases and full of rum, had set on the skipper, knocked him around a bit, and were forcing him to pull the boat. This was too much for the volatile French-Canadian master-mariner to witness, and in less time than it takes to relate he was in the boat and had punched one of the sailors out into the water and had the other seized by the throat and helpless on his back over the thwarts. "Never afraid of no man," he declares tersely in his accented English. "No matter how big. I was always boss aboard my own ship."

In 1880, Captain Bernier met his first and only serious mishap, when in command of the barque *Quorn*. This craft was built at Kingston on Lake Ontario, and was named after the famous English hunt. She was built to the full length of the canal locks leading from Lake Ontario to the River St. Lawrence at Montreal, and as a consequence her bow was somewhat straight. The figure-head of a woman brandishing a hunting-whip was affixed close to the stem. The *Quorn* was also peculiar in being a "spiked ship," i.e. her planking was spiked instead of bolted to the timbers.

The *Quorn* left Greenock for New Orleans in December 1880. Meeting heavy weather off the Irish coast, the barque commenced leaking badly and threatened to fill and founder. In an effort to save ship and crew, Captain Bernier squared his yards and swung her off for the beach near Lough Foyle. A strong gale with a heavy sea was prevailing at the time, but he succeeded in putting the vessel on the beach. This was the only wreck in which he featured, but the owners and the Court of Inquiry absolved him from all blame, and complimented him upon the action he took in trying to save the vessel and her company.

After the *Quorn* mishap, he took command of the ship *Royal Visitor*, 1220 tons. This ship was built by Thos. Oliver, Quebec, in 1860. Prior to her launching, the shipyard was honoured by a visit from the then Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), who was on his American tour. As a consequence, the ship was named *Royal Visitor*.

Bernier purchased a half-interest in this craft and Ross owned the other half. In the *Royal Visitor*, the captain remained for over a year in voyages across the Atlantic, and it was during his last voyage in her that he exhibited an instance of the resourcefulness for which he is famous.

The *Royal Visitor* had loaded a cargo of hard pine timber in



Pensacola and was bound for Greenock, when she touched on Pensacola Bar going out and began leaking. In the Gulf of Mexico, a floating log or some such obstruction started one of the bow ports, and to repair this, the *Royal Visitor* was brought into a bay on the Florida coast near Cape Canaveral. When the bow port was made tight, the vessel continued leaking so badly that it required the crew all the time pumping to keep the water down. Bernier was faced with the problem of discharging his cargo and going into dock for repairs, or of taking a chance and continuing on the voyage to Greenock.

The first meant a dead loss; the second a distinct hardship on his crew, who would probably pump the whole of the Western Ocean through the *Royal Visitor* by the time they made their destination. So Bernier, with his genius and shipwright's skill, set to work to fashion a water-mill to do the work of pumping ship. A great timber was prepared and laid across the ship's rails abaft the main-mast. The two ends projected out over the water, and the skipper and crew laboured on a device of paddles which was mortised, stayed and bolted to the main shaft lying across the rails. When this paddle rig was fashioned to revolve with the ship's passage through the water, a chain belt was run from the paddle-shaft to the fly-wheel pump.

Being a shipwright as well as a sailor, Captain Bernier made a proper job of his water-mill. The crew fervently hoped that it would work, and, when the *Royal Visitor* hove up her anchor and sheeted home her topsails, none watched the new contrivance more anxiously than they. And it did the job to the King's taste! All the way from Florida to Greenock, the paddles turned the pump and kept the ship free of water. The Norwegian timber-droghers may have immortalized the wind-mill pump, but Bernier's water-mill pump was probably the only rig of its kind.

The *Royal Visitor* left Pensacola on April 6th, 1882, and arrived at Greenock on May 4th—a passage of 37 days. In the Firth of Clyde, the water-wheels were cut adrift. Captain Bernier sold the ship in Glasgow and in 1891 she was trading under the Norwegian flag.

Disposing of the *Royal Visitor*, he went as a passenger from Liverpool to Singapore, where the Quebec ship *Lanarkshire*, 1439 tons, was lying in a damaged condition. Taking charge of the ship there, he had her repaired and went to Moulmein for a cargo of teak. The Indian port was left on February 14th, 1883, and on June 17th, the *Lanarkshire* arrived at Queenstown, 123 days on passage.



Ship "CITADEL," 1401 tons.  
Built 1877, Quebec.



Ship "EMBLEM," 1151 tons.  
Built 1880, Quebec.



Timber Ships Loading at Sillery Cove, Quebec.



After taking the barque *Cambria* across to Liverpool in 1885, Captain Bernier remained in charge of her and took a cargo of coal to Rio. Leaving Rio on November 26th, 1885, for Portland, Oregon, with a ballast cargo of 550 tons of granite slabs, the *Cambria* made a quick doubling of Cape Horn and hove-to off Valparaiso on December 28th. A boat was launched and the mate was sent ashore for orders and information regarding freight rates. He came off the same day, and as the prevailing rates were not attractive, Captain Bernier decided to keep on for the Columbia River.

Here began a run which was regarded as a record. From Valparaiso to the Columbia River Bar, the passage was made in 38 days, which is good sailing for a vessel of the *Cambria's* class. While no remarkable day's runs were made, yet her log shows that Bernier was able to keep her moving, and when one considers that it was his first voyage around the Horn, the record made by him is highly creditable.

I have made an extract from Captain Bernier's log-book. It was written in French, terse and without any elaborate details. The *Cambria* swung her mainyard for the Columbia River when the mate came aboard on the afternoon of December 28th. The log extracts follow :

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Miles.	Remarks.
Dec. 29	29° 05' S.	74° 33' W.	186	Wind S. All plain sail.
30	27° 41'	79° 5'	230	Wind S.S.E. Strong breeze.
31	25° 41'	82° 24'	216	Wind S.S.E. Strong breeze.
Jan. 1	24° 27'	85° 44'	197	Wind S.S.E.
2	22° 57'	89° 11'	210	Wind E.S.E. Clear and rain squalls.
3	21° 15'	93° 37'	245	Wind E. Strong. Course W. by N.
4	19° 31'	96° 27'	238	Wind E.S.E. Fine with rain squalls.
5	17° 39'	99° 58'	230	Wind E.S.E. Fine and strong; rain squalls.
6	15° 10'	102° 33'	211	Wind S.E. Strong.
7	12° 45'	105° 35'	210	Wind E. Fine and clear.
8	10° 24'	107° 31'	174	Wind E.
9	8° 12'	109° 39'	157	Wind E. light.
10	5° 39'	110° 36'	164	Wind E. light.
11	3° 09'	111° 16'	156	Wind S.E. Light and rain.
12	0° 48'	111° 55'	144	Wind S.E. Light.
13	1° 24' N.	112° 32'	134	Wind light.
14	4° 01'	115° 35'	164	Wind S.E. Clear, warm.
15	5° 56'	115° 58'	118	Wind E.
16	7° 40'	116° 28'	107	Wind E. Light.
17	9° 33'	117°	120	Wind E.N.E. Stronger at night.



Date.	Lat.	Long.	Miles.	Remarks.
18	11° 22'	118° 16'	127	Wind E.N.E. Light.
19	13° 12'	119° 31'	133	Wind E.N.E. Light and squally.
20	16° 11'	121° 35'	216	Wind E.N.E. Fresh at night.
21	10° 47'	124° 09'	218	Wind E.N.E. Strong; clewed up royals at night for first time.
22	23° 06'	128° 21'	260	Wind N.E. Strong.
23	25° 35'	129° 47'	167	Wind N.E. Light.
24	26° 29'	130° 11'	57	Wind light. Heavy sea from N., but calm at end.
25	27° 13'	130° 20'	50	Wind light; calm part of time.
26	28° 43'	130° 40'	91	Wind E. Light.
27	30° 45'	131° 38'	134	Wind W.S.W. Freshening.
28	31° 29'	131° 47'	48	Wind S.S.W. Very light and calm.
29	32° 34'	132° 25'	73	Wind N. and N.E.
30	34° 19'	132° 30'	109	Wind N.E. and N.E. by N. Light.
31	36° 10'	132° 30'	111	Wind E.N.E., then S.E. Light.
Feb. 1	39° 06'	132° 02'	180	Wind W. Fine.
2	42° 30'	130° 27'	220	Wind S.W. Fine; little fog at times.
3	44° 16'	127° 27'	168	Wind S.E. Lighter.
4	45° 42'	124° 12'	164	Wind S.E. At 3 p.m., hove-to off Columbia River entrance awaiting pilot and tow-boat. Wind freshening; rain.

The pilot took charge next morning and the barque towed up to Astoria, Oregon. Here she loaded a cargo of wheat and sailed for Queenstown, for orders, May 2nd, 1886. The run around the Horn was made in mid-winter, and the *Cambria* hoisted her number off Queenstown on August 30th, after a passage of 119 days. Though not a record, yet it was an excellent run.

By this time, shipbuilding in Quebec had practically ceased, and Captain Bernier returned to Quebec and acted as ship's husband for Senator Ross. For some years he looked after the Ross ships and also did a considerable amount of salving, repairing and inspecting. When the firm relinquished the shipping business, Captain Bernier commanded some steamers and also some American yachts. From 1886 to 1889, he was dock-master at Levis.

Since 1872, Bernier had nursed a dream of some day exploring the Canadian Arctic and definitely annexing the territory to Canada. The records of Polar discoveries were painstakingly scrutinized by him in his spare moments at sea and ashore, but it was not until he was well along in life that his ambitions were realized.

In 1895, he was appointed Governor of the Quebec Jail, and it was during his term of administration there that he studied and planned out his schemes for the survey and annexation of the northern areas claimed by the Dominion. The Canadian Government, however, showed but a feeble interest in its Arctic heritage. Bernier travelled the country over, lecturing, debating, pointing out the value of the northern islands in natural resources and the necessity that existed for a better knowledge of Polar conditions. It took years to gain the sympathetic ear of Government, but at last, in 1904, when he was in his fifty-second year, he was empowered by the Canadian Government to conduct an expedition into Hudson's Bay and the seas around Baffin's Land and the Arctic Ocean. Since that time, he has been in command of twelve Arctic voyages, spending eight winters in the north, in the course of which he established Canada's claims to the vast territory lying to the north of her borders.

Bernier has made many important discoveries, scientific, historical and commercially valuable to Canada. He has policed the northern territory and planted numerous *caches* for the benefit of stranded explorers. The vast seas and little-known coasts of the silent North have been surveyed and charted under his direction, and he has been a mentor, and in some instances a saviour, to most of the well-known leaders in Polar explorations. And it is his proud boast that he has always come out none the worse for his experiences, but being mindful of thanks due to a beneficent Providence for the safety accorded him throughout life, the pious old seaman erected a large cross on the North Hill, Melville Island, lat. 75° 20' N., formally dedicating it to his Maker on Corpus Christi Day, 1909.

Canada's Grand Old Man of the Sea makes his home in an old-fashioned villa perched upon the cliffs of Levis. The place is a treasure-house of Arctic relics and trophies, and the walls of his study are lined with book-cases containing a considerable and extremely valuable library of Polar and scientific literature. Testimonials, addresses, Royal Commissions and membership certificates in many societies decorate any wall-

spaces not occupied by books. Prized among his honours are the gold medal of the Quebec Geographic Society and the silver cup of the Back Grant for Polar Exploration presented him by the Royal Geographic Society, of which he is a Fellow.

From the verandahs of his home, Captain Bernier views the majestic St. Lawrence flowing to the sea between Levis and the rocky heights of Quebec City on the farther shore. He calls your attention to the wide expanse of river, the impressive heights of Cape Diamond and the mountains of the north shore. "See Naples and die," he quotes. "But see Quebec and live!" And the tone in which he expresses it shows that Bernier, in spite of his world-wanderings, retains that intense affection for home so characteristic of the French-Canadian. Few of them went deep-water. Joseph Bernier is one of the exceptions. And he has been a credit to his race and the flag under which he sailed.

#### HENRY DINNING, QUEBEC SHIPBUILDER

Henry Dinning had a shipyard at Cap Blanc, Quebec, where, during the 'fifties, 'sixties and 'seventies, he built and repaired many vessels. In partnership with William Henry Baldwin, he constructed his first large ship in 1851, when the *Birmingham*, 1033 tons, was launched. This craft was a Black Ball packet in the Australian trade. From then on until about 1881, Mr. Dinning built at least fifty vessels, most of considerable size. In addition to the craft he constructed, he bought a number of ships that had stranded in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence and repaired them.

One of his finest ships was the *Ocean Monarch*, 1831 tons,  $226.2 \times 36.7 \times 22.5$  feet, which he built in the winter of 1853-4, and which was sold while on the stocks, half-finished, for \$53 per ton to Charles Elzear Levey of Quebec and Liverpool. Henry Fry refers to the *Ocean Monarch* as being a "great clipper ship," and he presented a picture of her, drawn by a celebrated London artist, E. Weedon, to Mr. Dinning in 1856. A photograph of this picture is reproduced in this volume.

The *Illustrated London News* refers to the *Ocean Monarch* in a paragraph published in 1855. "This noble ship presents another instance of the rapid strides now being made in ship-building, and more particularly in the British Colonies of North America. In her are united many of the great desiderata of merchant shipping of the modern schools, viz. great capacity



The St. Lawrence River at Quebec in the Days of the Great Timber Trade.

(See p. 123.)





Barque "BERTHA," 866 tons.

Built 1872, Quebec.

(Photo shows Barque after collision.)



for cargo, light draft of water, commodious deck space and good height between decks for passengers or troops; and the great point of all in these days of clipper-ships—speed. The *Ocean Monarch* presents the happiest combination of all these essentials. This vessel was built at Quebec last year by Baldwin and Dinning for her present owner, Chas. E. Levy, Esq., and is of the following dimensions: length, 247 feet (extreme length, taffrail to knight-heads on deck, presumably); beam,  $36\frac{1}{2}$  feet; depth of hold,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  feet; height between decks,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  feet; length of poop, 96 feet." The dimensions quoted by me in the opening paragraph are from the *Quebec Register*, the length being measured from the inner part of the main stem to the fore part of the stern aloft.

Apart from a smart passage out and home from Peru in 1854-5, I have no record of clipper passages by the *Ocean Monarch*, though she did carry passengers or troops in 1859 between Liverpool and Bombay. She was an unusually large ship for the time and a superior vessel. Her life was short, however, as she foundered at sea in 1860 while bound from Montreal to Liverpool with grain. The crew were saved.

Of the passage to Peru it is recorded that the *Ocean Monarch*, in command of Captain Lawson, left the Liverpool Lightship at midnight, November 11th, 1854. On December 5th, she crossed the Equator in long.  $33^{\circ}$  W., 24 days out, having met many westerly gales in and near the Channel. Off the Horn she met severe westerly gales, but crossed the parallel of  $50^{\circ}$  S. in the Pacific on January 5th, 1855, having made the run from the Equator in 30 days, and 11 days from  $50^{\circ}$  S. in the Atlantic to the same parallel in the Pacific. On January 20th, the *Ocean Monarch* anchored off Callao, completing the passage from the Liverpool Lightship in the fine time of  $69\frac{1}{2}$  days. This was acclaimed at the time as the quickest passage ever made between these ports. The various runs made by the ship were excellent and well worthy of being classed as "clipper."

Loading guano at the Chinchas or other depots in the vicinity, the *Ocean Monarch*, with 2,500 tons aboard, left Callao at noon on April 5th, 1855, bound for Cork. Two American clippers, the *Black Warrior*, 1828 tons, and the *John Stuart*, 1653 tons, guano laden, had sailed from Callao on March 29th. On the run to the Horn, the *Ocean Monarch* overhauled and passed both ships, leading them around the Horn by 12 hours, and finally arriving in Cork after a passage of  $80\frac{1}{2}$  days. The *Black Warrior* arrived at Hampton Roads, 79 days out, and the *John Stuart* was 87 days to New York. The *Ocean Monarch's*

best run on the homeward passage was 523 miles in 48 consecutive hours.

In their excellent work on *American Clipper Ships*, Dr. Howe and F. C. Matthews declare that "both the Americans made better time on the whole passage than did the *Monarch* on her shorter run to Cork." Unless one examines the log-books of the three ships and lays their courses off on the chart, it is difficult to understand how this statement is arrived at. For, assuming that all three ships travelled on the usual Great Circle tracks from the Equator to their respective ports, the *Ocean Monarch* covered by far the greater distance, thereby beating the passages of her rivals.

Of this round voyage, the *Illustrated London News* declares: "Captain Lawson has recently completed with the *Ocean Monarch* the fastest passage out and home on record; and, considering the many difficulties encountered on both passages, this voyage stands pre-eminent as the greatest achievement yet accomplished by any of the clipper ships, and surpasses the best of the Australian voyagers." It is to be regretted that this Quebec clipper did not have a chance to show what she could do against the Australian packets of her day.

Henry Fry and Henry Dinning were friends and associates in many business deals, and the former had such implicit confidence in Mr. Dinning that contracts for ships were often written on a half-sheet of notepaper and merely initialled. The shipbuilder, however, continually suffered set-backs through over-optimism. Though shrewd and smart in business, good-tempered, a first-class builder of ships, yet he would plunge into the construction of vessels without carefully surveying his chances of selling them. At one time, in 1867-8, he had five ships on the stocks together, which was, perhaps, the record in the shipbuilding history of Quebec.

Henry Fry's crack ship, *Cosmo*, "finest built in Quebec," was constructed by Mr. Dinning. This vessel was named after Cosmo de Medici, and while she was being built (1877), Mr. Dinning honoured another famous member of the Medici family by laying down the keel of a sister vessel, the *Lorenzo*, 1244 tons. The *Lorenzo*, however, was not as stoutly built as the *Cosmo*, though she was afloat and under the Norwegian flag in 1891. When Mr. Fry was compelled to give up his business through ill-health, Henry Dinning could not resist buying the *Cosmo* even though it was necessary for him to borrow the money to do so. Like Fry, he loved fine ships, and during his lifetime owned and sailed quite a number of yachts.

Many of Dinning's ships were fast sailers. The ship *Meteor*, 754 tons, launched in the summer of 1853, arrived in Liverpool from Quebec on November 21st, 1853, after a passage of 19 days. Another of Mr. Dinning's vessels, the barque *Magnolia*, 1033 tons, built by him in 1872, left Sunderland, April 19th, 1877, and arrived in Quebec on May 9th—a 19-day passage to the westward. On this occasion, the *Magnolia* was commanded by Captain Warden, and came up from Bic to Quebec in 11½ hours under sail.

Henry Dinning was born in Ireland and came out to Quebec in 1832. He died in Quebec in 1884. He was a master shipbuilder and a man who took a rare pride in the ships he created.

### THE TAYLOR-DAVIE FAMILY OF QUEBEC

The only shipyard in Canada to-day that can claim a continuous operation back to the era of wooden sailing ships is that of G. T. Davie and Sons, Levis, Quebec.

The pioneer of this old Quebec shipbuilding family was Captain George Taylor, who, it is stated, commenced shipbuilding at St. Patrick's Hole, Isle of Orleans, near Quebec, in the early years of last century. At this place he built the 18-gun brig *Kingfisher* in 1827 for the Government—an exacting piece of work, no doubt, as naval requirements were high—and for this feat he received a silver cup from the Earl of Dalhousie. I believe this craft was for protective and patrol service in Canadian waters. Captain Taylor afterwards bought a strip of beach at Levis, directly across the river from Quebec, and it is there that the Davie firm of the present day have their patent slip and repair shops.

Captain Allison Davie, an Englishman, married Taylor's only daughter, and, giving up the sea, he joined him in shipbuilding and repair work. In 1829, they established a patent slip at the Levis yard. On the death of Captain Taylor, the business was willed to Captain Davie on condition that he perpetuated the Taylor name by incorporating it in the Davie family. This was done and succeeding generations took the Taylor name; Captain Davie's children being George Taylor Davie and Elizabeth Taylor Davie. This Miss Davie married Captain George W. Haws, of the Haws family of St. John and Liverpool.

The patent slip served a very useful purpose in Old Quebec. The shipping there was extensive during the summer months and there was much repair work—ships damaged by ice, strandings in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, etc., bringing many



lame ducks to the Davie yard. Vessels were hauled out by man-power in the old days—the local tribe of Indians being called in, it is said, to man the capstan.

In 1853, during the boom times, George Taylor Davie built the ship *Daylesford*, 680 tons. Next came the small barques *Ethelreda* and *Comet*, and in 1857 the ship *Gananoque*, 783 tons. The *Gananoque* made two voyages in 1860 from London to New Zealand with emigrants. On her first voyage out she went from the Downs to the Equator in 21 days, and arrived at Lyttelton in 85 days from London. On her second voyage, London to Auckland, she was 97 days on passage. While running her easting she was overtaken by a severe gale during which she scudded for four days in wild seas. The poop rails on the port side, the fore-boat and long-boat were both stove in, the stern cabin windows and skylight smashed, the after cabins completely flooded, and the fowl coops and almost everything movable washed overboard. The third mate was knocked overboard by the maintopmast studdingsail-sheet, and, in spite of all efforts to save him, was drowned. This was just prior to the gale. One of the passengers also died suddenly on the passage.

In 1858, they built the small barque *Warburton*, 404 tons, and their last sizable square-rigged vessel was built in 1865, the ship *Bonniton*, 1064 tons. In 1891, she was afloat as the Dutch barque *Nicolette*.

From this date on, G. T. Davie and Sons devoted their attention to salvage and repair work. In 1877, a floating dock was added to the patent slip, and in the course of time, equipment in the shape of salvage steamers, lighters, pumps, etc. was added to the plant until it became the most important salvage outfit on the St. Lawrence. As stated before, the firm is still in existence, being known since 1913 as the Davie Shipbuilding and Repairing Company. George Duncan Davie, son of George Taylor Davie, followed in the footsteps of his father and entered the shipbuilding, salving and repair business. He is still general manager of the concern to-day (1926). Since 1897, the Davie yard have built numerous craft—some of them steel screw steamers of considerable tonnage—and during the war they built submarine chasers, mine-sweepers, and many cargo steamers for the French and Canadian Governments.

A hundred years of continuous operation is a unique record in Canadian shipbuilding history—especially under the management of one family—and only the Davie yard can lay claim to such.

In *Wooden Ships and Iron Men* and other books they were credited with building the ship *Titanic* or *Titania*, 1405 tons, in 1887. This is an error, as their last square-rigged ship was the *Boniton*. The *Titania* was a steamer which got ashore on Anticosti in October 1885. She was salvaged and repaired by the Davie firm.

### THE CRIMPS OF QUEBEC

Much has been written in fiction and nautical history of the crimps of San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and other Pacific Coast ports in the brave days of sail. Stealing crews, shanghaiing, robbery of seamen and extortion from shipowners and masters—these little practices by boarding-house masters and their villainous runners have long been common subjects in nautical narrative. This species of water-front criminality flourished in most seaports to a more or less extent. On the Pacific Coast of the United States it was particularly aggravating, but in no port of the world was it any worse than in Old Quebec.

Quebec had practically no seafaring population. Quebecers built ships, but very few native Quebecers went to sea in them. Ships in the Quebec trade signed their crews on for the round voyage at the ports in Great Britain or Europe, and kept their men by the vessel while she was loading in the St. Lawrence. These two conditions created a situation in Quebec which bred crimping, as the shipbuilders of the port were launching anywhere from ten to one hundred vessels of all sizes and rigs in a season, and all of these ships had to have crews to sail them.

In some cases, crews were fetched up from the Maritime Provinces. Pollok, Gilmour & Co. used to bring crews out from Greenock and Liverpool to man the new ships built by them at Quebec, but most of the new craft were manned by sailors cajoled or kidnapped from the timber fleets by the crimps.

As far back as 1825, sailors were getting from £14 to £20 for the run to England, and with such wages prevailing, desertions were of a wholesale nature. The man before the mast ruled the roost in Quebec; masters and mates did everything possible to hold their crews, even to the extent of giving them practically everything they wanted while in port and permitting liberties unheard of in less-favoured places. "The desertion of seamen from the merchant vessels arriving at this port still continues to a shameful extent," declared the *Quebec Chronicle* in 1825. "Eighteen guineas is now commonly asked for the run; and

with this the captain must not only frequently comply, but beg and pray to get them on board."

In 1856, ten pounds a month was paid for able seamen to man Quebec ships. In those days the mate of a large sailing ship only got seven pounds a month, and it often happened that men before the mast were receiving more than the masters themselves. In 1870, sailors were getting twelve pounds a month with six pounds advance. With such a demand for men, and with the sailor supply commanding such prices, crimping and its criminal practices flourished, and every house on Champlain Street became a sailor's boarding-house and a crimp's hang-out.

One such place was known as the "Strop and Block," and in front of the doorway was a board upon which the following jingle was painted :

" Brother Sailor, I pray thee stop,  
And give me a hand to strop this block,  
For if you will not heed my call,  
I cannot strop this block at all."

A goodly number of sailors heeded the invitation in those times and rum was always flowing freely at the "Strop and Block." In the later days, Jim Ward and Mike Huck ran popular seamen's hostelryes, and their activities caused shipmasters much concern. The former was perhaps the most notorious crimp in Quebec and is credited with some particularly daring and reprehensible deeds. Yet, from what I can learn of this man, he did not appear personally as a criminal character to his fellow-townsmen, although few shipmasters could say a good word for him.

During the boom days of shipbuilding, a species of warfare developed between the masters and mates of ships in the Quebec trade and the boarding-house-keepers and runners of that city. The former fought strenuously to keep their crews; the crimps fought just as hard to get them. In their efforts to secure men the runners stopped at nothing, and so bold did they become that they used to board ships in the river and, armed with revolvers, would hold up the ship's officers and bribe or force the crews to leave. With the whisky bottles circulating freely and promises of high wages being offered to the men, they usually deserted. Loyal men who tried to stand by their ships were threatened by shooting or beaten into leaving.

Shipowners and masters protested to the authorities, and

as a rule, got no redress. The boarding-house-masters were usually politically prominent and did not appear as villainous to their fellow-citizens as they did to the outraged shipmasters. To the protest of local authorities, the boss crimp—a good-humoured Irishman or suave French-Canadian with a proper appreciation of his economic importance to Quebec industry—would argue: “Well, if it wasn’t for us, how are you going to get your new ships across to Europe? Isn’t it better for us to get one or two sailors out of each ship to man your vessels than for you to go to the expense and trouble of bringing crews from England? You are getting your ships away without delay, and we are running the risks of the business and doing the dirty work.” In the face of such specious argument, remonstrance became somewhat feeble, and official Quebec for a long time turned its back to the pernicious tactics of its water-front denizens. Naturally, under such conditions, the business became absolutely intolerable. True, there was a force of water-front police maintained by the city, but twenty-five policemen patrolling a water-front some ten miles long and with as many as three and four hundred ships in port at one time could not be expected to do much. And so the merry game went on for over fifty years.

But if official Quebec winked its eyes at the illegal acts of the sailor-snatchers, it also failed to notice the retaliatory acts of the masters and mates. If a crimp was killed or drowned in the course of his nefarious duties, no inquiries were made. They tell a story about the master of one of Valin’s ships, who, in May 1872, was passing up one of the steps from the water-front to the street when a crimp’s runner insulted him. Some words passed, and the tout rushed at the shipmaster and knocked him down on the steps. As he fell he came upon a ship-carpenter’s tool-bag lying beside him. Fearing further assault, the shipmaster snatched up a broad-axe from the tool-bag as the other advanced. A swing of the keen-edged blade and the crimp slumped in a ghastly heap, almost cut in two at the waist.

At this bloody conclusion to the life of one of their tribe, the crimp fraternity swore terrific oaths of vengeance in their Champlain Street dives, but the shipmaster gave himself up to the police, and was afterwards smuggled down to Father Point Pilot Station and placed aboard an outward-bound ship.

Stories are also told of dropping grindstones and kentledge into a boat-load of crimps as they attempted to board a ship, and when the boat sank, no effort was made to rescue its occu-



pants. On another occasion, Captain G. W. Haws, of the ship *Calista Haws*, seized an obnoxious Quebec crimp by the seat of the pants and the back of the neck and actually threw him overboard into the river, where the man swam around until somebody picked him up. Then there was the case of Captain Price of the ship *Rhea Sylvia*, who shot and killed two men in a party of five who had come aboard his ship to induce his crew to desert.

Illustrating the determined nature of these sailor-snatchers, I quote the case of a Swedish sailor on board the Yarmouth ship *N. and E. Gardner* in May 1873. The man refused to leave the ship at the importunities of certain Champlain Street runners. One of the crimps pulled a revolver and cold-bloodedly shot the sailor dead. The murderer was never brought to justice.

Another incident occurred in May 1855, when a gang of crimps boarded the ship *Sir Harry Smith* at Point Levi for the purpose of securing the clothes of a member of the crew who had deserted. The crimps, eight in number, attacked Captain Haws and his brother with slung-shots, beating them in a most brutal manner. Only the runaway sailor and one of the crimps were arrested.

In a fight with a gang of crimps, William Davie, member of the Quebec family of that name, received injuries which cost him his life. He was alone in the cabin of his ship, which was lying close to the Davies' yard at Levis, when a party of crimps boarded the ship and invaded the cabin. Picking up an unloaded rifle, Davie used it as a club, but was soon overpowered. When the dockyard men arrived in force to rescue him, the crimps had their victim spread-eagled and were hauling him up and down the poop ladder. The steps wrecked his back and he never recovered. It was said that if he had only covered the gang with the rifle, instead of using it as a club, he might have held them off.

Not all Quebec citizens remained passive to the acts of the water-front criminals. Henry Fry, shipowner and Lloyd's agent, made a strenuous effort to stamp out the trade, and opposed them single-handed, and at the risk of his life, for several years. In 1873, when Mr. Fry was President of the Dominion Board of Trade, he organized a meeting of Quebec shippers and business men to discuss the subject, and a resolution was passed and forwarded to the Dominion Government which read: "That the crimping system as carried on in Quebec is a scandal and a disgrace, not only to the city of

Quebec, but to the whole Dominion, and the Dominion Government should take energetic measures for its suppression."

Through the public attention thus focussed on the evil, laws were passed which made crimping a penitentiary offence. To offset the lure of drink and questionable delights which the boarding-houses offered deserting seamen, Mr. Fry raised a fund to pay the salary of a sailor missionary, R. Davies. But neither the law nor the good efforts of a seamen's mission could suppress the practice. The decline of shipbuilding did what an army of police could not do. Yearly throughout the 'seventies the number of new ships launched became smaller and smaller, and the crimps, finding their occupation gone, packed up and departed for pastures new, there to continue or else to retire on the small fortunes many made in the ill-favoured business.<sup>1</sup>

#### DECK-LOADS IN THE CANADIAN TIMBER TRADE

The carrying of heavy deck-loads of timber and deals was a fruitful cause of numerous disasters at sea during the fall and winter months. Sailors on the timber ships had no use for deck-loads at any time, but sailors had no say in the stowing of the ship, and in the timber trade it was the main object of owners and shippers to pack the ship with all she could carry. In Quebec and St. John, stevedores were chosen upon their ability to "over load," and many vessels went to sea with such piles of timber on deck that the stevedores themselves would cold-bloodedly remark: "Well, ef she gits acrost with that stack, it'll be a ruddy miracle!"

Masters would protest, but as there usually were plenty of men with certificates who would be willing to take a ship to sea in any condition, the man in command learned that it did not pay to kick. The mates and the men had no say about it. The owners of ships and cargoes were usually well insured, and it was all the same to them if the vessel foundered or arrived.

In summer-time, deck-loads could be carried with a reasonable amount of safety provided they were well secured and not too high. But in the fall and winter months, when hard gales and heavy seas are frequent, and when low temperatures increase the hazards of the men in working ship, a vessel was better off without a deck-load of any kind.

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 102, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

The alarming number of disasters in the North American timber trade prior to 1839 caused the appointment of a British Parliamentary Committee in that year to make an inquiry into the subject. The evidence brought out by that Committee showed that the prime cause of the shipwrecks and calamities was by carrying heavy loads of timber on deck. The narratives of dreadful hardships, suffering and privation to which the crews of the timber-ships were exposed so impressed the Committee that they recommended that no deck-loads be carried on timber ships from North America between September 1st and May 1st. An Act of Parliament was passed incorporating this recommendation and it became law.

This Act had some effect, but there were numerous ways of getting around it. In 1850, when the Navigation Laws were repealed, the British North American timber trade, heretofore exclusively in the hands of British shipping, was open to foreign vessels, and severe competition resulted. Handicapped by the deck-load law, British and Colonial shipowners constructed large poops on their ships, and in these poops a vessel could stow enough timber or deals to earn from £200 to £300 extra freight money. Some owners extended the poop forward to the fo'c'sle-head and made it into a spar-deck. This would be filled with timber, and was doubly dangerous because, in bad weather, the timber, being enclosed, could not be cut adrift or thrown overboard.

The law allowed timber for spare spars to be carried on deck. This provision was misused by some shippers, who would almost fill a deck with timber, declaring it was "spare spars." Another evasion practised in southern New Brunswick was in loading British ships on the American side of the St. Croix River—no laws restricting deck-loads being enforced on vessels loading in the United States.

The St. John timber shippers and shipowners, spurred by the competition of foreign carriers, fought for the repeal of the deck-load law. The Liverpool-St. John packet ship *David G. Fleming* in March 1854 sailed from St. John for Liverpool with 3290 deals stowed in a lengthened poop, and without a clearance, for the purpose of making a test case of the regulation. A prosecution was instituted but failed, as did others which followed. Thus attacked, the law was repealed.

In the fall of 1872, timber ships from Quebec and the Miramichi literally strewed their fabrics and cargo across the Western Ocean. In the month of December no less than twenty-four ships and barques were abandoned at sea, and

during that year, from May to December, the term of the St. Lawrence season, fifty-seven vessels engaged in the timber trade were wrecked and abandoned. Over a hundred lives were lost, while the sufferings of the seamen were appalling.

Stirred by this record of disaster, Henry Fry, shipowner and timber-shipper, of Quebec, wrote a paper for the Dominion Board of Trade, vigorously denouncing the lack of a deck-load law. On his own vessels he never allowed a deck-load after October 1st. This paper attracted a great deal of attention in Canada and resulted in the Minister of Marine, Hon. P. Mitchell, introducing and passing a Bill abolishing deck-loads of timber after October 1st, but allowing the carriage of deals stowed not more than three feet high above deck. This law, of course, was a purely Canadian one.

In 1874, Sir Thomas Farrer of the British Board of Trade disputed some of Mr. Fry's conclusions as to the hazards of deck-loads. Fry went over to London and laid the facts before Lloyd's, and a sub-committee was appointed by them to investigate the matter. To prove his assertions, Mr. Fry furnished a list of all ships sailing from Quebec after September 1st with and without deck-loads, over a period of twenty years. A list of six thousand ships was compiled and every ship was traced at Lloyd's. It was found that deck-loads had caused an increase of about 30 per cent. in loss of property and 40 per cent. in loss of life.

The "black winter" of 1872-3 had called public attention to ship disasters, and as the losses of wooden ships were becoming unusually high, the British Government appointed a Royal Committee to investigate. This was the famous Unseaworthy Ships Commission of 1873-4, and before this august body Mr. Fry was requested to appear and present his evidence as to deck-loads.

Mr. Fry's statements were given wide publicity, and resulted in the framing and passing of an Act of Parliament similar to the Canadian regulation. In honour of the part he played in presenting this matter, Mr. Fry was invited to dine at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor of London.

### THE ST. LAWRENCE TRADERS

In the records of seafaring, certain trades in which ships engaged stand apart from others because of their rigorous nature and the high quality of resolution and seamanship demanded from masters and men. No trade demanded more



seamanly qualities, nor was more exacting, than that of the North Atlantic men trading into the St. Lawrence from European ports.

The regular packets had much to contend with. They did their sailing in the "roaring 'fifties" of the northern hemisphere—chill, inhospitable latitudes at most times. They had a plenitude of hard breezes, high seas, bitter weather, a considerable percentage of fog, and, last but by no means least, they had icebergs and field-ice to tackle at certain seasons.

From Glasgow and Liverpool came a rare breed of shipmaster into this strenuous trade. To these men, inured to the vagaries of the North Atlantic, a Cape Horn passage was scarcely worth mentioning in the same breath with a fall voyage across the Western Ocean when Boreas was fractious. They were truly "iron men," for less stern stuff would break under the grind, year after year.

When the spring-time warmth began to release the Ice King's grip on the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Glasgow and Liverpool packets would be found beating about Cabot Straits seeking a lead or a soft spot in the ice-field blocking the road to Quebec. Many vessels were lost in the ice; many crews went down with their ships or endured frightful sufferings ere being picked up off the floating pans.

Then there was the hazard of a long run in comparatively narrow waters between coasts which afforded no shelter for hundreds of miles. Lighting was poor in the early days, and the best of lights are but little use in snow-storms and dense fogs. Passing Cabot Straits and getting clear of St. Paul's Island, the ship entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence with over 500 miles of sailing to Quebec ahead. Before her lay the dreaded Bird Rocks, the low-lying Magdalen Islands, the ominous 140-mile-long island of Anticosti planted square in the middle of the Gulf. With Anticosti astern, the ship came into the estuary of the River St. Lawrence with 300 miles still to go ere mooring under the heights of Cape Diamond.

The St. Lawrence skippers became, of necessity, expert ship-handlers. Crews got plenty of sail-drill at times in the St. Lawrence, and the commands "tack ship!" or "wear ship!" became monotonous through constant repetition. The anchors went over the bows when St. Paul's came abeam; outward-bound, they were seldom secured before the ship had the same islands well aft.

The Canadian Government accomplished a world's wonder in eliminating the hazards of the St. Lawrence route. To-day

it is one of the best-lighted, best-buoyed waterways in the world. Every safety device which science has evolved is installed to safeguard the great stream of water-borne traffic which plies thereon during the open season from April to December. But in the old days, when the bulk of Canadian cargoes were carried in sailing vessels, the navigational aids were few and far between. Therefore the hazards of the route were intensified by the limitations of wind-driven vessels, and the heaviest premiums paid at Lloyd's were on November sailings from Quebec.

Narcisse Rosa, a shipbuilder of Quebec, and Captain J. E. Bernier, compiled a list of the vessels that came to grief on the island of Anticosti during the period from 1736 to 1896. The list numbers the astounding total of no less than 137 vessels! The island of St. Paul's in Cabot Straits has a long roll of wrecks to its discredit—bad ones in many cases, as the vessels often backed off the rocks and foundered in the deep water which surrounds them. The Magdalen Islands, the Bird Rocks, the Newfoundland coast around Cape Ray, and the Straits of Belle Isle claimed many a poor windjammer. In fact there were but few spots in the whole Gulf area that did not have its record of disaster.

Anticosti—that "mysterious isle"—was dreaded by sailing ship masters. It is harbourless for its 140 miles of length, the bottom is of shelving limestone around it, and in thick weather a vessel could be hard aground and pounding to pieces before her crew were scarce aware of it. Save for a settlement at Ellis Bay and Sou'west Point, it was practically an uninhabited wilderness covered with a stunted growth of impenetrable evergreens and treacherous muskeg. Shipwrecked crews usually walked along the beach to the lighthouses or the refuges built here and there along the coast.

I recall one time landing at Sou'west Point and coming upon a seamen's graveyard. The resting-places of drowned men were marked, in some instances, by crude carvings upon hardwood planks. There was one stone erected in this lonely spot which was sacred to the memory of Captain Edgar Joyce and seven men of the brigantine *Orient*, wrecked there in November 1874. Many vessels fetched up for their last port around this particular place, notably the ship *George Canning* in 1829, drowning thirty of her company.

One of the most appalling disasters on Anticosti occurred in November 1828 with the wreck of the brig *Granicus*, which struck on East Point while bound from Quebec to England

with timber. The crew managed to get ashore and started out to walk along the beach to Fox Cove, where a Provision Depot was located for the benefit of shipwrecked persons. After their tramp of many miles, they arrived at the hut only to find that its caretaker, one Godin, had left the post for Quebec, and the provisions they expected to find were gone also.

What happened during the succeeding period is almost too terrible for surmise. Fishermen came upon the hut in the spring of the following year and found in the house many bodies, and parts of bodies, suspended from the rafters. There was a chest filled with human flesh, and an old account states, "the beams were literally hung like a butcher's stall with human carcasses, and bones and putrid flesh were strewn around the place."

The body of a man named Harrington was found in a hammock—the only unmutilated form among all the others. A rude almanac, scribbled on the boards of the house, apparently by him, terminated on April 23rd. Reckoning by it, the shipwrecked company had spent the five months of winter in this desolate spot.

The fishermen gathered the remains and decently interred them. The exact number of persons who perished could not be ascertained, but the fishermen thought that they could identify the skeletons and part of the flesh of three children, two women and eight men, and the skeletons of two others were found in the scrub where they had crawled to die of starvation.

A vessel was despatched from Quebec later to examine the remains, and the caretaker who had abandoned the post was arraigned and charged with looting the hut of its contents, but the charge could not be proved, as he claimed that the provisions had rotted.

The spring of 1872 was a hard one on windjammers making into the Gulf. Five ships and barques were lost in the ice and seven were wrecked in Gulf waters, among the latter being the Yarmouth, N.S. ship *Royal Charter*, 1247 tons, practically a new vessel, which stranded on East Point, Anticosti, while bound from Antwerp to Montreal. In May 1883, the Yarmouth ship *Marion*, 1226 tons, stranded near South Point, Anticosti, during a dense fog and southerly gale with high sea and went to pieces in a few hours. In the same vicinity and about the same time, the barque *Nelson* also went ashore and was wrecked. No lives were lost in these three Anticosti wrecks, and it is a peculiar fact that though the island's toll in ships has been



unusually heavy, the number of lives claimed is comparatively small.

One of the oddest and most tragic of Gulf happenings occurred in May 1854 while the Quebec-built ship *Jessy* was becalmed in a thick fog and surrounded by field ice about 45 miles S.E. of Anticosti. Those on board the ship suddenly heard the report of a gun close by, and supposing it to be a signal from another vessel they commenced ringing their bell. In about twenty minutes the fog lifted and revealed to those on the ship a most extraordinary sight. A large sheet of floating ice lay close to the vessel, upon which was stretched the body of an Indian who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest. He was found to be quite dead. Not far from him lay the body of another Indian with a dead seal alongside of him. The surmise of those on the *Jessy* was that the two were probably seal hunters who were caught on the ice and had drifted out to sea. One died, and, despairing of relief from certain death by starvation, the surviving Indian shot himself, never imagining that aid was so near.

Still another incident connected with Anticosti happened when the St. John-built ship *Giant's Causeway*, 1231 tons, went ashore on Cormorant Point, in June 1875. A Norwegian ship hove-to off the Point after the *Giant's Causeway* went ashore, and the captain of the stranded ship came out and, besides asking that help might be sent him, told the Norwegian captain that his crew had had a fight among themselves during the voyage which resulted in the murder of a Greek sailor. The Norwegian was requested to inform the Quebec police about the affair, that the murderer might be arrested on arrival.

Cutting affrays seemed to be quite common aboard the old wind-ships. The Quebec ship *Nautilus* arrived in Quebec from London in May 1872 and reported that an Irish seaman, Fahey by name, was stabbed in the stomach while asleep by a Gambian negro called Gomez. The two men had engaged in a fight earlier in the day and Fahey had knocked Gomez down. Gomez got his revenge at midnight by stabbing his opponent to death. After the murder, the negro committed suicide by leaping overboard. These were hard old days, and masters of ships had to handle their ships and men in numerous difficult circumstances. Such incidents are almost unknown in these modern times.

Another Gulf of St. Lawrence incident, which caused a great furore at the time, happened in 1868. The master of the ship *Arran*, a young fellow twenty-five years of age, while bound up



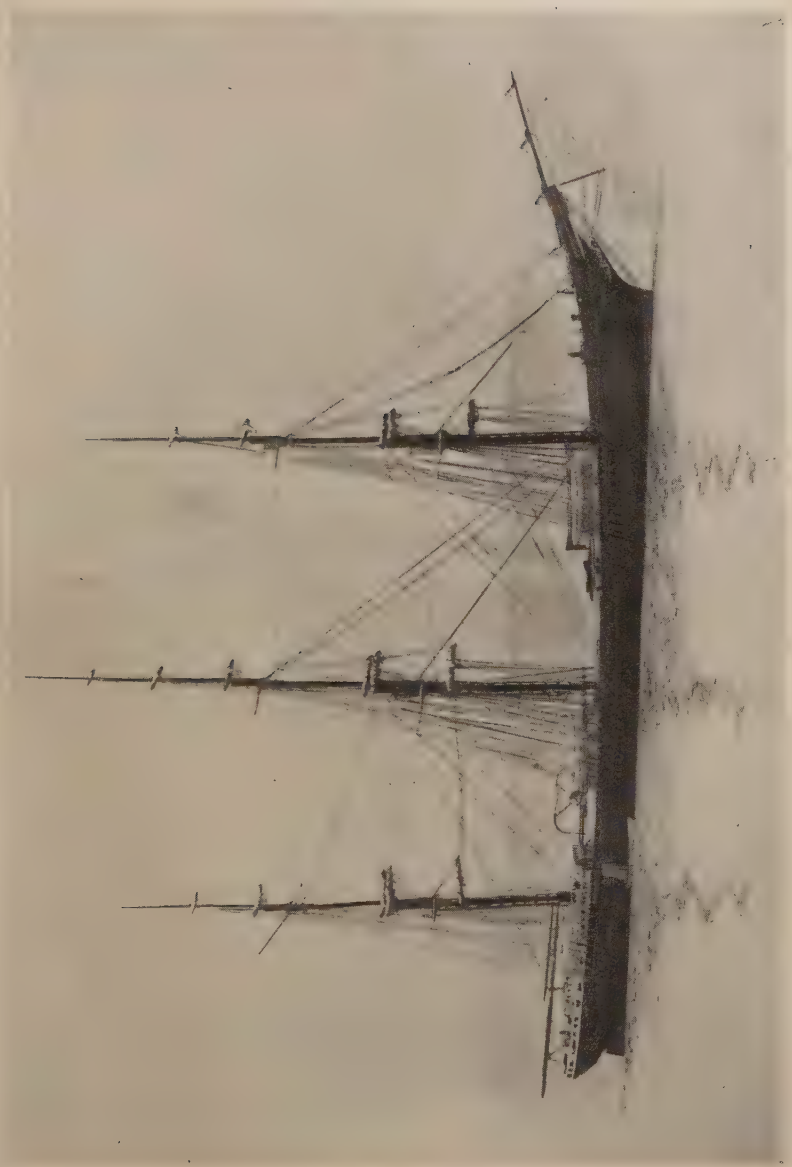
the St. Lawrence in the spring, took occasion, while his ship was in the ice, to force a couple of stowaway boys over the ship's side—telling them to make their way ashore as best as they could. The boys, abandoned by the ship, perished. The master was brought to trial, found guilty, but was given a light prison sentence. After serving his term, his master's certificate was restored to him and he was given command of the Miramichi-built ship *Edward Cardwell*. In April 1871, while the ship was in Pensacola, the man died suddenly and was buried in the Florida port.

The first ship to make three voyages to Quebec in one season was the Glasgow ship *Robertson*, which accomplished this feat in 1832. A silver cup was presented to the captain by the merchants of Quebec in recognition of the event and his skill and enterprise. This record was not exceeded until 1871, when the Allan Line iron clipper *Gleniffer* made four voyages.

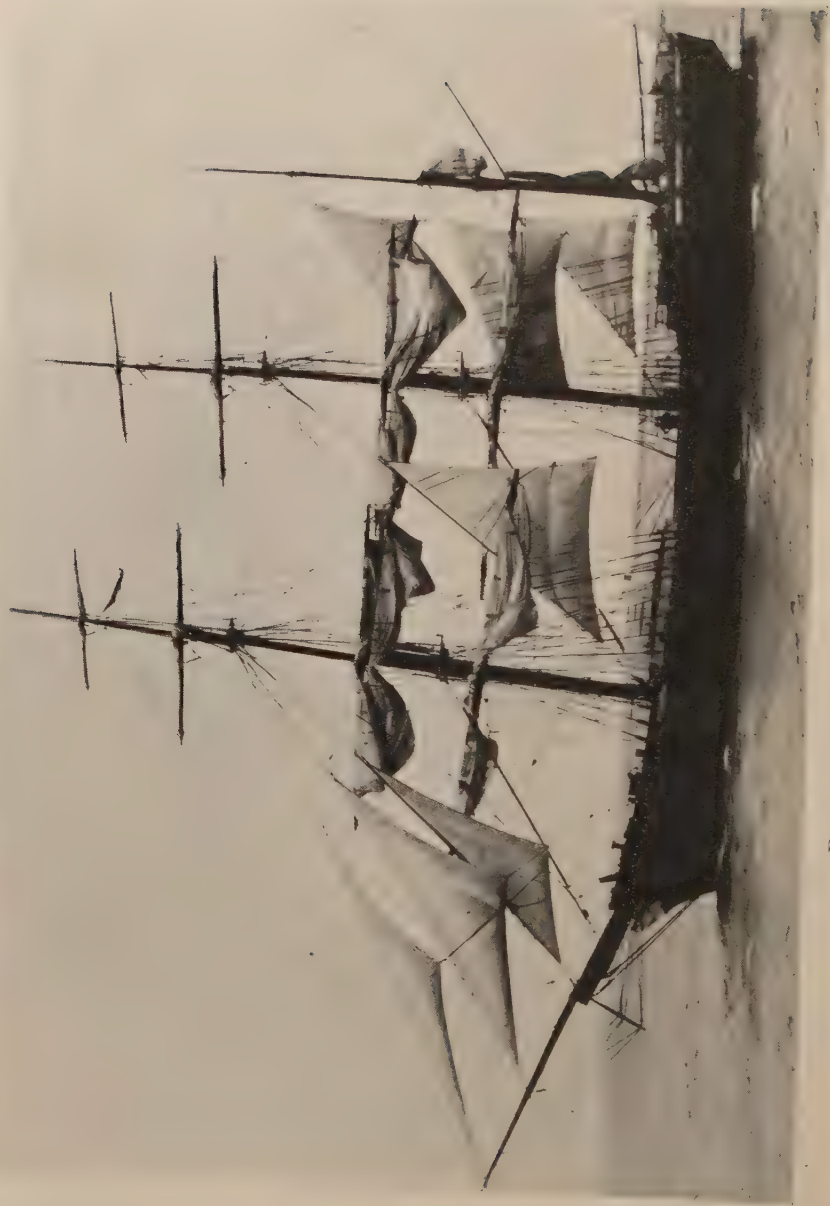
No incidents of St. Lawrence navigation would be complete without some mention of the Allan ships. The Allans are strongly linked with the development of Canada, and the fine fleet of clipper packets which they maintained on the Glasgow-Quebec run was the pioneer of the splendid steamship line which, after a glorious history, lost its identity when it was absorbed by the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1912. The Allan Line shipmasters were the cream of the North Atlantic-men. Allans trained them in an exacting school and through a long period of servitude. Only officers of long experience in St. Lawrence navigation were given command of Allan ships. In the sailing packet days, their vessels were famed for their regularity and speed and freedom from accident, and the practice and performance of the days of sail were carried out in the steamers of their later operations.

Allans bought a number of Quebec-built ships and sailed them under their flag in the North Atlantic trade, but their passenger packets were Clyde-built iron ships of fine lines, commanded by experienced and resolute Scotsmen.

A smart Allan clipper was the iron ship *Gleniffer*. In command of Captain Cumming during the St. Lawrence season of 1871, the *Gleniffer* made no less than four voyages to Quebec from Glasgow—crossing eight times during eight months. Her fastest passage was 15 days from Quebec to Greenock. Another smart Allan packet was the ship *Glenbervie*. Commanded by Captain Campbell, this vessel left Quebec at 5 p.m., May 22nd, 1876, and arrived in the River Clyde on June 5th—a passage of 14 days and some hours. Still another speedy Allan iron ship



Ship "ROXELLANA," 1446 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1877, St. John.



Barque "UNANIMA," 747 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1868, St. Martin's, N.B.



was the *Abeona*, Captain William Hamilton. On October 10th, 1872, she arrived in Glasgow on her third voyage of the season from Quebec after a passage of 16 days. Much more extended reference could be given to the work of these fine little packets, but such is outside the province of this particular volume.

The great test of seamanship on the St. Lawrence route was usually the ability to fetch a ship into Quebec the first of the season from Europe. The arrival of the first craft of the spring fleet was an event of great importance to Quebeckers, and the occasion was marked by the firing of guns and rockets, and the presentation of a gold-mounted cane or silk-hat to the successful skipper. The Allan Line masters captured these honours on numerous occasions, but possibly the record for consistent first arrivals in Quebec belongs to the iron clipper ship *Shandon*, which used to trade from the Clyde. The *Shandon* had a great name as a sailer and she was first to arrive in Quebec for seven seasons—the years 1853, 1858, 1861, 1862, 1864, 1865 and 1866. Her earliest date of arrival was April 22nd. But this early date was beaten in 1870 by the barque *Melpomene*, Captain Ruthen, which sailed into Quebec on April 15th—beating the record up to that date by 16 hours. However, these vessels were iron ships and able to push into the ice; no wooden ships, unless built for the work, would dare to take such chances.

An interesting account of a race from Quebec to the North Channel between the *Shandon* and a Quebec-built barque called the *Nestorian* is contained in the memoirs of Captain David Cowans, who was master of the latter. The *Nestorian* was a barque of 679 tons built in 1857 by Gingras, and she was bound east from Montreal in the fall of 1858 to Liverpool. The *Shandon* was the larger vessel and bound for Glasgow.

The master of the *Nestorian* was not prepared to match his craft against the clipper *Shandon*, but declared to the latter's master that if the wind kept free he would give the quick-stepper a good run. The *Shandon* got away first from Quebec, but anchored for the night in the Traverses—not caring to run that dangerous channel in the dark. The *Nestorian*, however, kept on with a fair wind and discharged her pilot at Father Point. The breeze freshened, still keeping fair, and the *Nestorian* romped along, overhauling and passing ship after ship bound the same way. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the wind freshened to a strong gale from the N.W. with snow-squalls. Scudding before it, the *Nestorian* soon had St. Paul's Island astern with no sign of the *Shandon*.



About the fifth day out, when on the Banks of Newfoundland, the wind came from the eastward, and the *Nestorian* tacked about and raised her opponent close by. The *Shandon* tacked also and was soon miles to windward of the Quebecker. This somewhat dampened Captain Cowans' hopes of giving the *Shandon* a race, but the friendly westerly sprang up again and the *Nestorian*, squaring her yards, soon began to regain lost ground.

In mid-Atlantic the wind came from the northward with sharp, heavy squalls at intervals, rendering it necessary for Cowans to single-reef his topsails, but keeping the topgallant-sails set over them. Holding on his course, he carried this sail with the hands standing by the halliards fore and aft when the squalls came down. In this weather, a large ship, considerably ahead of the *Nestorian*, was raised and carrying every stitch of sail. She was made out to be the *Shandon*, but as each squall came down she kept away off her course, while the *Nestorian* held on, gaining on her adversary thereby.

Captain Cowans then ordered a new topmast studding-sail to be reefed and fitted with good preventer brace, sheets, etc., and to set the sail he ran off. As the barque was fetched gently up to her course again, the increased pull of the stu'n's'l had her dashing along like a race-horse. The *Shandon* steadily lost ground, as she still carried her small sails, and had to bear away from her course with each successive squall. By evening of the same day, the clipper was out of sight astern; the wind came steadier and the squalls lighter, enabling those on the Quebecker to set all sail.

On the sixteenth night after leaving Quebec, the barque was in the North Channel and had raised the lights on the Irish coast. Hailing a Clyde pilot boat, Cowans inquired if the *Shandon* had passed in, and on receiving an answer in the negative, he felt the elation of victory.

The wind now came away from the sou'west, a dead muzzler for Liverpool. The *Nestorian* tacked between Rathlin Island and the Mull of Cantyre, and the *Shandon* was suddenly sighted going to windward like a steamer on her way up the Clyde. The *Nestorian* arrived in Liverpool next day and claimed the honour of having beaten the clipper *Shandon* by an hour and a half from Quebec to Cantyre.

The *Shandon*, one of the best known of all the iron St. Lawrence traders, was lost on Southwest Point, Anticosti, in October 1874.

In contradistinction to some of the fast passages made by St. Lawrence traders in this chapter and elsewhere in the book,

I might record the voyage of the barque *Duke*, which left Greenock for Quebec in April 1876. When 80 miles west of the Tail of the Bank, she met heavy weather and carried away foremast-head, topmast, bowsprit, etc. Owing to adverse winds, she could not put back and was forced to head to the westward. Twice supplied with provisions from passing ships and her crew doing the best they could in refitting the vessel, the *Duke* finally arrived at Quebec after a passage of 107 days from the Clyde.

The voyage of the Yarmouth ship *Research*<sup>1</sup> from Quebec to Greenock in the fall of 1866, during which she shipped eight rudders, has a parallel in the incident of the ship *City of Manchester* in the early 'seventies. The ship was a Quebec-built vessel launched by Oliver in 1849, and on the voyage in question she left Quebec for Liverpool commanded by Captain Ditchburn. According to the master's report, the *City of Manchester*, leaving Quebec in mid-October, had a favourable run to a point 100 miles east of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "The wind changed to the eastward," states Captain Ditchburn, "with rain and sleet. In four hours after, ship was under three close-reefed topsails with violent heavy squalls, sea very mountainous; ship laying very low, the lee side of the deck constantly under water. At midnight, on the 28th of October, she shipped a very heavy sea, filling herself fore and aft; taking all the lee, main and top-gallant bulwarks away; stove starboard bulkhead of top-gallant forecabin in, washing the bunks down, breaking poop and forecabin ladder, starting covering board, stanchions, outside facing of main rail, and other damages, causing the ship to make a deal of water, and straining her very much. The gale raged with great fury until 4 a.m. of 29th ult., lee side of the deck constantly under water. Had relieving tackles on rudder. At 2 a.m., same morning, a heavy sea struck the ship, laying her on her beam-ends, striking rudder, and breaking relieving tackles. The rudder being adrift, drove from side to side with great violence. At daylight next morning, found the rudder was broken close to the first brace below rudder case; the main piece—that is, the rudder stock—was broken, and the backing was going from side to side; the wind at this time had come from the westward; vessel steered with difficulty until it moderated. At once I cut away the rudder case in cabin, got two pieces of wood alongside of main piece of the rudder, put on chain and rope lashing, wedged and rammed them from the poop. By doing this we were enabled to steer

<sup>1</sup> See p. 118, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

her—the lower part of rudder working from hard up to amid-ships. The sailors, seeing it so badly broken, refused to work unless I put into port to get a new rudder, saying that they would not risk their lives to cross with it. The officers and myself had to work the ship for twenty-four hours. The ship making water, we would soon be exhausted. I called the men aft, and promised them 10s. per month extra if they would turn to work and do their utmost to get her home. They were a long time before they consented, and when they did, they said I would never get her home. The first fine day, I prevailed on the second officer to go down and try to put a chain round the rudder underneath the brace where it was broke. We unrove topsail sheet and with great difficulty succeeded in getting one underneath. By reeving them through the shackle and crossing the chains, leading them up over the front part of poop, would have been enabled to steer if the upper part had broke, but by attending to the lashings and wedges, could steer her very well with the wind aft, but with the wind on the quarter, was obliged to take in after sail to make her steer. The pieces of wood on each side of rudder stock would not allow it to go more than half up. I have had my own troubles to get her here. Had it not been for this unfortunate rudder, I would have made a quick passage home.” The *City of Manchester* was 37 days on the voyage.

No chapter on the St. Lawrence traders can ignore the fine little fast-sailing packets that used to carry salt fish from Gaspé to the Brazils and the Mediterranean. While many of these craft, brigs, brigantines, topsail and ordinary schooners were built in the Channel Islands and West of England, yet quite a number were constructed on the St. Lawrence. Loaded with dry salt codfish, these handsome yacht-like craft, carrying a great spread of sail, used to leave Gaspé harbour in December for Brazil and the Mediterranean. It was the custom for all the fleet to sail on the same day, and the occasion was one for a general jollification, and the people of Gaspé would have many a bet on their favourites when some of the flotilla were bound for the same ports. Passages of two weeks across the Atlantic were not unusual with these craft. There is a field for a colourful history in these salt-fish freighters.

It is not generally known that tea-ships from China ran cargoes direct to Quebec and Montreal. However, a shipping notice in the *Quebec Chronicle* of August 1825 records the arrival there of two ships, the *Julianna* and the *Moffat*, with teas from China. That was over a hundred years ago. Both returned to



Barque "Moss Rose," 769 tons.  
Built 1863, St. John, N.B.  
(Afterwards admitted to U.S. Registry.)





Ship "EDITH TROOP," 1233 tons, of St. John, N.B.

Built 1872, St. John, N.B.

(Photo shows ship on the stocks ready for launching.)

(See p. 168.)

London with cargoes of deals. In May 1855, it is recorded that the barque *Aristides*, a small vessel of less than 500 tons, "with teas from Shanghae," was towed up from Quebec to Montreal by the steam-tug *Montmorenci*.

To-day, Montreal is the great shipping port of Canada, in fact it is one of the world's great steamship terminals. But in the days of sail, only the smaller vessels made the 139-mile passage up the river from Quebec. The latter port was the haven of the majority of the windjammers loading in the St. Lawrence. With the passing of sail, the timber trade, and the deepening of the channel between the two cities, Montreal drew the ships away from Quebec, and thus it remains to-day.

In 1850 the depth of the channel between Montreal and Quebec was only 11 feet. The first *iron* vessel to enter the former port was the clipper ship *Three Bells*, 730 tons, of Glasgow. And before she could moor at the Montreal wharves, she was three days at anchor in Lake St. Peter discharging part of her cargo into lighters. Most of the sailing ships that frequented Montreal were towed up from Quebec, but it is recorded that one ship, an Allan Line sailer, the *Canada*, made the passage up under canvas during an easterly gale.

If the *Three Bells*, in 1850, was the first iron ship to enter the harbour of Montreal, I think I may safely claim the honour of having sailed in the last *iron* square-rigged ship to leave the port—in all probability the last square-rigger that the River St. Lawrence will ever float. This was in the fall of 1920, and the vessel was the full-rigged ship *Grand Duchess Maria Nicolaevna*, then under the Republican flag of Russia, but formerly the Colonial clipper *Hesperus* of London. We carried a cargo of bass-wood logs to Liverpool, and a deck-load as well.

The chances taken by some of the St. Lawrence traders might well account for the reason why a good many came to grief. Captain Cowans tells of a passage he made from Quebec to Glasgow in the fall of 1857 while in command of the ship *Vortigern*, 910 tons. The ship *Mississippi*, 852 tons, towed down the river in company and behind the same tug. Both were new Quebec-built ships. At Bic Island, the tug and pilots left, and Captain Cowans, distrusting the look of the weather, asked the master of the *Mississippi* how his barometer stood. The latter replied that he had no barometer.

The two ships sailed out of the Gulf together, carrying all sail, but on Bank St. Pierre the ships parted company. On the fifth day out, it fell nearly dead calm, and the barometer began to fall alarmingly. The *Vortigern* was shortened down to

close-reefed fore and main topsails and fore-topmast-staysail, and before long was running east to a rising nor'west gale. "By two in the morning," states Captain Cowans, "it was blowing a heavy gale with tremendous squalls of sleet and snow, and the sea getting heavier as we bowled along before it, but with two hands snugly ensconced in the wheel-house, she steered like a little boat.

"The gale now increased to a perfect hurricane, the furious squalls at times being perfectly deafening. The mate now advised me to heave-to, but calling his attention to her excellent steering and how well she behaved, I said I could not think of heaving her to with a fair wind blowing, although it was such a hurricane."

The *Vortigern* ran her gale out and made considerable progress on her voyage. Captain Cowans began to wonder how the *Mississippi* fared without a barometer. In twenty days from Quebec, having met head winds off Ireland, the *Vortigern* arrived in the Clyde. Three weeks afterwards, the *Mississippi* crawled into Queenstown under jury-rig, having lost all but the stumps of her three lower masts. So much for neglecting to carry a barometer!



## PART III

### THE NEW BRUNSWICKERS

Ships of Old St. John—St. John gold-seekers—Loss of the St. John ship *Asia*—Thompson's ships—Carriage over registered tonnage—The *Glad Tidings* of St. John—The mutiny on board the St. John barque *Veronica*—The Troops of St. John, their ships and masters—The ship *Rock Terrace*—The *Lizzie C. Troop*—The clipper barque *Cyprus* and Captain Raymond Parker—Ships *Jacob V. Troop* and *J. V. Troop*—Barque *Kate F. Troop* and ship *Kate Troop*—Barques *Mary A. Troop*—Barques *Cedar Croft*, *Low Wood* and *Stillwater*—The ship *Minister of Marine*—Other Troop ships—Troop's iron and steel sailing ships—The steel barque *Nellie Troop*—The *Howard D. Troop*, steel four-mast barque—Record passages—The *Josephine Troop*—Troop's captains—The Haws family and their ships—When Krakatoa blew up, the story of the *Charles Bal*.

### SHIPS OF OLD ST. JOHN

AN item in the early days of St. John's shipbuilding industry is centred around General Benedict Arnold—the American soldier whose attempt to betray his compatriots to the British forces at the time of the Revolution brought him the eternal sobriquet of "traitor" in the history of the great Republic. Arnold was given grants of land on the St. John River, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, and resided there for some years. He appears to have been as unpopular with the British as he was with the Americans.

Nehemiah Beckwith was a shipbuilder on the St. John River with a place about twelve miles below Fredericton. To him came Arnold in the year 1786 with an order for a ship to be built. The General had a contract drawn up, specifying the tonnage and dimensions of the vessel, the contract price, and the time she was to be launched and delivered. Heavy bonds were demanded from Beckwith, and in event of failure to deliver the ship at the time specified they would be forfeited.

Upon these exacting conditions, Beckwith undertook to build the vessel. Her name was the *Lord Sheffield*. Shortly before the time for launching, General Arnold requested some alterations made. The builder protested that such could not be done



in the time allowed, but Arnold finally overcame his objections. The changes were carried out, but the ship was not launched on the specified date.

The General immediately prosecuted Beckwith's bonds for violation of the agreement, and as the poor builder could not produce any evidence of the after agreement, it resulted in his total ruin. "However," runs the old account, "Beckwith ultimately recovered from the difficulties caused through the treachery of General Arnold."

### ST. JOHN GOLD-SEEKERS

Coming along to a later date, we find St. John participating in the gold rush to California. The brig *Arabia*, Captain Vroom; barque *James*, Captain Thair, and brig *Ellis*, Captain Caleff, all sailed direct from St. John to San Francisco in January 1850 with passengers and cargo. Small craft for such a long voyage!

### LOSS OF THE ST. JOHN SHIP "ASIA"

In 1883, Oliver Pittfield built the ship *Asia*, 1473 tons, for Taylor Bros., St. John. In September 1897, the *Asia* left Manila for Boston with a cargo of hemp. Captain George Nelson Dakin, of Digby, N.S., was in command, and accompanying him were his wife Irene and their twelve-year-old daughter Laura.

The *Asia* was 167 days out from Manila when she approached soundings off Cape Cod on the Sunday morning of February 20th, 1898. A cast of the lead had given 40 fathoms, and as it was blowing hard with driving snow, the ship's position was a matter of doubt. However, as later events proved, the ship had fallen to the south'ard of the desired landfall and was in among the dangerous Nantucket shoals.

During the afternoon, the ship standing to the northward, the weather became so bad that orders were given to shorten sail to the topsails. The canvas had scarcely been made fast before the *Asia* struck the bottom with a terrific crash. The sails, being braced up, hauled the vessel off the shoal and she went clear for a space, only to strike the bottom a second time.

Realizing that the ship was in among the dreaded Nantucket shoals, orders were given to get sail on her to force her clear of the sand bars that lay between her and the open sea. The anxious seamen sprang to the halliards and sheets; yards were

mastheaded and sails hauled out by arms doubly strong through fear of disaster—the master and mates hounding them on to greater exertions. The wind was blowing a bitter gale; the rain was coming down in furious sheets, and a wild cresting sea was roaring and tumbling all around the tide-whipped shoal water.

The added canvas did its work and the *Asia* was wrenched off the sand, and her company, their hearts in their mouths, were hoping that she would go free. For a few minutes the ship had clear water under her keel and she drove away under the heavy press of canvas. Then she fetched up staggering upon a shoal that could not be mastered.

“A terrific sea was running,” says a survivor, “and her timbers began to crack. The seas were making a complete breach over her, carrying away everything movable on deck. The gale was increasing all the time and it was raining heavily, adding to our misery. We could see nothing but the breakers. The vessel was heeled over on her side and we knew that she was doomed. We fired charges from our distress gun, hoping for aid of some kind, but there was little to hope for in such a place.”

The *Asia* lifted and pounded in the mad sea piling over the shoals. Her port quarter was wrenched off as though made of paper. It was dark, freezing cold, and all the fury of a winter gale was flaying the stranded ship and her benumbed and exhausted company.

“The mate notified all hands that nothing could be done and ordered all below. As the sea was sweeping over the forward part of the vessel, everybody huddled into the lazarette—the captain’s wife and daughter were jammed in with the rest of us.

“Then a heavy sea dashed over the *Asia*, and striking well aft smashed in her deck and ripped the after-house off, thus letting the water in to where we were sheltering. We had a terrible time getting out, and it was in this place that Captain Dakin lost his life. He was washed down on the main-deck and killed. We had the greatest difficulty in getting Mrs. Dakin out, for someone, in his excitement, told her to look out for herself, as the captain was dead. This unnerved her terribly and she did not seem to care to make any attempt to live.

“I took little Laura by the arm, led her forward, and handed her to another sailor to look after her while I got Mrs. Dakin. Jacob Straulberg, one of the three survivors, helped me get

Mrs. Dakin out, but she seemed resigned to her fate. The most pathetic duty I had to do—and I would rather die than do it again—was when I led Laura, who had been the pet of the ship, away from her mother. Mrs. Dakin was weeping bitterly, while the little girl herself, having given up all hope of being saved, was saying: ‘Throw me over; I am going to Jesus!’”

The narrator saw a piece of the ship’s starboard quarter breaking off, and he and two other sailors hung on to it and drifted away from the wreck. After being swept about in Vineyard Sound for several hours, they were finally picked up almost dead and placed aboard the Great Round Shoal Lightship—not far from where the *Asia* struck. They were the only survivors out of a crew of 23 men, not including Mrs. Dakin and her daughter.

Thomas Cook, mate of the *Asia*, took charge of little Laura and lashed himself and the girl to a piece of wreckage. A few days later, he was picked up by a tug in Vineyard Sound, with the child locked in his arms, and both frozen to death. A few other bodies were recovered, but the day after the stranding not a vestige of the *Asia* was found upon the spot where she struck.

Captain Dakin intended to retire after bringing the *Asia* home, and with that in view had had his place at Digby, N.S., which was one of the best in the county, fitted up with all modern improvements. Three years prior to the loss of the *Asia*, Captain Wallace Dakin, a brother, was lost in his ship off Cape Hatteras, together with his wife and three children.

### THOMPSON’S SHIPS

The firm of Wm. Thompson & Co., St. John, were owners and operators of a considerable fleet of sailing ships and steamers until recent years. While many of their ships were built for them, a number were acquired from other New Brunswick and Nova Scotia owners during the days when small ship-owners were finding it difficult to make their vessels pay. The Thompson firm had a regularly organized business with connections abroad, and they were a considerable factor in the timber trade—chartering more than half the ships that loaded in St. John.

One of their vessels was the ship *Munster*, 1468 tons, built at St. John in 1877. In command of Captain William Graham of Maitland, N.S., the *Munster* sailed from Rio for Newcastle,

N.S.W., on May 10th, 1895, and was never heard of again. Accompanying Captain Graham on this voyage was his young wife (sister to Captain MacDougall of Maitland) and little boy. The Windsor ship *Kingsport*, also owned by the Thompsons, sailed from the same port at the same time and for the same destination. The *Kingsport* arrived safely, but reported that she encountered a hurricane on June 10th which was thought to have caused the loss of the *Munster*.

Another of Thompson's ships was the *Macedon*, 1486 tons, built in 1878 at St. John. In 1887, the *Macedon* sailed from New York to Yokohama with case oil and was 217 days on the passage. Scurvy broke out among the crew and several died. The *General Domville*, 1530 tons, built at St. John in 1876, was another Thompson ship which was lost at sea while on a voyage from Talcahuano to New York in 1891. She was never heard from after leaving. Captain James A. Corbett, Londonderry, N.S., was in command. The ship *Favonius*, 1462 tons, built at St. John in 1883, was also a Thompson vessel. She was a large carrier and could load 2400 tons of coal, but she was a very ordinary sailer. In November 1897, she was totally destroyed by fire at Pensacola. The fate of the Thompson barque *Veronica* and the mutiny which occurred on board of her is told elsewhere in this volume.

In the 'nineties, Thompson's went in for steel sailers. In 1892, the fine steel four-mast barque *Thracian*, 2000 tons, was built for them on the Clyde. Captain Herbert Brown of Yarmouth, N.S., left the *Munster* to take command of her. The *Thracian* was launched in August 1892, and with a rigger's gang aboard she towed down the Firth of Clyde for Liverpool, where she was to load.

As the barque proceeded down past the Galloway coast, the wind began blowing hard, and before long the tug was hauling her charge in a strong gale. On August 15th, when about three miles off Port Erin, Isle of Man, a fierce squall struck the *Thracian* and she rolled over. Those on the tug saw the sailing ship capsize and instantly cut the hawser to save themselves.

Swinging round, the tug steamed towards the *Thracian* and saw her lying in the sea, bottom up. Then the rain blotted her from sight, and when the steamer came up to the spot where the barque had been, there was not a sign of her to be seen.

For many hours the tow-boat cruised about looking for possible survivors, but neither bodies nor wreckage appeared.



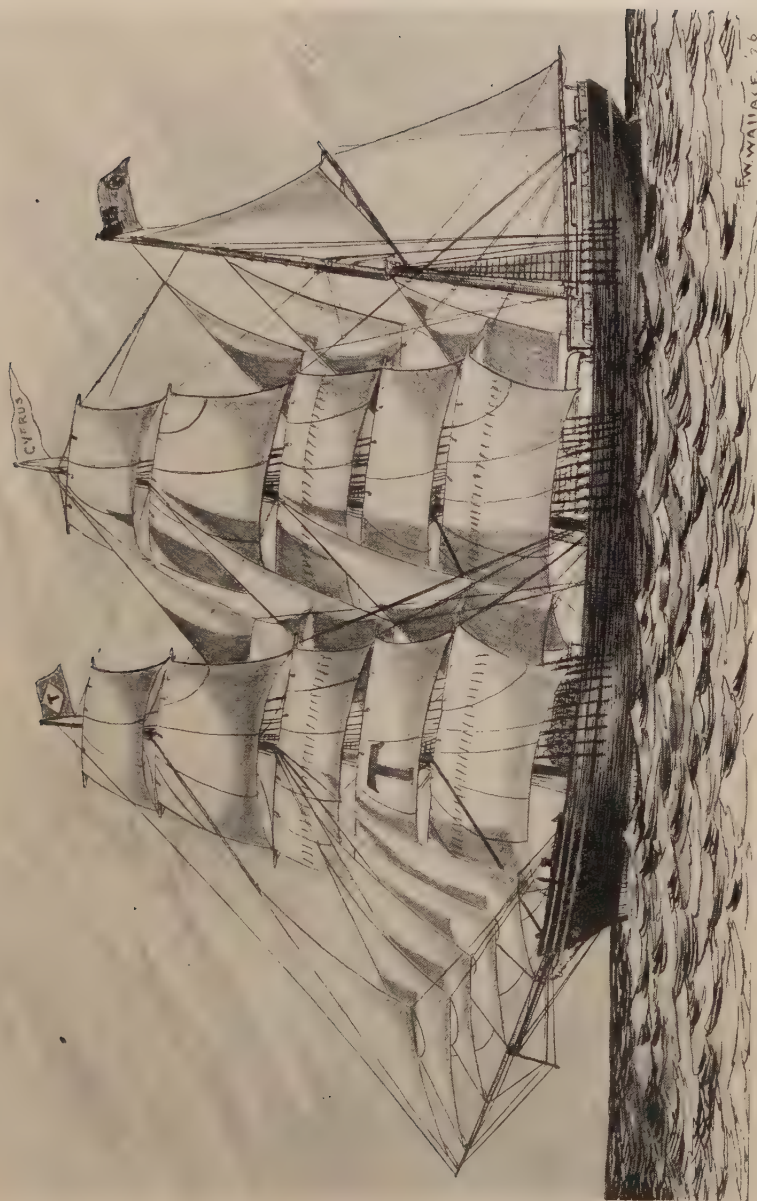
on the surface of the sea. The *Thracian* with her captain, Mrs. Brown, and seventeen men, mostly Liverpool riggers, had vanished instantly. Later on, the bodies of Captain and Mrs. Brown were found and they were buried ashore. The disaster caused quite a sensation in Liverpool at the time. A somewhat similar disaster in which a Canadian shipmaster was lost is related elsewhere in this volume in the case of the Liverpool ship *Andelana*.

The pages of shipping history are naturally fraught with much of disaster, for the lives of many ships, like those of individuals, are prosaic and uneventful. One has to die to get one's name in the papers. So it goes with ships. They do nothing noteworthy or spectacular until they pass out, and the manner of their demise is often the only interesting thing to record about them. In passing this remark, I do so because I do not wish to leave the impression, in reading the items in this history, that the ventures of certain Canadian shipping firms were unfortunate. The Thompsons owned and operated many ships, barques and steamers over a period of sixty or seventy years, and did a successful business, while many of their vessels served them well, and when sold, did good service under other flags.

One of Thompson's ships was the *Wildwood*, 1549 tons, built at St. John in 1883. I have a record of her voyages during the period from 1894 to 1902. She was a good carrier and traded around the world, though none of her passages during the period mentioned were extraordinary. In 1894 she came from Iloilo to Delaware Breakwater with 2340 tons of sugar, and made the passage in 113 days. Another passage in 1895 was one of 35 days from Liverpool to Rio. The *Wildwood* started out from Cardiff, but was dismasted a few days after leaving and had to be towed to Liverpool to refit. After refitting, she made her 35-day passage, carrying 2475 tons of coal—66 per cent. over her register.

Herewith is a list of the *Wildwood's* work, beginning in 1894 and ending in 1902 :

- 1894. Iloilo to Delaware Breakwater, sugar, 113 days. Quebec to Liverpool, deals, 40 days.
- 1895. Liverpool to Rio, coal, 35 days. Rio to Valparaiso, ballast, midwinter passage of Cape Horn, 53 days. Junin to Philadelphia, nitrate, 83 days. Philadelphia to Havana, coal, 18 days.
- 1896. Ship Island to Rio, lumber, 77 days. Rio to Barbados, ballast, 15 days. Barbados to St. John, 20 days. St.



Barque "CYPRUS," 1091 tons, of St. John, N.B.

Built 1878, Bridgetown, N.S.

(Drawn by the author from a painting.)



Steel four-mast barque "HOWARD D. TROOP," 2180 tons, of St. John, N.B.

Built 1892, Glasgow, Scotland.

(See p. 171.)



John to Cardiff, deals, 44 days. Cardiff to Cape Town, coal, 67 days.

1897. Cape Town to Ship Island, ballast, 62 days. Pasca-goula to Rio, lumber, 97 days.

1898. Rio to Barbados, ballast, 18 days. New York to Sydney, N.S.W., general, 132 days. Newcastle, N.S.W., to Manila, coal, 55 days.

1899. Manila to Newcastle, N.S.W., ballast, 62 days. New-castle to Manila, coal, 71 days. Cebu to Boston, hemp, 176 days.

1900. Boston to Buenos Ayres, lumber, 76 days. Buenos Ayres to Philadelphia, ballast, 78 days.

1901. Philadelphia to Cape Town, coal, 68 days. Port Elizabeth to St. John, ballast, 63 days.

1902. Vessel with lumber from St. John arrived Sharpness, England, and was sold there to Norwegians in September.

The *Wildwood*, after a spell under the Norwegian flag, came back to Canadian registry later when she was bought by the Gypsum Packet Company and cut down into a barge for the plaster-rock trade between Windsor, N.S., and New York. She was in service in 1912, but has now gone the way of old wooden ships. Captain Norman Smith of Yarmouth, N.S., was master of her.

#### CARRIAGE OVER REGISTERED TONNAGE

In the following table is set down particulars of the dead-weight carriage of bulk cargoes over the registered tonnage of several of the Thompson ships.

Ship.	Reg. ton.	Date.	Voyage.	Cargo.	Dead- weight.	Per cent.
<i>Wildwood</i>	1549	1895	Cardiff-Rio	Coal	2475 tons	66%
<i>Monrovia</i>	1449	1900	Liverpool-Buenos Ayres	Coal	2384 "	64%
<i>Honolulu</i>	1545	1900	Norfolk-Manila	Coal	2499 "	62%
<i>Canara</i>	1489	1901	Cardiff-Dar-es- Salaam	Coal	2516 "	69%
<i>Artisan</i>	1083	1901	Newcastle-Iloilo	Coal	1821 "	68%

As it is usual for dues, port charges, etc. to be assessed against registered tonnage of a vessel, the carriage over that amount plays an important part in the profitable earnings of the ships.

The Thompsons eventually went in for steel steamers, and



until the end of the war operated the Battle Line fleet—the *Tanagra*, *Pandosia*, *Eritrea*, *Trebia*, etc., in all nine vessels of between 3000 and 4000 tons gross, and employed in tramp trades. The *Trebia* and the *Pandosia* were in Hamburg when the war broke out, and both were detained by the Germans.

The firm of Wm. Thompson & Co. is still in existence, but no longer as shipowners.<sup>1</sup>

### THE "GLAD TIDINGS" OF ST. JOHN

A fine, well-built ship was the *Glad Tidings*, 1292 tons, which came from the yard of David Lynch, St. John, in 1874. Robert Thompson of that city was her owner. In 1879 she was commanded by Captain Dick, and engaged in the Western Ocean trade.

A retired sea-captain who served before the mast in her at that time told me of a noteworthy voyage he made in this ship. "The captain and mate were nice men and the food was good," he remarks, "but the *Glad Tidings* did not work as easily as some Yarmouth ships in which I sailed. But she was better constructed than most of the Yarmouth craft, being heavier timbered and having spars, lower yards and lower-topsail-yards made of pitch-pine instead of the spruce yards of the Nova Scotia-men.

"While the ship was in Liverpool, she was placed in dry dock to be caulked and re-metalled. The seams were payed with a thick red paint, and this laid thick along the edges of the planking of the hull. On the passage out to New York, stages were put over the weather side and we had the job of scraping the red paint off the hull. And this, mind you, in mid-winter on the Western Ocean! Often the cold spray went clean over us, while the sea, dashing up the vessel's sides, would often lift the stages a few feet with us on them. Of course, this was done in fine weather (if this can be said of any weather in the North Atlantic in winter-time), and the ship would be going about three knots. There is some difference in seafaring nowadays, for men in these times would refuse to go over a vessel's sides to do such work."

On this passage the *Glad Tidings* was caught in a heavy storm and received quite a dusting. Sail had been reduced gradually until the ship was down to her three lower-topsails and reefed foresail.

The snugging down was done in the middle watch with the

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 110, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

mate's crowd on duty. When eight bells came around and the starboard watch was called, the weather became so savage that all hands were set to work to make the foresail fast. When the sail was made snug, the tired port watch was sent below. But ere they had time to pull their boots off, a row aloft told that something had carried away. All hands were called again and found that the foot-rope of the main-lower-topsail had parted from the canvas and the sail was flapping to pieces.

Both watches were soon aloft, including the two mates and the carpenter, and they were on the yard a long time trying to save the sail, but to no purpose, for it flogged itself to ribbons. The crowd had barely made the deck again when the same thing happened to the fore-lower-topsail; once more everybody skipped aloft, and this sail, too, went to pieces. Ere they were off the yard, the main-upper-topsail got adrift and blew to shreds.

It was now 8 a.m. and clear daylight with a devil of a gale blowing. Sail after sail began to break out of the gaskets, and the noise was terrible—all this canvas flogging in the wind, the pieces flying to leeward like gulls. The cotton lint was entwined on the backstays for the rest of the passage. The only sail that stood the racket was the lower-mizzen-topsail, which was set, and it was not a new sail.

The *Glad Tidings* was in ballast; there was a fearful sea running, but through all the hullabaloo *not even a bucketful of water came over the ship's high bulwarks*. All David Lynch's ships had the reputation of being staunch and weatherly craft.

#### THE MUTINY ON BOARD THE ST. JOHN BARQUE "VERONICA"

In the annals of Canadian shipping, two shipboard mutinies stand out from the many minor instances of insubordination and murder on the high seas, and both were of the most atrocious nature. The first instance took place on board the Yarmouth ship *Lennie*<sup>1</sup> in 1875; the other occurred in 1902 on the St. John barque *Veronica*.

The *Veronica* was a barque of 1093 tons built in 1879 by John Rowan, Indiantown, N.B., and owned by Thompson & Co., St. John. About the middle of October 1902, the barque sailed from Ship Island (Biloxi)—a port in the State of Mississippi on the Gulf of Mexico—laden with a cargo of hard pine lumber for Monte Video. The master of the *Veronica*,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 194, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

Alexander Shaw, was quite an elderly man, somewhat deaf, but kindly; the mate was a young Nova Scotian named McLeod. I do not know the name of the second mate, but the balance of the *Veronica's* crew consisted of nine men, as follows: Moses Thomas, a young mulatto who acted as cook and steward; Paddy Doran, a seaman who hailed from Prince Edward Island; Gustav Rau, 28, German; Otto Monsson, 18, German; Willem Smith, 30, Dutch; Ludwig Flohr, German; Julius Parsons; Alec Bravo, Hindoo, and one Johanssen—all seamen.

The trouble evidently started between Paddy Doran and Gustav Rau, both men contending for the shipboard honour of "bossing the fo'c'sle." In the fights that ensued, Doran beat his opponent every time, and Rau nursed a grudge. Paddy was a real sailor, the ablest man of the *Veronica's* mixed crew, and as such was favoured by the master and mates. The Germans, siding with their defeated countryman, resented this, and Rau, malignant in his spite, plotted with them to kill the Irishman.

The barque had made her way clear of the West India Islands and was in the Doldrums off the Brazilian coast when matters came to a head. Rau had inflamed Smith, Flohr and Monsson with the notion that Doran was in league with the captain and mates to make life a hell for the "Dutchmen" aboard, though nothing had occurred to substantiate that idea. The food supplied the crew was of good quality, plentiful, and there was no cruel conduct on the part of the officers.

One night when the barque was ambling along in the light airs of those latitudes, Doran was standing look-out on the fo'c'sle-head. Rau had been growling away to his compatriots on the matter of the Irishman and the officers, and producing a knife, he handed it to young Flohr and ordered him to go up and stick it in Paddy's throat. The idea of murder appalled the young German, who, frightened by Rau's determined attitude, began to cry, pleading: "I can't kill a pig, so how can I kill a man?"

Rau and Smith then decided to do the job themselves. Securing iron belaying-pins, the two men, followed by Flohr, climbed up on the fo'c'sle-head and approached Doran, who was standing and staring out over the quiet sea. "Hullo, Paddy," observed Rau, in friendly tones. "Are you keeping a good look-out? Can you see the North Star?"

The Irishman stooped down to peer under the foot of the foresail, and as he did so, Rau and Smith smashed him on the

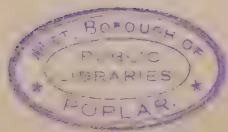


Ship "MAGDALA," 1172 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1868, Portland, N.B.



A St. John-built Ship of 1856.  
Ship "CALISTA HAWS," 1124 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
(From an old photo showing the ship discharging square timber in England.)  
(See p. 177).





Capt. Wm. GRAHAM, of Maitland, N.S.,  
Ship "MUNSTER."

(See pp. 138, 240.)



Capt. FRED LADD, of Yarmouth, N.S.,  
Ship "MORNING LIGHT," Barque "BELMONT."

NOVA SCOTIA SHIPMASTERS.

(See p. 220.)

back of the head with the belaying-pins. But the two stunning blows failed to knock Doran out, and with a growl of rage he turned and battled with his assailants until he was beaten into insensibility. He was then thrown down off the fo'c'sle-head and flung into the paint-locker on the port side.

The noise of the scrimmage brought the mate for'ard. "What's the row there?" he called. "Who's on look-out?"

"Dot Paddy vos dere a minute ago, sir," answered Rau, "und he vos fighting mit somevun."

Mr. McLeod came forward to investigate, and as he approached Rau and Smith, the two set on him with the belaying-pins and battered him senseless. During the scuffle in the darkness, Rau accidentally brought his weapon down on Smith's head, dealing him a severe wound. While the mate lay on top of the deck-load, Rau searched his pockets and found a revolver, which he took. "Overboard mit him!" he ordered, and young Monsson obeyed the command by hooking a chain-hook into the mate's eye, and thus dragged him to the rail and tumbled him into the sea.

Led by Rau, Smith, Monsson and Flohr went aft to take charge of the ship. Flohr chased the wheelsman away with a belaying-pin, and as Rau and Smith came aft along the poop, Captain Shaw, evidently wondering why the man had deserted the wheel, came out of the after-companion and looked into the compass. As he was peering into the binnacle, Rau, concealed by the darkness, threw his belaying-pin at the captain and it caught the old man in the stomach. He fell towards his assailant, who opened fire on him with the revolver.

Badly wounded and dazed with the sudden attack, Captain Shaw staggered into the chart-room. The second mate, aroused by the shots, ran up out of the cabin, and as soon as he appeared on deck, he was fired on. Struck in the stomach, he stumbled into the chart-room along with the captain and closed the door.

The mutineers, at this juncture, evidently feared to follow up the master and second mate—being unaware of the nature of their wounds and thinking both officers to be armed, they decided to barricade them in the navigation-room. With this object they nailed short pieces of deals over the port-holes, roped the skylight down, and actually went to the trouble of taking the doors off the saloon and second mate's cabin and fastening them over the entrance to the compartment in which the wounded officers had taken refuge.

Julius Parsons was locked up forward in the forecabin,

Bravo the Hindoo and Johanssen were evidently cowed and remained passive. Thomas, the mulatto steward-cook, barricaded himself in his berth with the slats out of his bunk, and Paddy Doran was confined in the paint-locker. To the Irishman the mutineers next came. He had regained consciousness, but was badly hurt. He pleaded for a drink. The plea was answered by: "Yes, we'll gif you a bloody goot drink!" And they hauled him out and threw him overboard.

The quartet then turned their attention to the cook, and they found him barricaded in his berth. With oaths and threats Rau commanded him to come out, but the mulatto refused. Then Rau fired several shots through the door, and Thomas surrendered. As he appeared in the doorway, the brutal German placed his revolver at the cook's head intending to finish him, but Smith interfered, saying they wanted the cook to make coffee. Rau lowered his weapon and with a string of oaths ordered Thomas into the galley, where the mulatto prepared coffee for the four. After drinking this, they fastened the cook up in the sail-room in the forward deck-house.

In the meantime, Captain Shaw and the second mate had bound up their wounds as best they could and were lying on the floor of the chart-room. The master was shot in the neck, through the shoulder and the lower part of the body; the second mate had received a shot in the stomach. While they were in this terrible condition and wondering what was going to happen next, Rau came to the skylight and demanded the navigation instruments. The second mate answered the demand and there was some talk between the two, when Rau insisted that the captain come and speak with him. "He is too ill to move," the officer answered. "He is dying." Rau gave a jeering laugh. "Dying or nodd, I want to speak to der kaptan. Dell him to come quick or id will be vorse for der two of you."

Thinking that he might bargain with the mutineers, Captain Shaw rose from the floor and stumbled under the skylight. Next to their lives, the two wounded men desired nothing more than a drink of water. "Give us some water and I will give you my gold watch," the old shipmaster pleaded. Smith fetched a bucket of water and lowered it down through the skylight, but not before Rau had insisted on receiving a sextant, chart, dividers and parallel rulers in exchange.

As soon as they had received these things, the skylight was secured again and the two wounded officers were left for three days without food, water or attention of any kind. Then Rau,

the ringleader and moving spirit in the mutiny, made up his mind to get rid of the master and second mate.

Rau, Smith and Monsson stood on the poop armed with revolvers, Flohr had a belaying-pin. The second mate was ordered out, and when he came and saw the gang waiting for him, he ran along the starboard side of the poop. Smith fired at him, the bullet striking the officer in the shoulder, and the wounded man leaped overboard and began swimming away from the vessel. Rau, afraid that the man might be picked up in some fashion, hurriedly put the barque about, and the trio kept potting away at the swimmer until he sank.

The next act in the bloody drama was to murder the captain. Hearing the shouts and shots on deck, he refused to come out when ordered to do so by Rau. Alec Bravo the Hindoo coolie, armed with an axe, was sent in to drive the captain out, and when the old man appeared tottering into the alley-way, Rau called young Flohr and commanded him to go and shoot him.

When Flohr saw the terrible condition of the victim, his spirit failed him and he ran away from the scene. Rau dragged him back, saying: "If you don't shoot him quick, I have a bullet in my gun for you." Flohr then took the pistol and fired at Captain Shaw three times, but in his nervousness missed his mark each time. "Ach, you stupid swine!" growled Rau viciously, snatching the revolver away from Flohr's shaking hand: "give me that and I'll show you." He then went up to the captain, who was standing in the companion-way with his hands before his face, and in the most cold-blooded manner presented the revolver to the old shipmaster's head and blew his brains out. The body fell down the companion steps, but was hauled up and pitched into the sea.

Rau now assumed command of the vessel with Smith as his lieutenant, and Monsson, Flohr, Bravo, and Johanssen as his crew. Julius Parsons had refused to join the mutineers and was confined in the forward deck-house. The mulatto cook was released to cook for the gang, and they made him partake of all food and drink ere they took it themselves, as they suspected poison.

As has been the case in practically all ship mutinies, the leading spirits plunge into murdering without much thought of the consequences. When the foul deeds have been accomplished, then comes fear of the law, and no situation is too remote for the shadow of the gallows to appear. Rau and his companions began to discuss the future, and decided that they must abandon the *Veronica* and destroy her.



With that object in view, they began to prepare the long-boat for a trip to the Brazilian coast. The cook was set to work caulking her seams—she was a carvel-built boat of the kind common to American and Bluenose craft—and the others fitted up mast and sails. The name on the boat, “Veronica—St. John, N.B.,” was carefully erased.

Rau then concocted a story which all had to repeat off by heart. This was to the effect that after leaving port, the *Veronica* encountered bad weather in the Florida Straits and the main-topsail-yard carried away. While up aloft repairing it, the mate, Mr. McLeod, fell to the deck along with Smith. The mate was killed and Smith (who had sustained a severe crack on the head while assaulting the mate) escaped with a torn scalp. After this accident, the story ran, yellow fever broke out aboard and one or two of the crew died, including the second mate—Rau being promoted to his place. Then, while becalmed off the Brazilian coast, fire broke out aboard and they had to abandon the barque—part of the crew in the long-boat, and the master and some others in the quarter-boat.

This story had to be rehearsed before Rau twice daily, but Bravo and Johanssen, being dull-witted fellows, could not relate the concoction correctly, so Rau determined that they must die. Consulting with his compatriots, they planned to get rid of the two who threatened their safety.

“Yump out and stow dot flying-yib, Yohanssen!” ordered Rau. The sail was hanging below the boom just as it had been left when run down, and Johanssen clambered out to make it fast. As soon as he was out on the bowsprit, Rau and Smith leaped up on the forecastle-head and opened fire on the sailor with their revolvers. Riddled with bullets, the man dropped into the sea.

Bravo was ordered to haul up the slack of the fore-sheet, which was trailing in the water, and while he was doing so, Smith or Flohr went behind him and shot him in the back of the head, and he fell overboard. Young Flohr, whose courage must have grown, then aimed his pistol at the mulatto cook, but Smith interfered: “Who’s going to cook for us if you kill him, you stupid mug?” The cook’s life was thus saved a second time.

Julius Parsons, who had refused to join the mutineers, attempted to get out of the deck-house at midnight. He got his head and shoulders through the square window but was unable to get any further. In this position he was found by

Monsson, who, armed with an iron belaying-pin, brought it down on Parson's skull and killed him. Hanging half in and half out of the deck-house window, the poor seaman's body was left with only the tropic moon to bear witness to the crime.

The big German bully, Rau, felt that all obstacles were now removed, but like a good many bullies he had to have someone to kick around, and this resulted ultimately in his undoing. Thomas, the mulatto cook, was spared because they wanted someone to wait on them, and Rau hounded him from task to task. First, it was to bake a batch of bread; then to provision the boat; next to chop up wood and place it in cabin and fore-castle. This was covered with mattresses and old clothing and saturated with kerosene.

The long-boat was hauled from off the forward house across the deck-load and launched. Provisions and gear were stowed in her, and after setting the ship afire, fore and aft, the four mutineers and the cook got into the boat and shoved off. For a time they remained near the barque, watching her go up in flames, then, setting the sails, they bore away S.S.E. close-hauled to the prevailing Trade wind, to make the coast of Brazil.

The *Veronica* was set on fire and abandoned on December 21st. On Christmas Day the boat approached the coast, and the wily Rau threw overboard all instruments and provisions so as to make it appear that they had abandoned their ship in great haste. The story was rehearsed once more and the boat was headed in for the shore. To strengthen their tale, they even threw away their caps and protected their heads from the fierce sun by wearing stockings on them.

The coast proved to be a section of the Brazilian mangrove swamp near Cazniera Island, a spot usually uninhabited, but which was a calling-place for a Liverpool line which picked up cargoes of cotton and other products freighted down the river in shallow-draft steamers. It so happened that a steamer was due, and on December 26th the mutineers, concealed in the mangroves, watched the steamer appear and come to an anchor. This was the S.S. *Brunswick*, Captain George Browne, en route to Lisbon and Liverpool. While she was taking cargo aboard from the craft alongside, Rau made up his mind to board her, tell his story, and request a passage to Europe.

The foregoing account of the mutiny was compiled by me from Captain Browne's story and from records of evidence given later in Liverpool. The happenings on board the *Brunswick* I take from Captain Browne's account as written by him in a Liverpool magazine.

Boarding the steamer, Rau constituted himself as spokesman and asked to see the captain. To Captain Browne the German told a rambling story substantially the same as agreed upon beforehand. The others did not say anything. Rau stated that they had spent eleven days in the boat and had only thirteen biscuits and a keg of water when they left the ship.

"This story appeared somewhat fishy to me," says Captain Browne in his account, "but the poor devils looked pretty hard-up, I can tell you, and the nearest British Consul and town being many miles away, I had to accept it and treat them as shipwrecked men. Accordingly, I gave them food, drink and clothing."

The "shipwrecked" men were the object of sympathy from some of the Brazilians who had come down to meet the ship at Cazniera Island. Coronel Joaquin dos Santos, a wealthy and benevolent Brazilian gentleman and head of a line of shallow-draft steamers trading the rivers, offered to take the men and give them good wages. An English cattle-rancher also made them a good offer. But Rau, speaking for himself and the others, declared they wanted to go to England and find out if the captain's boat had been picked up. Why he should have determined to do this is somewhat difficult to fathom, as, had they accepted the proffered jobs, the chances are that the story of the *Veronica* would never have been told.

Nursing his suspicions, Captain Browne consented to take them to Liverpool. The *Veronica* men were berthed with the *Brunswick's* crew with the exception of Rau, who, claiming that he was an officer, demanded that he be berthed aft. He was thereupon berthed with an apprentice.

On the tenth day out from Cazniera, a fine Sunday, when the steamer was approaching Las Palmas, Canary Islands, Captain Browne was aroused from a *siesta* by a tapping on the chart-room door. On opening it, he found the mulatto cook, Moses Thomas, crouching down on his hands and knees to avoid being seen by the officer of the watch. Shaking, with tears streaming down his face, he begged the captain to let him come in the chart-room, as his life was in danger.

Somewhat astonished, Captain Browne brought the man inside and asked him what was up. "The *Veronica* was cast away," he said, "and fired by those fellows you have on board after they had murdered the captain, his officers and five of our shipmates. Last night, Gustav Rau came into the cabin where you put me with the cook, baker and pantry-man, when they were asleep, and tried to get hold of me. But I

made a noise and the cook threw a boot at Rau, who ran out. I've made up my mind to tell you everything, as I know he will get me if he can."

Captain Browne cautiously locked the door and pulled the blinds over the ports. He then got out the ship's official log, and after swearing Thomas on the Bible, took down the mulatto's narrative, which was substantially as has already been related here. Swearing the cook to secrecy, the ship-master let him out of the chart-room by another door. As Thomas sneaked out, he was seen by the officer of the watch, who innocently commented on the visit to Rau afterwards.

The *Brunswick's* master was in a quandary. He had a number of passengers aboard, ladies and children, and he also had a good many foreigners amongst his crew. He was reluctant to clap the *Veronica's* men in irons on the cook's bare word, and was afraid of the German element in his own crew. He decided to act as though he knew nothing, and he took nobody into his confidence.

In spite of his desperate character, Rau must have been something of a fool. In his actions with the mulatto cook he showed a lack of common-sense. He surmised that Thomas had told the skipper something, and one day, with an open razor behind his back and in full view of the captain, he clumsily suggested to the cook that he come into his room and let him give him a shave. Panic-stricken at the suggestion, the cook got up from where he was sitting and flashed an appealing look to Captain Browne. Rau caught the glance and scowled, but did nothing more.

Another instance of the man's denseness occurred when the captain suggested to the apprentice that he endeavour to find out if Rau was armed. The boy reported that his berth-mate carried two revolvers fastened to the back of his legs below the knee. Captain Browne thereupon ordered the boy to watch his chance and throw the weapons overboard when the German was asleep. This the boy did, and Rau made no comment.

At Madeira, Captain Browne reported the loss of the *Veronica* by fire and stated that he had five survivors aboard. He said nothing about the mutiny. At Lisbon, he reported the whole story to the British Consul, who advised him to keep quiet and carry the men to England, as, if arrested in Portugal, they would seek the protection of their Consul and there would be much trouble in extraditing them. To allay suspicions, the captain got up a shipboard concert for the castaways and



collected quite a sum in cash for them. Throughout the voyage he treated them with kindness and solicitude as distressed seamen.

Rau evidently blinded himself to the noose he was running his head into and went with the steamer to Liverpool, where the police, instructed by the British Foreign Office, on wires from the Lisbon Consul, were awaiting the *Brunswick's* arrival.

As soon as the ship arrived at the Herculaneum Dock Wall, detectives clambered aboard the *Brunswick* and sought out the *Veronica's* survivors. While the latter were solicitously inquiring of the shore visitors if the captain's boat had been picked up, the bracelets were snapped on their wrists and they were taken off the ship and transported in the prison van to Dale Street Jail.

The cook, Moses Thomas, was brought up before a magistrate and reiterated his statement as made to the master of the *Brunswick*. The other four stuck to their pre-arranged story, but Flohr, after a few hours' confinement, volunteered a confession which corroborated the cook's in almost every particular. At the time he made it, Flohr did not know that the cook had told the story of the mutiny. This fellow was retained for King's Evidence.

Smith, knowing that the game was up, threw all the blame for the murders on the cook and declared that the mulatto was the ringleader, but Flohr's story refuted this. When on the stand, Rau declared that Flohr and Thomas were the ones who engineered the mutiny and did the killing.

Rau, Monsson and Smith were indicted—the charge being confined to the murder of Alexander Shaw, master of the *Veronica*, with an added charge of piracy on the high seas. Mr. Tobin, K.C., and Mr. F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead, prosecuted. The mutineers were each defended by counsel, and the case was tried before Justice Lawrence, at the Liverpool Assizes, in St. George's Hall, May 12th to 15th, 1903.

The jury found the accused men guilty in twelve minutes, and Rau, Smith and Monsson were sentenced to death. Monsson, a lad of eighteen, on account of his youth and previous good character, was recommended to mercy. Rau and Smith were duly executed in Walton Jail; Monsson escaped the gallows. Flohr, as King's Evidence, went free.

Captain Browne of the *Brunswick* had to undergo a great deal of chaff and criticism for the manner in which he handled the affair, but, on the other hand, Justice Lawrence complimented him for his work and awarded him a solatium of

ten guineas for the anxiety he had undergone during the passage.

The man Rau was a bad character. On one ship where he was an ordinary seaman he dropped a block from aloft in an attempt to kill the mate. He had served in the German Navy and understood a little navigation.

The *Veronica* affair was probably the last of such happenings to occur aboard of square-rigged craft under the British flag. And oddly enough, in the case of the *Lennie* and the *Veronica*, the murderers were brought to justice through the cook-stewards of each vessel.

### THE TROOPS OF ST. JOHN, THEIR SHIPS AND MASTERS

The fine Troop fleet started about 1840 with a small 60-ton schooner called the *Kate*; when the last member of the firm passed away in 1912 it was said that he was "the admiral . . . of eighty-four vessels."

The Troops of St. John and their ships were famous wherever sailing craft plied in the golden age of wind and canvas. They were a firm of Canadian shipowners whose craft were identified with the Canadian merchant marine during practically the whole period of its palmy days from the 'forties to the 'nineties. In 1891, when most Canadian owners had ceased to add to their sailing fleets and were getting rid of their wooden vessels, the Troops had nine large ships and barques under their flag—the largest fleet of any Canadian owner at that time—and all of them were wooden vessels built in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. In the early years of the present century, the Troop flag was still flying.

The founder of the firm was a Nova Scotian, Jacob Valentine Troop, who first saw the light in 1808 in the little hamlet of Upper Granville at the head of the beautiful Annapolis Basin. Here, beneath the shadow of the spruce-clad North Mountain, he grew up to manhood and carried on the business of a general trader. Existence in the settlements of Nova Scotia was decidedly primitive in those days, and the inhabitants wrested a livelihood from the woods, the little-cleared farming lands and marshes won back from the sea, or from the sea itself in fishing. Presumably it was in timber, fish and farm produce that Jacob Troop began his commercial career. He married when he was thirty, and two years afterwards, in 1840, removed across the Bay of Fundy to St. John.

The New Brunswick city was then becoming a place of

increasing importance with the shipping of timber and the building of vessels for sale in England. Mr. Troop, no doubt, saw his opportunities, and he opened a flour and general provision store on the North Market Wharf. His first venture in shipping was in the purchase of the schooner *Kate*, 60 tons. His venture proved successful, and he kept adding to his fleet of small vessels, sending them down to the West Indies with fish and lumber and bringing back molasses and sugar. As the freight market in this trade became no longer profitable, Mr. Troop became financially interested in vessels of a larger type, and he built these ships in conjunction with Abram Young at Granville, N.S., and with John S. Parker, Tynemouth Creek, St. John.

While practically all his colleagues in the shipping business in St. John were putting their money into the building of ships for sale in England, Jacob Troop constructed handy ships and barques for his own account and ran them himself. One of the first of the larger craft was the ship *Bessie Parker*, 669 tons, built at Tynemouth Creek, N.B., by John S. Parker, in 1864. In the following year, the ship *Kate Troop*, 748 tons, built at Granville, N.S., by Abram Young, was added to the fleet. Parker in 1866 built the barque *Annie Troop*, 511 tons; in 1867, Young built the *Eliza A. Kenney*, 1060 tons; in 1868, Parker built the *Sunny Region*, barque of 675 tons, while Young launched the ship *Crown Jewel*, 716 tons, the same year. Then came the large ship *Jacob V. Troop*, 1232 tons, from the Tynemouth Creek yard in 1869. A ship of 906 tons called the *Kate Darton*, built at Clifton, N.B., in 1867, was also added to the fleet, but she was burned at sea in November 1868 while bound from Liverpool to Bombay with a cargo of coals. The ship was abandoned off the Cape of Good Hope and the crew made St. Helena safely after sailing 1400 miles in the boats.

Associated with Mr. Troop in his expanding shipping operations was his son, Howard D. Troop. The latter was born while his parents were still in Granville, and he came to St. John when a year old. There was a younger brother, Jacob V. Troop, Jr., who was also identified with the firm, but when the father relinquished active management, it was Howard D. Troop who successfully carried on the business for almost a generation.

Under the firm name of Troop and Son, father and son built up an extensive business, and it was said of them that they were responsible for establishing a high class of vessel,

well equipped and ably commanded. "Mr. Troop also educated a superior class of masters for his vessels, and did a great deal to elevate the standard of colonial shipmasters. He gave them small interests in the vessels they commanded, believing that his interests would thus best be served."

Jacob Troop was a merchant shipowner of the old school. He confined himself strictly to his business and seldom engaged in outside speculations or enterprises. He was always willing to assist, by counsel or otherwise, those entering into ship-owning, and many St. John shipping people profited by his instruction and advice. In the various phases and crises of the shipping business he maintained a cool and determined head, and by his boldness, vigour and enterprise successfully overcame every difficulty. Thus he was characterized by a contemporary biographer, who added: "Unlike many of our shipowners, instead of moving from the place where he made his money, he remained and assumed all the duties of citizenship." He strongly opposed confederation with Upper Canada, believing the interests of the maritime provinces to be submerged thereby.

In the latter years of his life, Mr. Troop left the managing of his shipping interests to his son and interested himself in his beautiful country place, Cedar Croft, at Rothesay, N.B. He was a kindly man and a most cordial host. When he died in October 1881 at the age of 73, he was accorded a great public funeral at which the people of St. John acclaimed him as one of their most honoured citizens.

In addition to the numerous vessels which they had built for their own account, Troop and Son managed many others. When Jacob Troop died in 1881, nineteen ships and barques with an aggregate tonnage of almost 20,000 tons flew the house-flag of the company. The largest of their ships at that time was the *Rock Terrace*, 1769 tons; the smallest was the barque *Annie Troop* of 511 tons.

Howard Troop carried out the policies established by his father, progressing with the times. Under his management, some of the finest wooden ships ever built in the Maritime Provinces were added to the fleet, and when the day of the wooden ship passed, he was the first Canadian shipowner to acquire an iron vessel, the full-rigged ship *Troop*, 1526 tons, which was built for him by McMillan, Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1884. When steel came in, he was the first St. John shipowner to possess a steel barque. This was the *Nellie Troop*, 1313 tons, built in Bristol in 1889. Howard Troop was also



the first to promote a steamship service between St. John and Liverpool, and he had the S.S. *Cedar Grove* built in Great Britain for this service. She was unfortunately lost off Canso, N.S., on her second trip to St. John in 1883; but, undaunted by this mishap, he built another steamer, the *Kentigern*, and added her to the Troop fleet. She too was lost eventually.

Mr. Troop took an interest in public affairs connected with St. John and was chairman of the St. John Pilot Commission for many years, rendering his city fine service in that connection. Like his father, he took a great pride in his ships and saw to it that they were well equipped and kept spick and span. His captains were the pick of Maritime Province seafarers.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties the firm suffered many serious losses among the ships they owned or had an interest in. Fire, strandings, abandonments and "failures to arrive" accounted for vessel after vessel. A list compiled of their total losses after 1881 is composed of 2 steamers, 14 ships, 20 barques, 5 barquentines and 5 schooners.

Howard D. Troop died in St. John in 1912 aged 73 years. At his death it was said that "he was a strong man in a generation of strong men, who bore an active part in the world's commerce, and who greeted disaster when it came with fortitude. Hospitable in the highest degree, he had a host of friends who knew his sterling qualities. He was kind and generous, and had a pleasant word and a smile for all, and was ever ready to lend a helping hand. He was, indeed, one of a type that is, unfortunately, not so numerous now as formerly. He lived for his family and sought to gratify their every wish. He was the admiral of one of the greatest fleets ever sent out of a Canadian port, the master of 84 vessels."

In the following paragraphs I am recording particulars of some of the Troop vessels and their masters.

### THE SHIP "ROCK TERRACE"

The *Rock Terrace* was one of the largest of Troop's wooden ships, and was launched in June 1875, from the yard of David Lynch, St. John. She was named after Howard Troop's residence, and was a superior ship of 1769 tons, 216 ft. keel, 41 ft. 3 in. beam, and 25 ft. deep. Her cabin was 40 ft. long and finished in walnut, chestnut and ash by Mr. Sulis, St. John. She was heavily sparred with a mainmast 190 ft. high, and 8500 yards of canvas were used in making her sails. Her first

voyage was with deals to Liverpool, and David Lynch, her builder, made the passage in the ship. From Liverpool the *Rock Terrace* sailed to the west coast of South America for a guano cargo, and carried a specially built boat on deck for the purpose of lightering guano between the diggings and the ship.

The *Rock Terrace* does not appear to have been much of a sailer, but she could stow a big cargo for her register. From New Orleans to Liverpool one time she carried 6150 bales of cotton weighing 3,001,258 lbs., as well as 3000 staves, on a draft of 20 ft. This was regarded as a remarkably large cargo, and the stowage of so many bales of cotton in a ship of her size was due to the use of powerful cotton-bale compressors.

In San Francisco the *Rock Terrace* made nautical history on one occasion by beating the boarding-house masters of the Barbary Coast out of a crew. The latter had a monopoly on the sailor supply of the port, and were exacting the usual outrageous blood-money which the thrifty Bluenose in command of the *Rock Terrace* could not quite see. So instead of troubling them for a white crew, he shipped a crew of Chinamen to take her to Cork. Twelve Chinese seamen at £5 a month, two Chinese bosuns at £6, four white quartermasters and the regular officers brought the ship to the U.K. At first, the authorities refused to clear the ship unless it was proved that the Chinese crew were proficient. The Celestials were given an examination and proved thoroughly competent to carry out the duties required of them. This is one instance, at least, where the Frisco crimps did not have it all their own way.

The *Rock Terrace* met her fate in a most remarkable fashion. She loaded case oil and 250 tons of lime at Point Breeze, Pa., and sailed for Hiogo, Japan, in September 1887. All went well on the voyage until January 28th, when the ship grounded on a coral reef during a squall. Striking the lee side of the reef, she bumped heavily two or three times, but only remained fast about ten minutes. When she got clear it was found that she was making a great deal of water; pieces of the keel came floating up and the foremast had settled three inches.

With the pumps going constantly, the captain held on for Japan, but after 25 days of pumping, the crew became exhausted and the water kept gaining. It was then decided to make for Guam and beach the ship, and the *Rock Terrace* was kept away under easy canvas so as not to strain her. The island was made on March 1st and an effort was made to get into San Luis d'Apra harbour. The wind, however, was offshore and

the ship could not make the port. No assistance came off, though the ensign was flying union down.

Utterly played out, unable to beach the ship, and discouraged after a month of the most gruelling toil and anxiety, the master of the *Rock Terrace* decided to abandon her. The boats were swung out and the crew pulled away from the vessel, landing in Guam safely. From there they were transferred to Manila and thence to Hong-Kong, where the master reported the abandonment to the Marine authorities. However, the Court of Inquiry which investigated the case considered the abandonment somewhat premature, and thought that the master and crew should have stood by the ship until she was in actual danger of foundering. When the *Rock Terrace* was last seen by her crew she was under lower topsails and foresail and blowing off to the south'ard in the embrace of the Trades. The Court censured the master and mate for abandoning the ship under the circumstances, but modified their censure of the master by considering that he did so because of temporary derangement through fatigue and loss of sleep.

The *Rock Terrace*, under short canvas and without a hand at her wheel, romped merrily off on a course of her own steering. Vessels passed her and considered she was all right. For about five months she rambled about the Pacific and was passed by the German gunboat *Eber*, whose officers found nothing unusual in her appearance. The gunboat was, at the time, carrying the deposed King Malietoa of Samoa to another island after an insurrection. After depositing his Majesty on one of the Marshall Islands, the *Eber* was on her way back to Samoa when she found a ship ashore on the reefs of Tarawa Island. A boat was sent in to examine, and the stranded craft was discovered to be the *Rock Terrace* with the bottom knocked out of her. The matter was reported at Samoa, and it was found that the *Rock Terrace*, since her abandonment off Guam five months before, had, during that period, sailed North 44° East, 840 miles from the place where she had been deserted!

#### THE "LIZZIE C. TROOP" <sup>1</sup>

The fine ship *Lizzie C. Troop*, 1391 tons, was built in 1873 at S. J. King's shipyard, Courtenay Bay, St. John. Howard D. Troop personally superintended her building, and it was said that her cabins and state-rooms were the handsomest ever

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 249, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

built in St. John. Mr. Troop's interest in minor matters may be cited when one learns that the cabin settees were furnished with reversible backs "after a pattern of Mr. Troop's."

The *Lizzie C. Troop* loaded deals and was taken to Liverpool on her first voyage by Captain Jacob Fritz, who was commodore of the Troop fleet. Captain D. W. Corning then assumed charge and brought his ship back and off Sandy Hook in a few hours over 18 days from Liverpool. The passage from St. John to Liverpool was made in 18 days, which made a round voyage in 36 days' sailing time.

In 1878, the *Lizzie C. Troop*, Captain Corning, and the American ship *State of Maine*, Captain Small, left St. John together for Australia loaded with deals at £6 per standard. The *Troop* was bound for Melbourne, the *Maine* to Adelaide. For the first four days after leaving port the ships kept company. They parted on the fifth day, but fell in with one another 30 days after leaving St. John. The Line was crossed together, then the ships separated. The *Troop* arrived in Melbourne after a passage of 87 days, during which time she lay becalmed for four days within 80 miles of the Australian port. The honours of the contest rested with the Bluenose ship, as the *State of Maine* did not arrive at her destination until later.

Early in 1890, the *Lizzie C. Troop*, in command of Captain Benjamin G. Fownes, carried case oil from Philadelphia to Nagasaki. She arrived safely, and after discharging prepared to sail for Puget Sound. While in Nagasaki and ready to sail, a Manila steward, Diaz, served Captain and Mrs. Fownes, and the chief officer, with tea and biscuits in the early morning. The second mate took coffee. Within a short time after taking the refreshment, the three who had taken tea were seized with violent cramps and vomiting. A doctor was summoned and he diagnosed the complaint as arsenical poisoning. The tea was then analysed, and there was sufficient arsenic found in the tea-pot to kill fifty people. The steward was immediately arrested, and confessed that he had planned to poison officers and crew so that he and a confederate could deliver the ship into the hands of natives in some of the islands through which the ship would pass.

Immediately after this experience, the ship got under way and left Nagasaki on September 15th, 1890, for Puget Sound. On September 22nd, the *Lizzie C. Troop* encountered a cyclone and drove ashore on the Loochoo Islands, between Formosa and Japan. Captain Fownes, his son, and ten of the crew



were lost. Mrs. Fownes, the two mates, cook and nine hands were saved. A most graphic description of the disaster was written from Hiogo by the mate, John Troop, a native of Nova Scotia. Parts of it are given herewith :

" . . . wind was blowing so hard that it was impossible to face it, and the sea ran very high. Five minutes after the breakers were sighted, the ship struck the coral shore and instantly ground to pieces.

" I said to myself, while there's life, there's hope, and I stood on the deck ready to take any chance that might offer. A cabin door was blown from its fastenings and struck me in the face, breaking my nose. I recovered from the shock and was again inclined to hope, when a ladder fell and struck me, breaking off some of my teeth, which I swallowed. Still I was not without hope, and I was ready for the struggle when the deck opened as the ship was rent in two. It closed again and had my right arm pinned as though it was in a vice. I could not free it and I tried to break my arm off at the socket, but of course I could not. I tell you it was the most awful moment of my life. The roar of the ocean, the howling of the wind, and the crunching of the timbers of the ship as I was held fast I will never forget. I was expecting to be crushed with the timbers instantly.

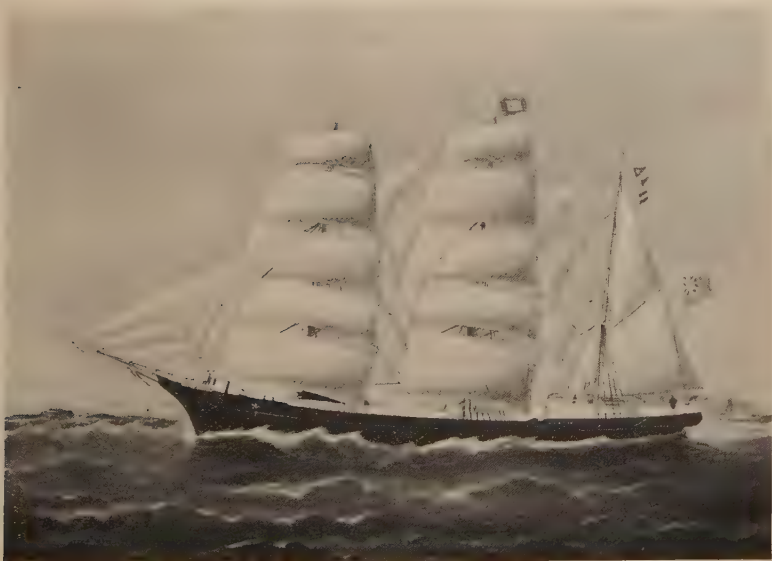
" A sea struck the vessel in such a way as to again part the deck and I found my arm free. Oh, how glad I was ! I forgot the danger and jumped overboard. There did not seem to be much to hope for in such a sea, but I saw a man a few feet ahead of me standing on bottom, so I knew the water was not deep there. I caught hold of a coral reef. It was like clinging to broken glass. I could not hold on long and was again washed seaward. Then I saw the captain's wife and I was so fortunate as to reach her. We got her ashore and I found I was safe. How I got out, or got her out of the surf, I do not know.

" Our hands and feet were badly gashed by the coral. It was like stepping on knives and I could not walk for ten days. I am afraid my right hand is crippled for life. There were no doctors on the island and we were the first Europeans to set foot ashore there. We were curiosities and the natives came to look at us. They were very kind and gave us hot rice-water. We could get no bread or meat, and we needed such badly, as we were in poor physical condition. The captain was badly gashed by the coral—head battered to pieces. He died in an old hut near the wreck and I buried him."



Ship "EVEREST," 1680 tons, of Yarmouth, N.S.  
 Built 1878, Belliveau's Cove, N.S.

(See p. 192.)



Barque "BERTIE BIGLOW," 1142 tons, of Yarmouth, N.S.  
 Built 1876, Beaver River, N.S.



Capt. SAM BRADLEY, of Maitland, N.S.,  
Barque "SALMON," etc.



Capt. JAMES DURKEE, of Yarmouth, N.S.,  
Barque "H. B. CANN," etc.



The terse narrative of an iron man, truly! The survivors had to remain for 16 days on the island before the weather abated and boats could leave. When the weather eased off, the natives landed them on another island, 106 miles south, from which they got a vessel for Japan. For their humane treatment of the *Lizzie Troop's* crew, rewards aggregating \$250 were granted to the natives of the Loochoo Islands.

#### THE CLIPPER BARQUE "CYPRUS" AND CAPTAIN RAYMOND PARKER

One of the most celebrated of Troop's craft was the barque *Cyprus*, 1091 tons, which, under the command of Captain Raymond Parker, gained a reputation for fast passages. In a trifle over twelve months this ship made nine Transatlantic voyages and landed five cargoes from North America in the United Kingdom. This was in 1878-1879, and constituted a record which was not surpassed by a vessel of her class.<sup>1</sup> The *Cyprus* made other fine passages which will be recorded later in this chapter.

The *Cyprus* was built by Abram Young at Annapolis, N.S., and launched in 1878. At the time her keel was laid she was the second largest vessel to be built inside of Digby Gut. Some particulars of her construction might be of interest.

Her timbers, frame and planking were spruce cut from the North Mountain. The stem, apron, stern-post, windlass and mooring-bitts were of white oak. The keel was 175 ft. long and composed of black birch, and considered equal to oak. The keelsons were pitch pine 16 in. thick, in 65-foot lengths laid in three tiers and bolted together with 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  in. iron. This formed a backbone for the vessel, which measured 8 ft. 5 in. in depth from top of keelson to the bottom of the shoe. The thickness of the ceiling in the bilge was 13 in. In the lower hold were four tiers of diagonal pointers fore and aft, the crochets of which across the keelson were fastened with 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  in. yellow metal bolts. The main-deck stringers were hard pine in 65-foot lengths, and the waterways, spirkiting strake, lock strake, pin rack and rails were all hard pine. The fastening for 19 ft. up was done with 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  in. yellow metal bolts. She was thoroughly iron-kneed. The barque's dimensions were 195  $\times$  36.9  $\times$  21.6. The figure-head was the life-sized form of a female and was carved by Rogerson and Cochran, St. John.

<sup>1</sup> See *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, pp. 257-9, for details.



Loading deals at St. John for Liverpool on her maiden voyage, the *Cyprus*, commanded by Captain Parker, made the passage in 17 days, and began the year's work which made her famous at the time. She left the New Brunswick port on her first trip in September 1878, and another St. John ship, the *Themis*, 975 tons, belonging to the Vaughans, left Liverpool at the same time, bound for New York. The *Cyprus* arrived at Liverpool, discharged her deals, ballasted, and sailed for New York. She loaded a grain cargo there and sailed for Glasgow, and arrived in the U.K. on the same day that the *Themis* arrived in New York. The *Cyprus* had made three crossings and had discharged two cargoes in Great Britain in the time it took the *Themis* to get from Liverpool to New York. The latter ship was built at St. Martins, N.B., in 1862.

On her seventh voyage, the *Cyprus* left New York at the end of March 1880, bound for Reval, Russia. "The wind was N.W. on sailing," said Captain Parker in a letter to me recently, "letting her go to the eastward. Then the wind gradually went northerly, carrying us away to the southward of our course. It then hauled to the E. and S.E., freshening to a gale with bad weather. I put her before the wind and passed the Naze of Norway, thence into the Cattegat, through the Sound, and away romping past Bornholm and into Reval on the eighteenth day out from New York.

"We discharged cargo there and left for Königsberg, loaded a cargo of old rails and were back in New York after three months away. It was a lump sum charter and the merchants had given me five months to complete it."

Captain Parker left the *Cyprus* then to take charge of another of Troop's ships, but the master who succeeded him never made any time worth recording. It is said that the new captain altered the staving of the barque's masts. The *Cyprus* was damaged and condemned in Monte Video in 1893. A Mr. Anselmo of that place bought and repaired her and changed her name to *Santa Lucia*.

Captain Parker was born of a shipping family. He was the son of John S. Parker, the Tynemouth Creek shipbuilder, whose father founded the yard in 1780. Raymond Parker was one of three brothers who went to sea and rose to command.

Before he was twenty-one he had secured a Canadian master's certificate and was in command of Troop's barque *Crown Jewel*, 716 tons, *after an actual sea service of only four years!* When asked as to how he acquired his master's ticket without going through the regular routine, Captain Parker explained that,

before actually going to sea, for about two years he was in the habit of making little trips across the Bay of Fundy in different vessels. Adding these trips to his four years' actual sea-service, he was permitted to sit for his examination. Here is an example of a man who was a born sailor and equipped mentally and physically to take charge of a comparatively large ship in the foreign trade at an early age and without putting in half his life before the mast or as an officer. Many British North American masters did the same thing, and I have been told of some very able shipmasters who served but a very little time before the mast and practically began their seafaring as officers.

Captain Parker served before the mast and in command of Troop's vessels for a continuous period of twenty-seven years. He sailed many of their ships and superintended the building of all their iron and steel ships in Great Britain, taking command of several when ready for sea. The *Crown Jewel*, *J. V. Troop*, and *Cyprus*, wooden ships, and the *Troop*, *Nellie Troop*, and *Howard D. Troop*, steel and iron craft, were some of his commands. For two years he was master of the *S.S. Kentigern* until she shifted her cargo in the North Atlantic and had to be abandoned. When Troop's went out of business, Captain Parker went into steam, sailing in various commands. Prior to his retirement he was master of Anglo-American Oil Company tankers.

While in sail he acquired a reputation as a passage-maker and got the most out of his ships without straining or damaging them. He possessed a firm, strong, and resolute character and was not easily daunted, and his forty-seven years at sea, most of the time as master, secured for him a record at Lloyd's which was clean and successful. And in that time at sea many things could happen. He retired in 1923 to his poultry farm in Auburn, New Hampshire.

"My watch began on leaving port," he said to me, in explaining his consistent passage record, "and ended on arrival. Night was the same as day. I never left the deck by saying 'Good-night,' and was likely to come up at any and all times. The good luck we read about in passage-making is by taking advantage of every chance and seeing that every opportunity is made use of."

## SHIPS "JACOB V. TROOP" AND "J. V. TROOP"

The *Jacob V. Troop* was a ship of 1232 tons, built in 1869 by J. S. Parker at Tynemouth Creek, St. John. She was a finely modelled craft, but had a comparatively short life, being abandoned in the North Atlantic while on passage from New York to Bristol. Captain Raymond Parker was in command. The ship was caught in a gale, sprang a leak and became unmanageable. The vessel was abandoned on her beam ends, masts cut away and seas making a complete beach over her. Captain Parker and his crew were taken off and landed at Bermuda by the Boston barque *Smyrniote*.

The *J. V. Troop*, a ship of 1345 tons, was also built by Parker and launched in 1879. In command of Captain Farnsworth, she made her maiden passage from St. John to Liverpool in 18 days. During the Spanish-American War she was lying in Manila, coal-laden. Admiral Dewey required coal for his fleet and took hold of the *J. V. Troop's* cargo of 1800 tons. Coal was also taken from the St. John ship *Honolulu* and one of Burrill's (Yarmouth, N.S.) ships.

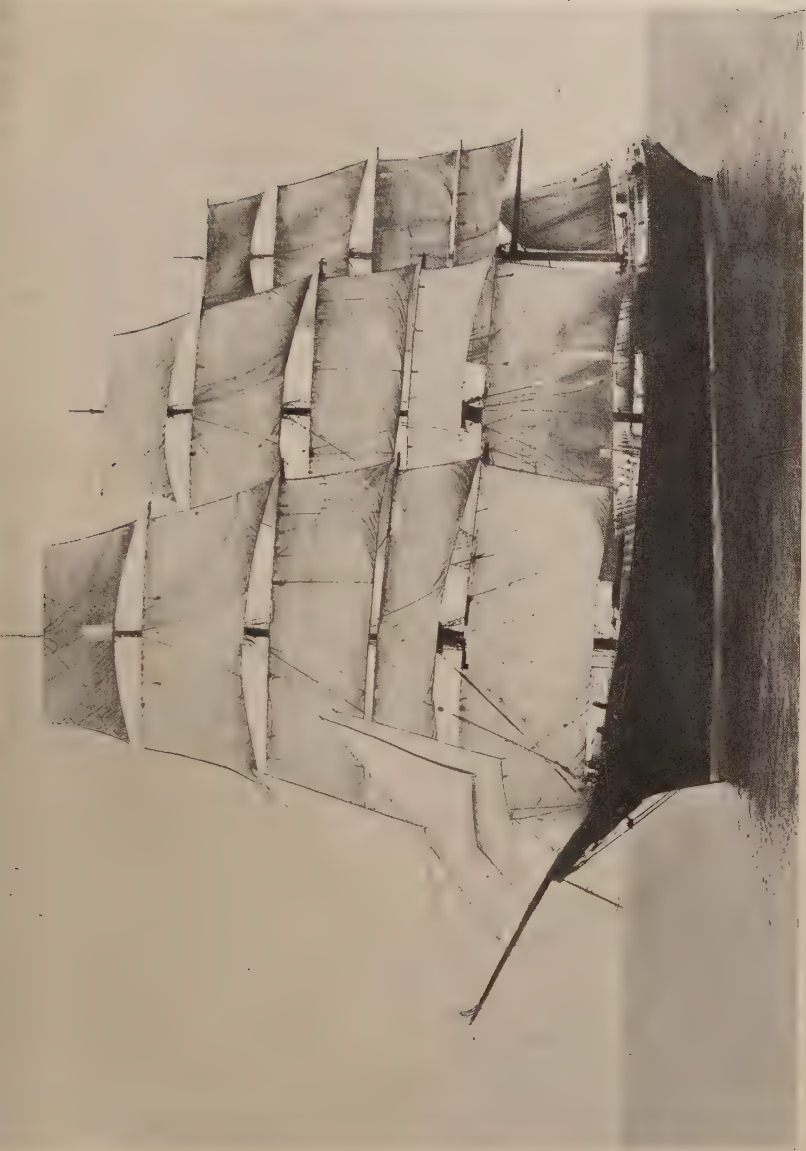
Another incident in the career of the *J. V. Troop* occurred while the ship was lying in Port Louis Harbour, Mauritius. A regatta was arranged between the crews of the ships in port—there were eleven of them, British and Americans—and in the boat-pulling contest the entry of the *J. V. Troop* won by a long distance. The boat was steered by the mate of the *A. L. Palmer*, but the crew all hailed from St. John County. Sculling and rowing, for many years, was a favourite sport around St. John, and many record-breaking crews hailed from there. Perhaps that accounted for the *J. V. Troop's* victory.

The *J. V. Troop* was condemned in 1903 and sold to the Norwegians, who repaired her and changed her name to *America*.<sup>1</sup>

## BARQUE "KATE F. TROOP" AND SHIP "KATE TROOP"

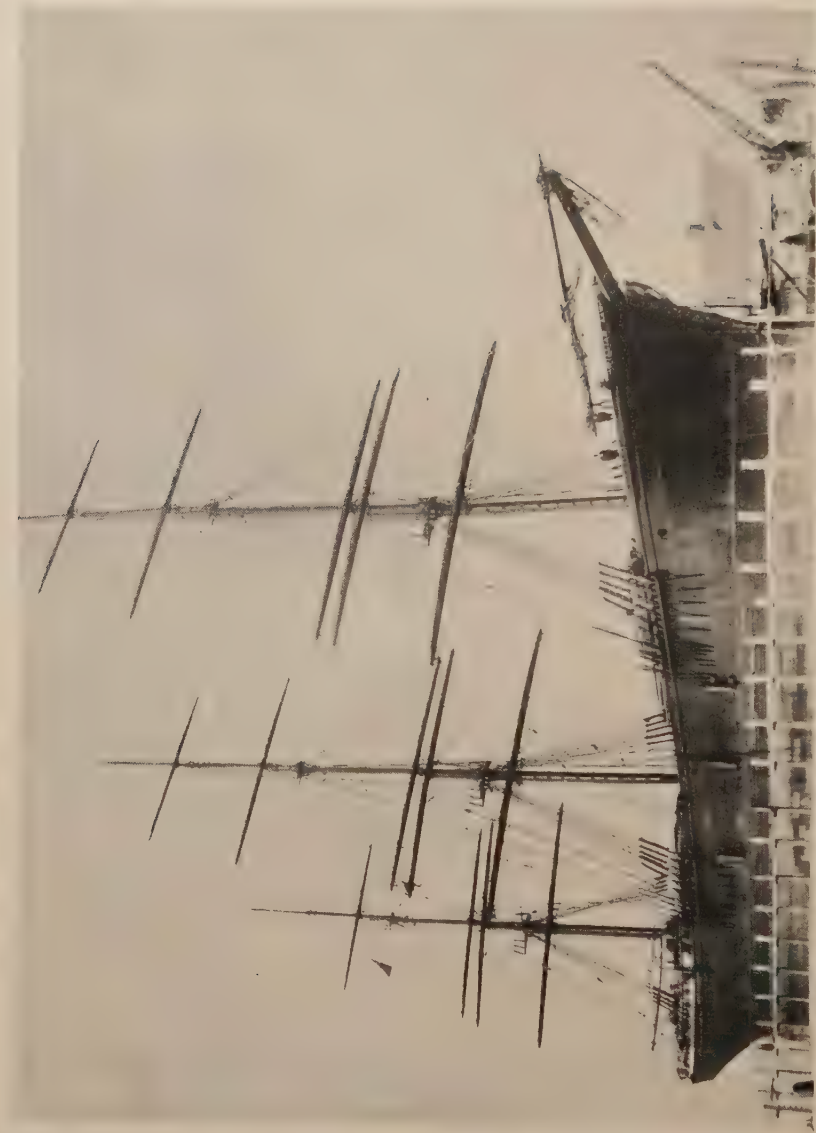
The ship-rigged *Kate Troop* was the smaller craft and was built at Granville, N.S., by Abram Young in 1865. She was a vessel of 748 tons. The barque *Kate F. Troop*, 1096 tons, was built by J. S. Parker in 1881. She was a fine vessel and a good sailer.

<sup>1</sup> See also *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, p. 260.



Ship "VANLOO," 1520 tons, of Yarmouth, N.S.,  
Built 1884, Gros Coques, N.S.





Ship "WILLIAM LAW," 1599 tons, of Yarmouth, N.S.

Built 1879, Tusket, N.S.

(On floating dock at Quebec.)

(See p. 68.)



In 1897, she left New York with a general cargo for Sydney, N.S.W., under Captain Fownes. The ship sailed on February 16th and was 24 days to the Equator. Light to fresh S.E. Trades were then met, and the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope was crossed on April 1st, 43 days out from New York. The easting was run down between 42° and 43° S. with strong gales from N.E. and N.W. with high seas. Heavy bodies of water were shipped, but no damage was done and some good running was made between the Cape and Otway—200 miles per day being the average with as high as 270 miles in the twenty-four hours. From Otway to Sydney, light variable winds prevailed, but the *Kate F. Troop* anchored in Athol Bight 88 days from New York. On this passage she beat all of the iron ships going out, some being 110 days on passage.

On another occasion, in command of Captain Brown, the *Kate F. Troop* arrived in Buenos Ayres from Port Blakely, Wash., after a passage of 69 days. The *Kate F. Troop* was still sailing under the Troop flag in 1905, twenty-four years after building.

#### BARQUES "MARY A. TROOP"

It will be noticed that the Troops duplicated the names of many of their vessels. The first *Mary A. Troop* was a small barque of 373 tons built at Granville, N.S., by Young in the late 'sixties. In the 'seventies, the *Mary A. Troop*, while bound to New York from Ardrossan with a cargo of pig-iron, was run into by the S.S. *Pennsylvania* and sent to the bottom during a thick fog on Georges Shoals. Captain Geo. R. Cain, of Yarmouth, N.S., and five of the crew were drowned.

The second *Mary A. Troop* was a barque of 1118 tons built in 1882 by David Lynch, St. John. She was a superior barque of 180 ft. keel, coppered to 22 ft. and galvanised fastenings above. She was classed in the Bureau Veritas as A1 for thirteen years. One noteworthy item in her construction was an improvement in her hawse-pipes—these being cast in the form of an arc instead of straight, which innovation was claimed to save the labour of three men at her windlass.

When she arrived in Belfast on her first voyage with a cargo of deals, the local Press commented on her fine appearance and drew attention to the fact that her builder, David Lynch, was an Irishman who was born at Knockan, County Derry.

In the late 'eighties the *Mary A. Troop* was credited with landing a cargo of 1900 tons of tea in Portland, Oregon, from

Yokohama, and making the passage in 41 days. The Japanese port was left on July 13th, and on the crossing the Troop barque beat the Windsor ship *Flora P. Stafford* by four days, passing her at sea.

The *Mary A. Troop* was abandoned at sea in March 1904 while on a voyage from Pensacola to Rio.

BARQUES "CEDAR CROFT," "LOW WOOD," AND  
"STILLWATER"

These three barques were all built by David Lynch, St. John, from the same moulds. The *Cedar Croft*, named after the Rothesay home of Jacob V. Troop, was a barque of 1099 tons and was built in 1877.<sup>1</sup> The *Low Wood*, 1091 tons, was built in 1878, and the *Stillwater*, 1052 tons, in 1879. They were handy, well-built craft. All were fortunate and were in service under the Troop flag for over twenty-five years.

In 1898, the *Stillwater*, in command of Captain Frank P. Trites, made the passage from Buenos Ayres to Newcastle, N.S.W., in the record time of 51 days (the Nautical Magazine, 1900, states 47 days). On this run the *Stillwater* sailed from 40° W. in 46° S. to 20° E. in 10 days. Numerous icebergs were met with on the passage and great vigilance was necessary, especially at night. The best day's runs were 312, 305, and 306 miles in three successive days.

In 1884 or 1885, the *Low Wood* rescued the crew of the ship *Bend d'Or* during heavy weather on the North Atlantic. It was blowing hard and with a rough sea when the *Bend d'Or* was sighted in distress, but in response to the call for help the *Low Wood* launched a boat in an attempt at rescue. The boat was capsized and the crew of five men were drowned. Undaunted by this tragedy, the *Low Wood* stood by the other vessel for three days until the sea moderated, then another boat was sent forth in charge of the mate and manned by an old sailor named William Adams and a boy. These three gallant fellows succeeded in bringing off the *Bend d'Or's* crew of eleven men, making two trips between the ships in order to do so.

I do not know who was in command of the *Low Wood* at the time, nor the name of the mate in charge of the boat, but Adams was presented with the Albert Medal for his share in the rescue. In relating the incident, the Commissioner who made the presentation stated that Adams was a very old man,

<sup>1</sup> See also pp. 224, 255, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

who declared that his age was "sometimes fifty, sometimes sixty and sometimes seventy." He was a native of North America. On the last trip to the *Bend d'Or*, Adams went down into her cabin to bring up the chronometer, and as he was in the act of placing it in a bucket to be hoisted up through the skylight, he found the ship's cat alive below. Saying, "Lives come first!" he rejected the chronometer and put the cat in the bucket and sent it up.

### THE SHIP "MINISTER OF MARINE"

The *Minister of Marine* was one of Troop's largest wooden ships, registering 1682 tons. She was built in 1874 by J. S. Parker and was a long time building. She crossed three skysail yards and 8000 yards of canvas was used in making her sails. When ready for sea she was valued at \$100,000.

Though not renowned as a sailer, yet in the early 'nineties she arrived in St. John with a cargo of 2400 tons of sugar, making the run from Anjer in the good time of 97 days.

Later, while bound from Liverpool to Rio with a cargo of coal, a fire broke out soon after leaving port. The S.S. *Ballycotton* took the ship in tow off the Skulmartin Lightship and brought her into Belfast Lough, where she was scuttled. I believe she passed out from Troop ownership then.

### OTHER TROOP SHIPS

In the following paragraphs I set down particulars of other wooden vessels owned by the Troops or in which they had an interest. Alas! in too many instances it is a record of disaster.

Ship *Howard D. Troop*, 1544 tons, built 1871 by Parker at Tynemouth Creek. Lost in 1885 while loading guano at the Canton Islands.

Barque *Highlands*, 1234 tons, built 1883 by David Lynch, Portland, St. John. This vessel had a fair turn of speed on occasion and once made a passage from Shanghai to Astoria in 30 days. This was regarded as being the next best on record—the American ship *William H. Starbuck*, Captain Cliff, making it once in 28 days. The *Highlands* passed out from Troop ownership when she arrived in Barbados in February 1906, in a leaky condition, while *en route* with a cargo of salt from Turks Islands to New York. At Barbados she was condemned and sold for \$2700.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See also pp. 288 and 308, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



Barque *Annie Troop*, 511 tons, built in 1866 by Parker. In command of Captain Smith, she sailed from Limerick for Sydney, Nova Scotia, in October 1883, and was never heard of. Crew of twenty lost.

Ship *Herald*, Captain Wm. Parker, sailed from Philadelphia for Yokohama in May 1885, passed Anjer 104 days out and failed to arrive at her destination. The captain belonged to St. Martin's, N.B., and over 30 of a crew were lost.

Barque *Crown Jewel*, 716 tons, built 1868 by Young, Granville, N.S. Sailed from Sydney, N.S., for New York, November 1890, and failed to arrive. Over 20 men lost.

Ship *Edithe Troop*, 1233 tons, built 1872, St. John, N.B. In command of Captain Wm. Smith she sailed from New Orleans for Calais in 1880 with a grain cargo and was never heard of after sailing.

Barque *James W. Elwell*, built 1870 by Stephen King, Courtenay Bay, St. John. While bound from Cardiff to Valparaiso in 1872, caught fire to the westward of the Horn and had to be abandoned. Captain Wren, of St. Andrews, Sarah A. Farrington, stewardess, and one seaman saved after 72 days' wandering around the Patagonian channels.<sup>1</sup>

Barque *Douglas*, 509 tons, built 1886 by McQuiggan, St. John. While on voyage from South Africa to Cuba, wrecked on La Folle reefs, Vache Island, West Indies, February 1900.

Ship *Empress of India*, 1713 tons, built 1876 by Parker, Tynemouth Creek. A fine ship which was wrecked at Brouwershaven while bound for Rotterdam with a cargo of guano.

Ship *Eliza A. Kenney*, 1060 tons, built 1867 by Young, Granville, N.S. Abandoned in March 1887 while on passage from Philadelphia to Rouen with a cargo of barrelled oil.

Barque *Sunny Region*, 675 tons, built by Parker in 1868. While bound from St. Thomas to St. John was lost on Little Spoon Island, Isle au Haut, Bay of Fundy, in 1877.

Barque *Morocco*, Captain W. R. Farnsworth, Mobile for Liverpool, cotton cargo, burned at sea, March 1873. Crew saved.

Barque *Josie T. Marshall*, 1073 tons, built 1879 by Alpheus Marshall, Bear River, N.S. Had a short life, being wrecked on Long Island, N.Y., while on voyage from Antwerp to Sandy Hook in ballast.

Barque *Annapolis*, 914 tons, built by Young at Annapolis in 1873. Got ashore on the Orinoco River bar while bound with a cargo of ore from Manao, Venezuela, to New York.

<sup>1</sup> See detailed account p. 239, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

Barque *Josie Troop*, 1099 tons, built in 1881 by David Lynch, St. John. On February 22nd, 1889, the *Josie Troop* went ashore on a sand-bar at Chicamacomico, North Carolina, during a thick fog and high sea. In freezing weather, the life-savers were only able to rescue six of the crew. The master, Captain George Cook, and ten men were lost. Captain Cook was a native of Yarmouth, N.S., and had retired from the sea and was in business in Philadelphia as a member of the stevedoring firm of Murphy and Cook. In order to accommodate the regular master of the *Josie Troop*, Captain Cook took the barque across from New York to London and was on the return voyage when the disaster happened. Captain Cook was well known and greatly respected in Philadelphia.

Barque *Nellie G. Troop*, 1098 tons, built in 1880 by David Lynch, St. John. Wrecked in December of the same year at Ameland while bound from Baltimore to Bremen.

Ship *Hudson*, 1485 tons, built 1883 at Black River, N.B., by J. and R. McLeod. She was a vessel of fine model and splendidly finished throughout. It was said at the time of her launch: "The 'tween decks are laid, and so smooth is the floor and so fine the finish that it could almost be used as a ball-room." The *Hudson* was classed A1 for thirteen years by the Bureau Veritas. She had a short life, as when bound from Philadelphia to Hiogo with case oil, she was becalmed off Amiblan Island, near Java, and drifting ashore became a total loss.

Barque *Mistletoe*, 821 tons, built by Young at Young's Cove, N.S., in 1875. In 1879, the *Mistletoe* arrived in Londonderry on June 23rd from Baltimore, having made the passage from Cape Henry in 16 days. In the 'nineties she too was listed as one of Troop's total losses.

Barque *Bessie Parker*, 869 tons, built 1864 by Parker at Tyne-mouth Creek. In the 'eighties she was wrecked at Nassau, Bahamas. Crew saved.

A smart barquentine of the Troop fleet was the *Eva Lynch*, 458 tons, built in 1884 by David Lynch, St. John. She was a smart sailer, and about 1900, commanded by Captain S. J. Hatfield, she made the passage from Buenos Ayres to Boston in 41 days, leaving the Argentine port on March 12th with 750 bales of wool.

To give an idea of how this little packet went world-wandering, here is a year's work of the *Eva Lynch*. From New York to Mauritius with case oil; from Mauritius to Mahé, Seychelles, with thirty passengers and a general cargo; from thence to Eagle Island for 700 tons of guano, back to Mahé, from thence

to Ipswich, England, via St. Helena, and then back to North America in ballast.

Another smart Troop barquentine was the *Hornet*, which, in command of Captain Crosby, once made a passage from Llieo, Chile, to Falmouth in 68 days. The *Hornet* was 407 tons and built in St. John in 1882. Still another was the *George E. Corbitt*, the "handsome Annapolis barquentine" immortalized in an old Nova Scotia "come-all-ye" which I have often heard sung in the fo'c'sles of Nova Scotia schooners. She was abandoned at sea in May 1890.

Following is a list of other Troop vessels listed among their total losses after 1881. Ship *John McLeod*, 1595 tons, built Black River, N.B., in 1881. Barque *St. Julien*, 1049 tons, built 1880 by McLeod, Black River, N.B. In addition to the Canadian-built ships, the Troops bought and operated a few large American-built ships, notably the ships *William H. Starbuck*, *Yorktown*, *Fanny Tucker*—all were subsequently lost.

#### TROOP'S IRON AND STEEL SAILING SHIPS

The first iron ship to be purchased by a Canadian firm was the ship *Troop*, 1526 tons, built by McMillan, Dumbarton, Scotland, for the Troops in 1884. Captain Raymond Parker took command of her and had charge of her for ten years. She was a fine vessel, and during Captain Parker's time traded principally between the U.K. and California.

While bound out from Barrow to San Francisco one voyage, the *Troop* met with heavy weather in the Channel, and one of the anchors washed off the fo'c'sle-head and stove a hole in the bow before it could be shipped. Captain Parker ran the ship for Fishguard Bay and, anchoring there, spent a couple of days patching up the hole and pumping out the fore-peak. When the weather cleared, another start was made. The crew thought that the ship was being taken to port for repairs, but when they found out that Captain Parker was proceeding on the voyage, they refused duty. The skipper and mates, in Blue-nose fashion, quickly clapped the majority of them in irons and carried on themselves with the assistance of the petty officers. Recognizing that they were up against a tough proposition, and after a spell of bread and water, the hungry crew revised their attitude, and asked to be allowed to resume duty. The passage was made in 100 days.

When Captain Parker gave up the command of her, he was succeeded by Captain A. F. Kenney, and the *Troop* had the

distinction of being the first merchant vessel to enter the port of Fusan, Korea, with a cargo of case oil from New York. When she loaded grain in Tacoma around 1900, the local papers commented on her spruce and well-kept appearance.

### THE STEEL BARQUE "NELLIE TROOP"

The steel barque *Nellie Troop*, 1313 tons, was built for them by Chas. Hill and Sons, Bristol, England, in 1889. She was the first steel sailer to be owned by St. John people. Captain Raymond Parker commanded her for a time, also Captain A. F. Nobles. She was a handsome main-skys'lyard barque, but a "work-house" with her white hull, white masts and yards. She continued in the Troop service until 1910, when she was auctioned off by Kellocks, London. The *Nellie Troop* was famous in seafaring annals for a passage which she made in 1895, when she arrived in New York from Manila after 209 days at sea without putting in anywhere.

### THE "HOWARD D. TROOP" STEEL FOUR-MAST BARQUE— RECORD PASSAGES

The second *Howard D. Troop* was built by Robert Duncan and Son, on the Clyde, in 1892. She was a steel four-mast barque of 2180 tons, fitted with a spike boom and a house over her wheel. Captain Raymond Parker superintended her building and took command of her on her first voyage. Though built primarily to stow a large cargo, yet the *Howard D. Troop* could sail.

The barque had accepted a charter to load case oil at New York for Shanghai, and owing to a time limit she had to be in New York by a certain date or the charter would be forfeited and a penalty, perhaps, exacted. When the charter was accepted, plenty of time was allowed for the vessel to be handed over from the builders and to cross the Atlantic. But delay followed delay, and when the *Howard D. Troop* was ready for sea, the time left for her to take up her charter was perilously short.

Shipping a crew, Captain Parker left Greenock on February 12th, 1892, and towed down the Firth of Clyde. With the cancellation date of the charter in mind, he prayed for wind, fair and strong, but when the big four-poster cast off from the tug at Tory Island, it was to spread her wings to baffling



westerlies. For two days she bucked them and the high head seas which they kicked up. It was a discouraging start.

Then the little God of Luck which often favours seafarers gave Captain Parker a chance. The wind came away fair and the vigilant skipper made good use of the slant. Under all she'd stand, and with her master driving her, the big wind-jammer hurled her three-hundred-foot hull through the chill Atlantic seas and went storming to the westward. Day after day, night after night, with her brand-new canvas hard and full, the wind whining in her shrouds, the white water shearing away from her steel stem, and her captain spending the most of his time on the poop watching weather, ship and compass, the *Howard D. Troop* roared her way over a Great Circle track to Sandy Hook and New York. There was no let-up; the fair wind, stiff with winter's bite, filled the piling sails and on February 26th—14 days from Greenock—the *Howard D. Troop's* anchor plunged from the hawse-pipe and gripped the bottom of New York harbour. A charter worth £19,000 was saved for the owners and a passage was made which stands as a record for a vessel of her class.

The best day's run was 330 miles, and the passage from Tory Island to anchor was made in 13 days, 2 hours. Captain Parker gave up the command in New York and turned the barque over to Captain Jack McLaughlin. The *H.D. Troop* loaded 92,000 cases of oil and sailed for Shanghai 36 days later.

At another time, while in command of Captain D. W. Corning, the barque left Hong-Kong for Astoria, in ballast, on January 8th, 1899. As on the previous occasion, she was out to save her charter, and also met adverse weather at the start. Finding it impossible to get out into the Pacific through the Ballington or Bashee Channels, she stood away before the monsoon towards the lower end of the Philippines, and went through Mindoro Straits into the Sulu Sea, through Basalan Straits and around Mindanao. When 35 days out, she was just 750 miles from where she started from. But a friendly breeze caught her when up off Yokohama and she went flying across the Pacific in 22 days. Thirty days is reckoned good time from Yokohama to Astoria. The *Howard D. Troop* arrived in the harbour before sundown of the day her charter expired and she saved her owners \$5000. The passage from Hong-Kong took 60 days.

Another clipper passage was made ten years later when the barque was in command of Captain Irvine A. Durkee, a Nova



Capt. FRED URQUHART, of Tuoro, N.S.,  
Barque "STRATHISLA," etc.

(See p. 242.)



Capt. HERBERT MACDOUGALL, of Maitland, N.S.,  
Barque "SYLVAN," etc.

NOVA SCOTIA SHIPMASTERS.

(See p. 240-I.)



Capt. WINCHESTER, of Digby, N.S.,  
Barquentine "GRENADA," Ship "THERMOPYLÆ," etc.

(See p. 269.)



Capt O. H. HENDERSON, of Halifax, N.S.,  
Barque "JOHN JOHNSTON," Ships "CROMARTYSHIRE" and  
"LARGO LAW," etc.

NOVA SCOTIA SHIPMASTERS.

(See p. 269.)

Scotian. Leaving Yokohama on September 6th, 1909, for Astoria, Oregon, the *Howard D. Troop* scampered across the Pacific and broke the world's record by making the passage in 20 days. The next best passage on this run was held by the Scotch barque *Selkirkshire*, which made it in 21 days in 1897. The British ship *Oberon* and the German ship *Carl* each made the run in 24 days.

The *Howard D. Troop's* log on this passage is herewith set down. The ship was in ballast.

Date.	Lat.	Long.	Dist. Run. (Miles.)	Remarks.
Sept. 6	—	—	—	Left port 6 a.m. Light baffling airs.
7	34° 31' N.	140° 20' E.	50	Light wind and calm, heavy S.E. swell.
8	35° 40'	142° 40'	134	Light N.E., N. and S.W. winds.
9	37° 12'	145° 32'	150	Moderate S. and S.E. winds.
10	38° 21'	149° 13'	205	Fresh, thick fog, S. and S.E. winds.
11	39° 37'	151° 22'	125	Moderate S.E. and fine, heavy S.E. sea.
12	41° 21'	156° 13'	256	Strong S.E. to S.W. wind with rain.
13	42° 09'	162° 29'	297	Strong S.W., thick fog and rain.
14	42° 14'	166° 42'	180	Winds W., N. and E., fine, rain and fog.
15	42° 58'	171° 28'	209	Winds E., S.E. and S. Thick fog.
16	42° 44'	178° 20'	312	Strong S'ly gale.
17	42° 21'	176° 09' W.	243	Strong S'ly gale, hard squalls.
17	43° 30'	171° 31'	210	Wind W., moderating, canting N'ly.
18	44° 09'	165° 25'	250	Wind N.W., S.W. and S.
19	45° 10'	163° 13'	120	Wind S., W., N., N.E. and E.
20	45° 22'	157° 14'	260	Strong S'ly wind.
21	45° 24'	148° 44'	351	Strong S.S.W. wind, rain.
22	46° 08'	141° 09'	312	Strong S.S.W. to S.
23	46° 36'	136° —	238	Wind shifted to W., N.W. and N.N.W.
24	46° 36'	131° 08'	220	Wind N. and fine.
25	46° 34'	127° 04'	165	Light N. and N.E., fine.
26	—	—	—	8 a.m. Made Columbia River Lt. ship.
				2 p.m. Anchored Astoria.

The barque's run of 351 miles from noon on the 20th to noon



on the 21st was a fine day's work, and on two occasions she made runs of 312 miles.

Prior to making this splendid passage, the *Howard D. Troop* was afire while in Yokohama and had to be scuttled. The origin of the blaze was unknown but some of the crew were suspected. The suspected men were hailed before the British Consul and examined, but there were no prosecutions for lack of evidence. However, on returning aboard the ship, the crew refused to work and demanded their discharges. Captain Durkee paid them off and shipped a crew of Japanese in their place, and with these Orientals in the forecabin, he took the vessel across on her record-breaking run. As in the case of the *Rock Terrace* and her Chinese crew, it made no difference to a Bluenose skipper. Give him anything with hands and feet and he would take a vessel anywhere.

The *Howard D. Troop* also featured in a war with the boarding-house masters of Portland, Oregon—once the most crimp-controlled port on the west coast. Holding out against these rascals and their exorbitant demands, the master of the *Troop* succeeded in gaining the sympathy of the Portland citizenry, and public opinion forced the crimps to surrender and loose their hold on the sailor supply of the port. I believe this incident occurred after she arrived from Hong-Kong in 1899.

This fine four-master is also credited with a passage of 82 days from Sydney, N.S.W., to Falmouth in 1906, loaded with 3500 tons of wheat. Another passage of recent years while under American ownership was one of 33 days from Honolulu to the Golden Gate.

When her namesake and owner passed away in 1912, the *Howard D. Troop* was sold and bought by James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, for the sum of £7250. She went under the American flag and her name was changed to *Annie M. Reid*, and she was afloat in 1926.

Recently she was visited by a friend of mine in San Francisco, who states that in spite of the fact that she has been laid up for the past five years the barque is in good condition. Her cabins are beautiful examples of the Clyde builders' art, being panelled in mahogany and bird's-eye maple and are as well preserved as if the ship were newly built. In charge of the barque is Captain Irvine Durkee—the Nova Scotian shipmaster who sailed her on the record passage from Yokohama to Astoria in 1909. Captain Durkee has been in the vessel since 1905. The figure-head which graces her bows is a finely carved likeness of the late Mr. Troop, but since the barque acquired the

name of *Annie M. Reid*, the male figure-head is invariably the subject of comment from the water-front denizens.

### THE "JOSEPHINE TROOP"

The *Josephine Troop* was an iron ship built on the Clyde in 1891. Captain Raymond Parker was to take her, and was in Scotland superintending her fitting out. Before sailing, however, he was warned in a dream not to take her, and so strong was the impression it made on his mind that he cabled the owners of his decision not to sail, and asked that a new captain be appointed. The *Josephine Troop* was detained ten days awaiting the new master—a Captain Scott of Windsor, N.S.

On March 12th, 1891, the ship sailed from Port Glasgow for San Francisco. She was spoken on May 2nd, and was never heard from afterwards.

### TROOP'S CAPTAINS

Captain Jacob Fritz was prominently identified with the Troops in the earlier years, and he superintended, commanded and had an interest in many of their vessels. During the 'seventies he was commodore of their fleet. Captain Raymond Parker, as will have been noted, was one of the most prominent of the Troop captains, and was commodore until the firm went out of business. Captain Farnsworth was another of the old-timers and commanded the ship *Empress of India* for many years. Captain Frank P. Trites, who was master of the *Stillwater*, served his time as a boy with Captain Farnsworth. Other masters were Captain William P. Parker, David W. Corning, Benjamin A. Fownes, Arthur Owen, Philip L. Ferguson, Irvine Durkee, William Smith, Victor Young, A. F. Kenney, A. F. Nobles, Lawrence, Bartaby, Fred Walley, Atkinson, Brown and Jack McLaughlin.

Captain Jack McLaughlin commanded the steel *Howard D. Troop* on her first voyage out East to Shanghai, and a good story is related about him which serves to illustrate the discipline which was maintained on "Bluenose" ships.

Captain McLaughlin's son, Frank, was second mate of the vessel, a young man of twenty-two. The mate was an Englishman shipped in New York. Arriving in Shanghai after nearly five months at sea, the captain and the two mates had their first dinner in port together. The skipper had received some letters from the shore and was sorting them out. Selecting

one addressed to his son, he tossed it over, remarking : " There's a letter from your mother."

The mate favoured the captain and the junior officer with a curious glance, but said nothing. After the meal, and when Frank had passed out on deck, the mate inquired of him : " Are you any relation to the captain? " " Yes," returned the other simply, " he's my father." After five months at sea together, this was the first intimation the mate had of the relationship !

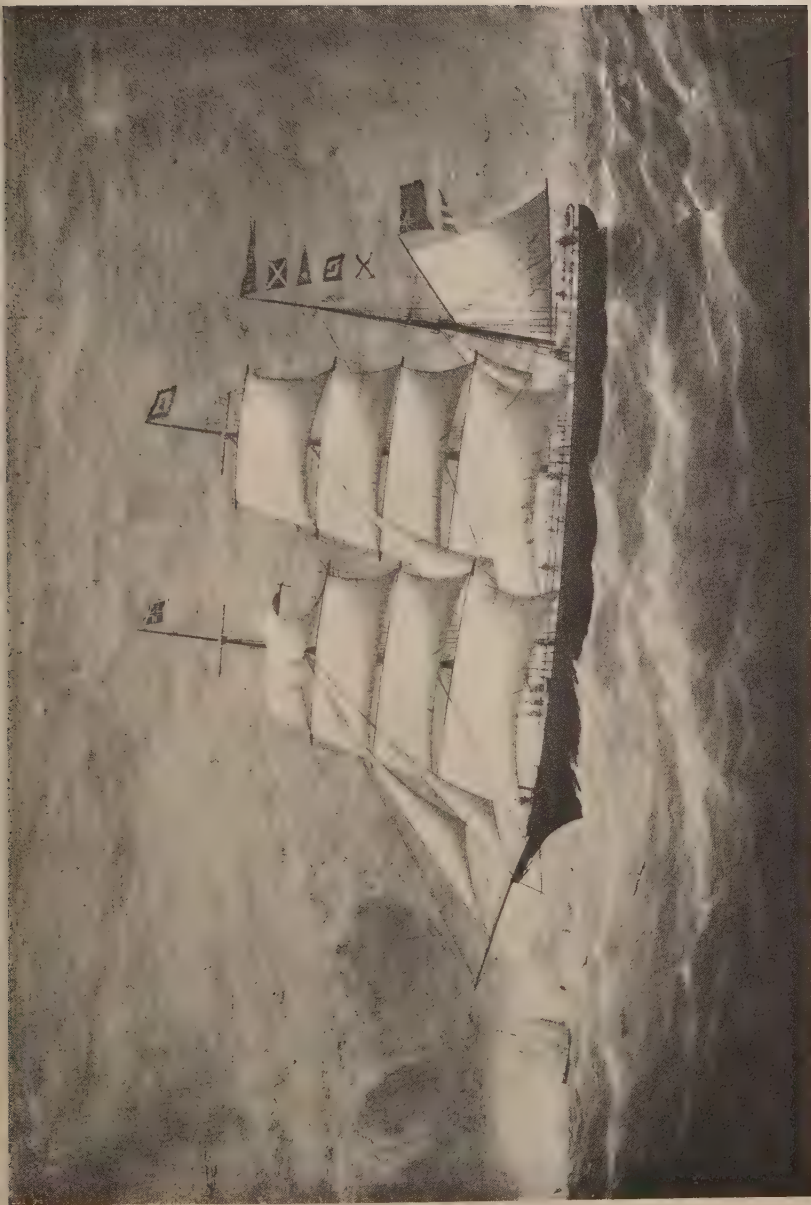
Captain McLaughlin was drowned from the *Howard D. Troop* in Manila Bay, and I understand that his son, who was then mate of the vessel, brought her home.

Captain James H. Parker was master of the *Tamar E. Marshall*, which was owned by Alpheus Marshall, Bear River, N.S., but operated by the Troops. It appears that Captain Parker had developed a disease of the kidneys which would prove fatal unless he used a certain medicine which he always carried with him. It was his custom carefully to put up his supply of the prescription in two bottles when leaving port. When bound home from Shanghai or some Eastern port, Captain Parker neglected his usual precaution, and a few days after sailing had occasion to use the medicine. As ill-luck would have it, the bottle rolled off the table to the floor, broke, and the contents were lost. He told the mate of his mishap and the officer suggested that he turn the ship back. But the captain, though knowing that his life was imperilled, was firm in his decision to keep on. In less than a month he died and was buried at sea.

The Troops and their ships are but a memory. The house-flag that once floated from the main-trucks of many fine craft—the red " T " on the white diamond on the blue ground—has been hauled down for all time, and not a single male member of the Troop family is alive to-day. The Troop Building which housed their offices is still standing in St. John and is now the property of the St. John Board of Trade. One or two half-models of ships decorate the walls, but that is all. The records of a great shipowning firm which carried on business for almost three-quarters of a century appear to have vanished entirely.

#### THE HAWS FAMILY AND THEIR SHIPS

A prominent shipbuilder and shipowner of St. John in the old days was John Haws, who built a number of large vessels



Barque "NICTAUX," 547 tons, of Windsor, N.S.  
Built 1870, Cornwallis, N.S.





Four-mast Barque "KING'S COUNTY," 2061 tons, of Windsor, N.S.  
Built 1890, Kingsport, N.S.

(These two photos show the vessel setting sail off Pensacola.)

(See p. 225.)



there during the 'forties and 'fifties. Descendants and connections of his family carried on shipbuilding and shipping enterprises in New Brunswick, Quebec and Liverpool, England, and a historical record of British North American shipping affairs would be incomplete without some mention of their activities.

John Haws was born in Scotland in 1797, and came to Halifax as a youth and served in the Naval Dockyard there and acquired the trade of shipwright. He was well educated, and spoke and wrote both Gaelic and English. Settling in St. John, he engaged in shipbuilding with a yard at Portland, N.B., and became a prominent citizen of the city, being a magistrate of St. John County, a high officer in Masonic circles and a leading figure in civic affairs. Of the ships he built, a biographical note in a fraternal record remarks: "The vessels launched from his shipyard were celebrated for their sailing qualities and for the excellence of their model and workmanship, and he employed a large number of workmen." He died while on a visit to Liverpool in 1859, and was buried there.

I have no record of the first ships built by John Haws, but in 1840 three sizable vessels were constructed by him—the ships *La Bonne Mère*, 747 tons, *Portland*, 721 tons, and *Paragon*, 598 tons. From then until 1856, a number of large vessels were built by Mr. Haws, mostly for his own account. In 1853, in conjunction with Frederick Smith, he built the large ships *Telegraph*, 1118 tons, and the *Golden Era*, 1556 tons. The *Telegraph* was bought by Kirk and Co., Liverpool, and sailed in the Australian and New Zealand trades, carrying passengers. In 1859 she was sold for £5425. In 1863 she was chartered by Shaw, Savill & Co., London, and carried 172 emigrants to Auckland, N.Z. The passage was made from London in 104 days, and during the voyage was overhauled by the Confederate raider *Alabama*, but allowed to proceed on establishing her identity. In those times, acquaintanceship with the famous privateer was something to talk about. The *Golden Era* was afterwards in the Australian emigrant trade under the White Star flag. The ship *Sir Harry Smith*, 907 tons, built by Haws in 1849, was also an Australian trader and became one of the prison hulks in Melbourne during the Gold Rush days.

The last ship built by John Haws was the *Calista Haws*, 1124 tons. She was constructed in 1856 for the family and cost £15,000—a hard-wood, fine-looking craft of frigate model, but a poor carrier, as she was so heavily timbered. The *Calista Haws* sailed until 1881 under the Haws flag and was commanded by a son of her builder, Captain George W. Haws, for

many years. Captain Haws was related to the Davie family of Quebec, having married a Miss Elizabeth Davie, daughter of the Captain Allison Davie who maintained a shipyard and patent slip in Quebec with Captain Geo. Taylor.

Another of John Haws' sons, Richard Calvert Haws, followed the sea and was master of some of his father's vessels. Latterly he retired from sea-service and built ships at St. John and elsewhere for his own account. He married a Miss Harrison, daughter of Canon Harrison of St. John, and afterwards settled in Liverpool, England, where he became an important figure in shipping circles.

Captain Richard Haws was rated as a fine seaman and a man who believed in taking chances. It is related of him that when bound to Liverpool one time from North America he was unable to get an observation the whole way across. When green water warned him that he was "on soundings," he had no lead-line, but unrove the main-topsail halliards, bent a piece of iron on them, and got his soundings in that fashion. Whether this occurred through accident or by design the story does not say, but some of the old North Atlantic-men were sparing with gear. Sailor legend had it that on many of them the mate fetched his own watch-tackle aboard with him and slept with the signal halliards under his bunk mattress.

On another occasion, he was making the Irish coast, running under topsails and foresail, and wanted to heave-to. In the breeze blowing it was essential that the foresail be taken off her, but to clew it up then would mean losing the sail. So he sent the hands aloft on the foreyard with orders to cut away the head-earrings and roving at a given signal. At the command, the men on both yardarms cut the sail adrift from the jack-stays, and the canvas fell to the fo'c'sle-head and was safely gathered in. When the weather cleared, it was bent on again. That was one way of stripping sail off a ship.

After leaving the sea, Richard Haws had several vessels built for him at various places in New Brunswick, among them being the *E. B. Haws*, 761 tons, built 1867 by J. S. Covert, a relative, at Oromocto; *Kate Covert*, 811 tons, built 1869 at Oromocto; *Bessie H.*, 864 tons, built 1871 at Burton, N.B., and the *Semantha*, 899 tons, built in 1874 at Tynemouth. All the above craft were barques and sailed under the Haws flag. The ship *Canon Harrison*, 1200 tons, was built for the firm at Oromocto, in 1876, and was, I believe, the last wooden ship built in Canada for the Haws fleet—all later craft being iron and steel sailing ships and steamers registered in Liverpool.

The *Semantha* was named after a Micmac Indian maiden who was assumed to have brought good fortune to an Indian tribe on her marriage to the chief's son. The name must have had some fortunate significance in the Haws fleet, as it was perpetuated in a fine steel four-mast barque which was built on the Clyde for them in 1888. She was afterwards sold, and was torpedoed by a German submarine in the late war. A third *Semantha*, a steamer, also owned by the Haws, met the same fate after she was sold.

The seafaring strain ran strong in the Haws blood. Three sons of John Haws, the St. John shipbuilder, followed the sea, and the eldest son of Captain Richard Haws, John R. Haws, was also a shipmaster who afterwards succeeded his father as head of the Haws firm in Liverpool. On the death of Richard Haws, in 1901, the firm became John R. Haws and Company, and they built a number of steel sailing ships, eventually operating steamers. The firm went out of business in 1916. John R. Haws, now deceased, was at one time Chairman of the Shipping Federation, Liverpool, and was also a prominent member of the Liverpool Shipowners' Association. He was master of the ship *Canon Harrison* for five years.

Captain George W. Haws, brother of Richard, made his home for a time in Quebec, where he looked after the ships as they arrived there in the summer season. The *Calista Haws*, which he commanded at one time, was his favourite ship and he was very proud of her. When she arrived in Quebec one time with the yards stripped off the mizzen, Captain George was enraged at such sacrilege and ordered his brother-in-law, George Davie, the shipbuilder at Levis, to rig her up again as a full-rigged ship. And ship-rigged she remained until 1881, when she was set afire by her crew off the Nova Scotia coast.<sup>1</sup>

It was this Captain Haws who threw the Quebec crimp overboard from the *Calista Haws*. He was also engaged in a fracas with Quebec crimps while in the ship *Sir Harry Smith* lying at Levis in 1855. He was an easy-going, good-natured man—the opposite to his brother Richard, who was energetic and ambitious. One of his sons, Allison Davie Haws, born at Levis and educated in the old Quebec High School, also became a shipmaster and commanded ships under the "Diamond H" flag out of Liverpool.

The old John Haws shipyard in St. John was taken over by the Hilyards after his death, and many splendid vessels were built there by them.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 82, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



The history of the Haws family is but another instance of the influence of British North America in the shipping affairs of Great Britain. Many of the pioneer shipbuilding and ship-owning families returned to England and there continued in maritime ventures. The Wrights, De Wolfs, Vaughans, Soleys, Morans, Nevins, Cunards and many others were British ship-owners who originated in the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

#### WHEN KRAKATOA BLEW UP—THE STORY OF THE "CHARLES BAL"

One of the most fearful volcanic eruptions of modern times occurred in 1883, when the mountainous island of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, literally blew up—the explosion tearing away the whole side of a mountain 1400 feet high and gouging out a submarine cavity of a thousand feet deep where once the northern part of the cone of Rakata once raised its head. Over 36,000 human beings perished in the cataclysm; ashes and dust were cast over a vast area of the world's surface; sounds of the volcanic explosions were heard 3000 miles away, while the tidal disturbances—which were responsible for most of the deaths—extended from Ceylon to Cape Horn.

It was a New Brunswick ship, the *Charles Bal*, which had the wonderful and awesome experience of being in the vicinity of Krakatoa when the volcano was actually in action, and the account of her master, Captain W. J. Watson, is a record of a cataclysm which few could view and live to tell the tale.

The *Charles Bal*, a ship of 1432 tons, was built at St. John, N.B., in 1870, for James Nevins, St. John. She was named after M. Charles Bal, Director of the Bureau Veritas, in which Registry many British North American ships were classed. Messrs. Nevins, Welsh & Co., Liverpool, operated the *Charles Bal* out of that port, and she was in Sunda Straits on a voyage to Hong-Kong when Krakatoa became an active volcano. The following letter from Captain Watson of the *Charles Bal* is extracted from the magazine *Nature* and graphically describes the outburst.

"August 22nd, 1883, lat. 15° 30' S., long. 105° E.—About 7 p.m. the sea suddenly assumed a milky-white appearance, beginning to the east of us, but soon spreading all round, and lasting till 8 p.m. There were some clouds (cumulus) in the sky, but many stars shone, and in the east to north-east a strong white haze or silvery glare.

"This occurred again between 9 and 10 p.m., the clouds also

appearing to be edged with a pinkish-coloured light, the whole sky also seemed to have extra light in it, similar to when the aurora is showing faintly. On the 24th, in  $9^{\circ} 30' \text{ S.}$ ,  $105^{\circ} \text{ E.}$ , we had a repetition of the above. On the night of the 25th, standing in for Java Head, the land was covered with thick dark clouds and heavy lightning. On the 26th, about 9 a.m., passed Prince's Island, wind south-west and some heavy rain; at noon, wind west-south-west, weather fine, the island of Krakatoa to the north-east of us, but only a small portion of the north-east point, close to the water, showing; rest of the island covered with a dense black cloud.

"At 2.30 p.m. noticed some agitation about the Point of Krakatoa; clouds or something being propelled from the north-east point with great velocity. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound as of a mighty crackling fire, or the discharge of heavy artillery at second intervals of time. At 4.15 p.m. Krakatoa north-half-east, ten miles distant, observed a repetition of that noted at 2.30, only much more furious and alarming, the matter, whatever it was, being propelled with amazing velocity to the north-east. To us, it looked like blinding rain, and had the appearance of a furious squall of ashen hue. At once shortened sail to topsails and foresail.

"At 5 p.m. the roaring noise continued and increased; wind moderate from the S.S.W.; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice-stone fell on us, many pieces being of considerable size and quite warm. Had to cover up the skylights to save the glass, while feet and head had to be protected with boots and sou'westers. About 6 p.m. the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady fall of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the decks to three or four inches very speedily, while an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea. Sailed on our course until we got what we thought was a sight of Fourth Point Light; then brought ship to the wind, south-west, as we could not see any distance, and we knew not what might be in the Straits—the night being a fearful one.

"The blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning and the continued explosive roars of Krakatoa, made our situation a truly awful one.

"At 11 p.m., having stood off from the Java shore, wind strong from the south-west, the island, west-north-west, eleven miles distant, became more visible, chains of fire appearing to

ascend and descend between the sky and it, while on the south-west end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire; the wind, though strong, was hot and choking, sulphureous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders, and the lead, from a bottom of thirty fathoms, came up quite warm.

"From midnight to 4 a.m. (27th) wind strong, but very unsteady, between south-south-west and west-south-west, the same impenetrable darkness continuing, the roaring of Krakatoa less continuous, but more explosive in sound, the sky one second intense blackness and the next a blaze of fire, mastheads and yardarms studded with corposants and a peculiar pinky flame coming from clouds which seemed to touch the mastheads and yardarms.

"At 6 a.m., being able to make out the Java shore, set sail, passing Fourth Point Lighthouse at 8; hoisted our signal letters, but got no answer. Passed Anjer at 8.30, name still hoisted, close enough in to make out the houses, but could see no movement of any kind; in fact, through the whole Straits we did not see a single moving thing of any kind on sea or land. At 10.15 a.m. passed the Button Island, one-half to three-quarters of a mile off; sea like glass around it, weather much finer looking and no ash or cinders falling; wind at south-east, light.

"At 11.15 a.m. there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, now over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half-way up the north and east sides. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman says he saw it once before we looked. The same wave seemed also to run right on to the Java shore. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came strong from south-west by south; by 11.30 a.m. we were enclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt, and at the same time commenced a downpour of mud, sand and I know not what; ship going north-east by north, seven knots per hour under three lower topsails; put out the sidelights, placed two men on the look-out forward, while mate and second mate looked out on either quarter, and one man employed washing the mud off binnacle glass. We had seen two vessels to the north and north-west of us before the sky closed in, adding much to the anxiety of our position. At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our ways about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet could not see each other. This horrible state and

downpour of mud, etc., continued until 1.30 p.m., the roarings of the volcano and lightnings being something fearful.

“ By 2 p.m. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased. By 5 p.m. the horizon showed out in the north and north-east, and we saw West Island bearing east and north, just visible. Up to midnight the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, the roaring of the volcano very distinct, although we were in sight of the North Watcher, and fully sixty-five or seventy miles from Krakatoa. Such darkness and time of it in general, few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbelieve. The ship, from truck to waterline, is as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks and ropes in a terrible mess; but, thank God, nobody hurt or ship damaged.”

Thus ran the terse and unvarnished statement of the master of the *Charles Bal*.





## PART IV

### THE NOVA SCOTIA-MEN

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, a great shipping port—George W. Churchill, Yarmouth shipmaster—The *Everest's* record Atlantic passage—Voyaging on the ship *Stamboul* of Yarmouth—Captain David Cook, sailor and hero—A clipper schooner passage—The haunted *James B. Duffus*—The drift of the *Fred B. Taylor*—The *Great Republic* and the *Lancing*—Notes on Yarmouth vessels—The unlucky brigantines *Scott*—Yarmouth's iron and steel ships—The Windsor and Maitland ships—Ebenezer Cox, Kingsport, builder of Windsor's big ships—Notes on Windsor ships and shipmasters—Ships and shipmasters of Maitland—Spencer's Island and its ships—The *Mary Celeste* mystery—The skippers of Londonderry—The Pictou County ships—The loss of the *County of Pictou*—The clipper *Edith Carmichael*—The barque *John Gill*—The *Swanhilda's* murderer—Canadians as English shipowners—Ship's names, curious and otherwise—Prince Edward Island shipping—Bluenose skippers in Limejuice wind-jammers—Conclusion.

### YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, A GREAT SHIPPING PORT

Yarmouth, a town located on the south-west coast of Nova Scotia, in the county of Yarmouth, excelled all other Canadian ports in the shipping ventures of its citizens. For more than a century, the fortunes of the town and the county depended upon its fleet of fishermen, coasters, West Indiamen and deep-water merchant ships. A great story, replete with romance, could be written of Yarmouth's ships, shipbuilders, shipowners and seamen. Splendid vessels carried the name and fame of the little Nova Scotia town to the far corners of the earth; daring and resourceful seamen were bred on the county farms and trained in the county's ships and aided in making fortunes for their employers and, in many cases, for themselves; while the shipowners showed an enterprise coupled with keen business judgment which commands admiration when one considers their isolation from the world's centres of trade and commerce.

In 1876, the heyday of Yarmouth's shipping industry, a chronicler of her maritime ventures, J. Murray Lawson, wrote: "The genius of the place is a maritime genius. In the private offices, the insurance parlours, and to quite a large extent in

the halls and reception-rooms of private dwellings may be seen the omnipresent marine picture, representing some 'gay and gallant barque' whose voyages have yielded wealth and prosperity to its owner." The real cause of the development of Yarmouth shipping, declared Mr. Lawson, may be traced to the fact that, in the long run, "it has been found to pay excellent dividends on the capital invested."

Yarmouth built most of her ships within the county from the abundant heritage of spruce with which it was blessed by Nature. But while many other places constructed vessels for sale abroad, Yarmouth merchants owned and operated the craft they built, and in the course of time acquired an imposing flotilla owned and registered in the county. In 1878, Yarmouth had no less than 153,515 tons of shipping on her register and a fleet of 297 vessels of all kinds. Records compiled to the year 1884 show that since 1761, Yarmouth had owned 12 steamers, 143 ships, 278 barques, 163 brigs, 197 brigantines, 1105 schooners and 18 sloops—in all 1916 vessels with a total tonnage of 439,544 tons. Such is the record of a town with a population of some 7000 persons!

The boys of Yarmouth County, whether of French-Acadian or British stock, did one, or more, of three things. They fished, farmed or went to sea. In many cases they engaged in all these occupations with more or less success. Yarmouth ships were invariably commanded by the men born in the county, and native sons were usually to be found in subordinate positions aboard in the course of fitting themselves for ultimate command. But so insular and clannish were the Yarmouth men that they were wont to regard themselves as a race apart from the other Nova Scotians. This characteristic was summed up in the old shipboard joke about the Yarmouth sailor who was asked if any home ships had arrived in Liverpool. "Yes," he replied. "There's two Yarmouth ships and three Nova Scotia barques."

A friendly rivalry also existed between the Yarmouthians and the ships hailing from Windsor and vicinity, and both places vied with each other in building the largest and finest ships. Naturally both localities claimed superiority in the quality of vessels and master mariners. Even at this late date I would not care to provoke discussion by venturing any personal opinions on the matter.

They were fine ships and a fine class of men commanded them. In handling their vessels, in keeping them in first-class shape, and in making them earn money, the Yarmouth skippers

were second to none. Such tributes have been paid them by men who were "outsiders"—the writer's father among them; he being second mate and mate of a number of Yarmouth ships during the 'seventies.

Stern disciplinarians they may have been, but more kindly men never stepped a deck. Sailors and officers who knew their work and did it became much attached to these homely Blue-nose master mariners and sailed with them voyage after voyage. And what better testimony could be given than that of a retired British shipmaster, Captain Denis Lyons, late of the Irish Channel packet service, who, in his early years at sea, served aboard Yarmouth ships. "I never knew of any of the bullies that were said to command these vessels," he says, "for the masters and officers that I sailed under were very kind to me. Where would a sailor find more considerate men than the Yarmouth shipmasters I sailed with—Captains George W. Churchill, Charles C. Seeley, Tom Churchill, and Captains Burns and Webster? Or those other shipmasters, perfect gentlemen, that I knew, Aaron Porter, Bob Goudey, Charley Hunter and Captain Corning? I know for a fact that crews sailed with them voyage after voyage. And when I first joined them it was as a poor Irish boy, an orphan, and without any influence whatever, yet Captain George Churchill and Captain Charles Seeley both took me as a youngster out of the fore-castle and put me to live in the carpenter's room, giving me the same food as they themselves ate in the cabin. No wonder that, as boy and man, I loved those ships and took an interest in them."

Yarmouth's shipping history has been extensively dealt with in Mr. Lawson's *Record of Yarmouth Shipping* and in my *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, and, in these pages, it is not my purpose to cover old ground. What follows is but sidelights on the ships, the masters and mates who hailed from the little old town which lies inside of Cape Forchu.

#### GEORGE W. CHURCHILL, YARMOUTH SHIPMASTER

The name of Churchill is indelibly recorded in the shipping annals of the Bay of Fundy counties of Nova Scotia. History records that one Lemuel Churchill came from Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1762 and settled in Yarmouth township. He was a member of the original Plymouth colony. In 1784, another Plymouth colonist, Ephraim Churchill, migrated to Yarmouth and settled there. In succeeding years, members of the family became identified with Nova Scotian shipping as

shipowners, and shipmasters out of Yarmouth, while one Ezra Churchill became a leading shipowner in Hantsport, up the Bay.

Like many another Maritime Province family, they could command an interesting historical record of their own, but in this volume we must confine ourselves to one member—George W. Churchill—a typical Yarmouth shipmaster.

When a young man, it is said that he sailed with Captain Samuels in the famous American packet-ship *Dreadnought*. It may be that from this experience he acquired the qualities of determination and resourcefulness from the example set by Samuels—at any rate, in his seafaring life Captain Churchill showed that he was a good disciple of the celebrated packet-ship skipper.

While in command of the big Yarmouth ship *Research* in 1866, he gained fame and honour for his work in bringing the ship across from Quebec to Greenock after her rudder had carried away. During a violent and stormy passage of 88 days, Captain Churchill, with a nephew, Aaron Churchill, as mate, constructed and shipped some eight or nine rudders in the effort to bring the ship to her destination. His final success was due to an indomitable energy and resolution which gained him and his officers the thanks and rewards of underwriters and others. Envious shipmasters, hailing from other ports, were wont to belittle the achievement by remarking that so many rudders would not have been necessary had he constructed a proper jury rudder in the first place, but such technical hair-splitting is of small moment when one peruses the terse details of the voyage.<sup>1</sup>

No one knows the character of a shipmaster better than one who has sailed with him for a lengthy period of time. The sea captain ashore is very often an altogether different character from the sea captain afloat. At sea he is master, with no restraints other than what he imposes on himself. Thus, it often happens that shipmasters, unhampered by conventions and caring naught for the opinions of their subordinates when at sea, reveal their true natures under the stresses and strains of seafaring.

Captain Churchill, under such conditions, appears before the critical observer as a man of innate kindness to those over whom he held command. He was a "driver" in every sense of the word—a man to make his ships show the best that was

<sup>1</sup> See p. 118, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, and Lawson's *Record of Yarmouth Shipping*.



in them. He was hard on his officers from the habit many shipmasters had of wanting to do all the work himself. A good mate hates interference from the skipper. Churchill also expected a cook to be a cook, and would not give galley-room to a food-spoiler. He believed in working his men hard, but fed them well, which policy, in a sailor's eyes, covered a multitude of sins.

He "blew up" about small and trivial matters, but was as cool as ice in serious happenings. The loss of a scraper or marline-spike would have him fuming; the loss of sails, spars or valuable gear would leave him unperturbed. When sorely vexed he remained quiet, and only showed such feelings by an odd habit of filling his pipe with tobacco, then taking his knife and scraping the tobacco out again and dumping it overboard. He was a very human, a very homely character, but a man to rely on when emergencies demanded the qualities of a master-seaman.

We get these sidelights on Captain Churchill from one who loved and respected him, the Captain Lyons already mentioned, and it is partly from his written reminiscences to me of his boyhood voyaging with the Yarmouth shipmaster that I compile this sketch.

Young Lyons had spent some two years or more in English coasters when in 1876 he joined the Yarmouth ship *St. Bernards*, in Liverpool, as an ordinary seaman. The *St. Bernards* was considered a big ship in those days, being 1564 tons reg. She was but a year old when Lyons joined her, and was commanded by Captain Churchill—the voyage being in ballast to Sandy Hook for orders.

Big as the ship was, yet her complement consisted of only 12 A.B.'s, 2 O.S.'s, 2 mates, a carpenter and a cook—in all 19 hands including the master. The cook combined the duties of steward as well, and he was a Yarmouth man, Tom Nickerson, "worth half-a-dozen of the food-wasters that one often used to find in British vessels," comments the narrator, "and under his care everybody aboard lived well."

It was in the month of March that the *St. Bernards* towed out to the Mersey Bar and cast off from the tug. That was as far as Captain Churchill usually took a tug when sailing out of Liverpool. With the Bar Lightship astern, a southerly wind and drizzling rain prevailing, the tow-rope was no sooner hauled in when the course was set and the *St. Bernards* headed for the North Channel. Lyons knew something about coasting, but he was forced to admit that no coasting skipper had anything

on Churchill. With the wind blowing strong, the rain coming down heavily, the skipper never left the poop, and early next morning the ship was flying past the land of Fair Head, County Antrim. With all sail set—the rain-soaked canvas stiff as board and pulling like horses—the *St. Bernards* raced through the narrow channel between Rathlin Island and the Irish mainland and was soon out on the broad Atlantic. On the nineteenth day out from Liverpool the *St. Bernards* anchored at Sandy Hook.

From Sandy Hook, Captain Churchill had orders to repair to Quebec, and before long the *St. Bernards* was in the ice-fields of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with her master doing his best to claim the honour of being the first Quebec arrival of the season. "I cannot say how long we were in the ice," writes Captain Lyons, "but I can remember the intense cold. As it had been raining hard before we got into the ice, our sails were frozen as stiff as steel plates. When the time came for making sail, every person had to get clear off the deck, and it was 'stand from under!' when the men were aloft beating the ice off the frozen cotton canvas."

The *St. Bernards* was beaten in the race to Quebec by the iron ship *Lake Erie*, which vessel from her construction was better able to push through than a soft-wood craft, but the *St. Bernards* arrived second, with another Yarmouth ship, the *Bonanza*, Captain Webster, third.

"What a fine sight it was in those days to see the fleet of ships sailing up to the anchorage at Quebec," observes the narrator. "They were not all of them old timber-droghers. Many fine North American vessels went there to load in the season, and at the time I was there, the Yarmouth ships *Vancouver*, *George Bell*, *Adolphus*, *Stamboul* and *Bonanza*—practically new vessels, all of them—were loading timber at the coves."

The *St. Bernards* and *Bonanza* got away from Quebec at the same time and made a race of it for Liverpool, but Captain Webster in the other ship won the race by some eight hours. Captain Churchill felt sure that he was the first arrival from Quebec, but when the pilot informed him that the *Bonanza* had arrived in the Mersey before him, the worthy skipper exhibited his chagrin by dumping the tobacco out of his big meerschaum pipe and retiring below.

On the fall voyage from Quebec to Liverpool, Captain Churchill became seriously ill and was confined to his berth during the whole passage. Jacob Vickery, the mate, a Yar-

mouth man, took charge of the ship, but as Captain Churchill had had a falling out with the second mate and the latter had left the vessel at Quebec, Mr. Vickery promoted the bosun, a Russian Finn, to the second mate's place.

The wind was variable when the ship was in the Gulf and Vickery was almost constantly on deck. When the ship was able to lay her course, though braced sharp up, the weary mate left the deck in charge of the Russian Finn, after cautioning the man to call him if the wind shifted.

Young Lyons was at the wheel during the middle watch when the mate went off the poop, and it wasn't long before the wind began to draw ahead and the ship also began to break off. The Irish lad at the wheel began to grow uneasy—the ship was still in the narrow waters with the land close aboard—for the second mate took no notice of the shift and had never looked in the compass since the mate went below. Hesitating to call the officer's attention to a matter that he should have been instantly aware of, Lyons put the wheel down a spoke or two and gave the ship a lift into the wind to bring him aft. The shaking weather leaches brought the Finn to the wheel, demanding why Lyons was not keeping her full. To this the youth replied that the wind was knocking her off and civilly ventured the suggestion that the mate be called.

This seemed to anger the man, who answered with an oath : " If you were older, I'd give you a damned good hiding ! " Before long, the *St. Bernards* was about four points off her course and getting dangerously close inshore, but still the Finn made no move.

About twenty minutes passed, and Lyons asked the officer to have him relieved as he wanted to go forward. Another hand was called to the wheel, and as soon as he relinquished the spokes, the youth set out in search of the mate. Into the cabin he went, but Mr. Vickery was not in his room. After some search he found him, rolled up in his oilskins, and lying on the floor of the pilot-house. As soon as he found out what the lad was calling him for, he was instantly awake and out on deck. Within a minute he had sized up the situation and had called the watch to tack ship. The *St. Bernards* came around just in time to avoid going ashore. When the ship was cleared away on the other tack, the mate called the Finn and bluntly told him to resume his former duties. To young Lyons he said : " Son, you'll stand no more wheels or look-outs, but in future you'll keep the watch on the poop when I'm off ! "

From Ordinary Seaman to charge of the watch on a big ship



was a promotion which almost took the youth's breath away. "How I fancied myself," he says, "walking the poop of that fine ship with her tall spars and snow-white cotton sails! The only thing that troubled me was that my young seafaring friends in Liverpool would not be able to see me giving the orders to get a pull on the weather main-brace and such-like."

The passage was made in dirty weather, the wind blowing hard from the S.W., very misty, and with much rain. When nearing the Channel, no sight of the sun was obtained for several days and they groped their way in by soundings. Yet, in spite of his being almost constantly on deck and with only a youth to relieve him, Vickery brought the big ship around Tuskar and up Channel by soundings, and when the weather cleared the first sight of the land was Holyhead, eight miles distant—the desired landfall to the dot.

A voyage or two afterwards, Captain Churchill left the *St. Bernards* in New York and went home for a rest, and Captain Martin Burns took charge. The second mate was a son of the captain—a mere youth—and young enough to appreciate the company of the ordinary seamen aboard when the senior officers were out of the way. Bound for Antwerp in mid-summer, Captain Lyons recalls an amusing incident while he was at the wheel one evening. The ship was close-hauled and making about two knots; the master and mate were at tea, and young Burns was standing close to the wheel and regaling Lyons with tales of the hairbreadth escapes he had had while shooting moose in the woods "down home," and of the many sailors he had killed aboard his last ship.

With Lyons listening intently and the youthful officer enlarging on his prowess, the vessel came up in the wind, got flat aback, and would not pay off. Both kept still for fear of bringing either the captain or mate on deck, and before long the ship paid off on the other tack and, describing a complete circle, came right around to her course again.

So far, so good. But young Burns was expanding in his yarn-spinning and was loath to break off. Once more the ship was neglected, and a second time she came aback. Again they let her swing right around the compass without touching tack or sheet, and with the hands looking aft from the fo'c'sle-head and wondering what was afoot.

Just as the helm was being steadied, Captain Burns came on deck. He glanced astern, saw the circle on the sea made by the wake, and without saying a word to Lyons, gave his son a cuff on the side of the head and ordered him off the poop.



"But had he known that the ship had actually gone twice around the compass while he was having his tea," says Captain Lyons, "the chances are that he would have clapped the both of us in irons for the rest of the voyage."

In July 1879, shortly after the voyage in question, the *St. Bernards* was lost near Flushing, Holland, and Captain Burns and his youngest son (not the one aforementioned) were drowned together with five others. Fortunately for Lyons, he left the ship in Antwerp just prior to the passage that ended in disaster.

In the meantime, Captain Churchill took command of the ship *Everest*, 1680 tons, owned by W. D. Lovitt, Yarmouth, and built at Belliveau's Cove, N.S., in 1878.

### THE "EVEREST'S" RECORD ATLANTIC PASSAGE

Denis Lyons rejoined Captain Churchill in his new command and the *Everest*, in ballast trim, hauled out of the Canada Dock, Liverpool, on January 5th, 1881, bound for Hampton Roads, Virginia, for orders. The wind came from the eastward as the ship hove out of the dock, and when towing down the Mersey channels it freshened and the tug and pilot were discharged at the Mersey Bar.

With all sail set, Captain Churchill soon had his big ship tearing along and passing every vessel she raised bound out. All hands were impressed by the speed of the *Everest* and the way in which she overhauled and passed other westward-bound ballast-laden craft of her own class.

With the wind holding stiff from the eastward, Captain Churchill put the *Everest* through her paces. Being almost new, with good gear and sails, she could stand driving. One day a steamer was sighted ahead—a National Liner—and as time passed, the Yarmouth ship began to come up on her. Though bound to the westward, both ships were steering slightly different courses. Before long it was evident that the courses would converge, and in a short while the *Everest* was bearing down on the weather quarter of the steamship with her jib-boom dangerously close to the other craft.

A collision was imminent, yet Captain Churchill would not give way, holding the opinion that a steamer was bound to keep clear of a sailing vessel. As a matter of fact, this is the only occasion when a sailing ship is warned by the regulations to keep clear of a steamer, viz. when the sailing vessel is the overtaking ship. But the Yarmouth skipper was adamant in his opinion and things began to look serious. However,

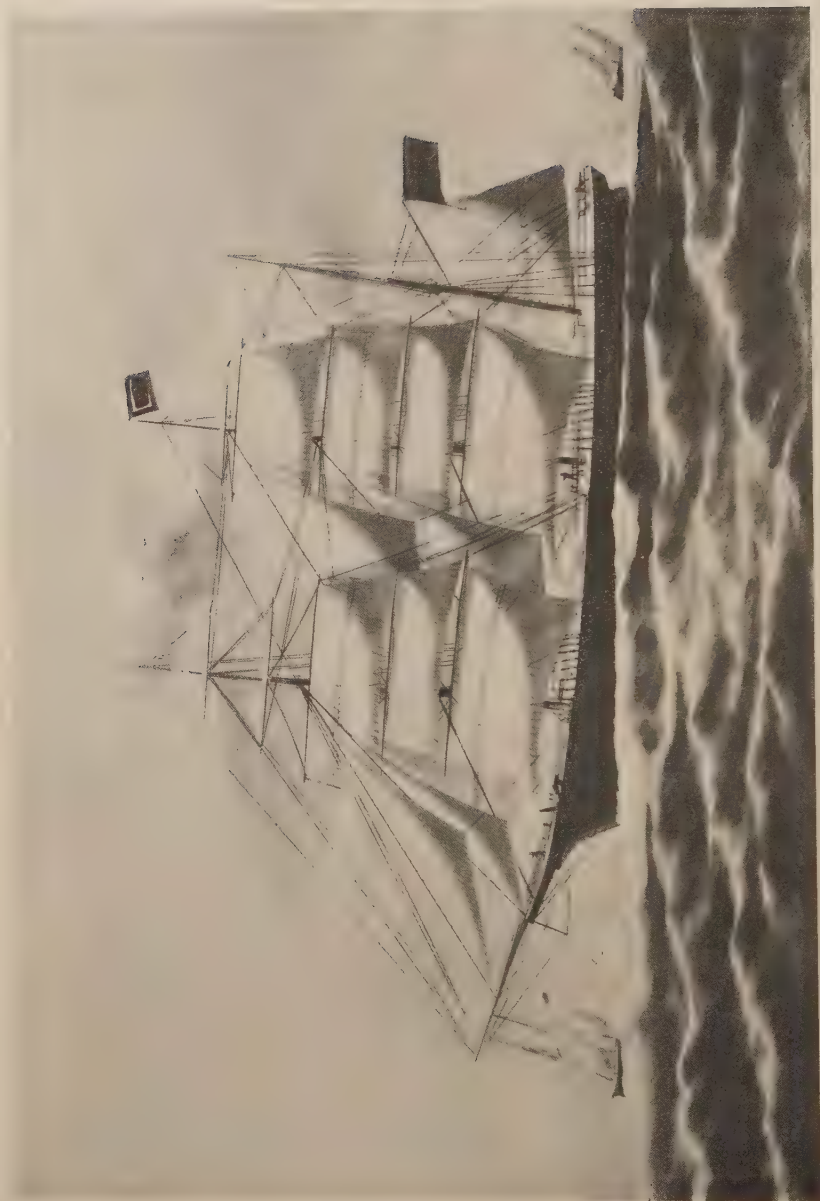


Capt. FRED WALLEY,  
Barque "DOUGLAS," etc.

(See pp. 175, 242.)



Capt. OSCAR SMITH  
Ship "FLORA P. STAFFORD," e'c.  
HANTSPOET, N.S., SHIPMASTERS.



Barque "BANQUEREAU," 578 tons, of Windsor, N.S.  
Built 1869. Clementsport, N.S.



Captain Churchill's determination won out in the end, and the steamer sheered off, in fact she swung right around the compass and crossed the *Everest's* stern.

On the Banks of Newfoundland it was very foggy and blowing a moderate easterly gale, but Churchill still lugged his canvas and gave her all she'd stand. Under six topsails, main-top-gallant-sail and whole foresail, the *Everest* stormed through the blinding mists, logging from 14 to 14½ knots at times, with her commander in great fettle. One night, under such conditions, they were aware of another west-bound ship in their near vicinity, and suddenly they found themselves running alongside the St. John ship *New City*. The passing was so close that it was possible for the men on the ships to speak to each other. The St. John ship had sailed from Antwerp on January 1st and was also bound for Hampton Roads.

But Churchill was not going to be paced by any other vessel on this occasion. The *New City* was dropped astern. On the ninth day out from Liverpool, the *Everest* spoke a New York pilot-boat off Block Island,<sup>1</sup> according to Captain Lyons, and had the ship been bound for Sandy Hook, she undoubtedly would have made the passage in 11 days.

After speaking the pilot-boat, the wind began to fall light and swing ahead as the *Everest* steered to the southward on her way to the Chesapeake capes. This did not please Captain Churchill, and in the second dog-watch he was rousing the hands around at sweating up halliards and sheets. As Lyons passed the carpenter's shop, he said to Chips, "For goodness' sake, get your fiddle out and strike up a tune, or the Old Man will have us worked to death!" The carpenter, an Irishman from Pictou, N.S., was ready to oblige, and as soon as the skipper heard the strains of the music, his ill-humour passed and he let up on the crowd.

The wind came away from the westward afterwards and they were obliged to reduce sail at one time to lower topsails. On January 21st, they fetched the pilot-boat off Cape Charles at the entrance to the Chesapeake, and from the Hampton Roads pilot they received orders to proceed to Philadelphia. The run from the Canada Dock, Liverpool, to the Chesapeake estuary was made, according to Captain Lyons, who admits that he speaks from memory, in 14 days. However, the *New York Maritime Register* of January 26th, 1881, gives the date of departure as January 5th, and arrival off Hampton Roads as

<sup>1</sup> The brief account of this voyage on p. 226 of *Wooden Ships and Iron Men* stated "Fire Island." This is erroneous.



January 21st. This would therefore be 16 days. Captain Lyons states that the *New City*, which they passed on the Banks, arrived at the Delaware Breakwater anchorage about three days afterwards. The *Maritime Register* records the arrival of the *New City* at Hampton Roads on January 23rd, and this ship did not sail for Philadelphia until the 25th. The distance from Hampton Roads to the Delaware Breakwater is approximately 150 miles, which could be made in a day by a sailing vessel very easily if the wind was right. Allowing that the *Everest* arrived at the Delaware Breakwater anchorage on January 22nd, it would be quite possible for the *New City* to arrive at the same place three days afterwards.

In checking up passage records it is well to discount memory. With no log-books available, the best that one can take is the departure and arrival dates to be found in reliable shipping journals like *Lloyd's List* and the *Maritime Register*, as the telegraphic advices which these publications receive are usually to be depended upon. I am inclined to set the passage of the *Everest* from Liverpool to Hampton Roads at 16 days, in which time of passage, considering the build of the vessel—a full-bodied cargo ship—there is honour enough.

The *New City's* passage from Antwerp to Hampton Roads, leaving Antwerp on January 1st and arriving at the Roads on the 23rd, is also a good one. But the Yarmouth ship *Vandyck*, one of Lovitt's fleet, commanded by Captain Aaron Porter, also made a fine passage at this time. This vessel sailed from Greenock on January 6th, direct for Delaware Breakwater, and arrived below the Breakwater on January 25th—a passage of 19 days. Given a fairly new ship, with good gear and in ballast trim, it is fully evident that these Bluenose skippers knew how to make them travel. A somewhat unusual feature of the *Everest* was her rig of two fore-topmast-staysails. These were on her during her early years, and are shown in the painting of the ship reproduced in this volume.

To return to our story. While anchored inside the Breakwater ere towing up to Philadelphia, the pilot advised Captain Churchill to prepare the ship for ice. A boat was sent ashore to procure some pitch-pine sheathing, and this was nailed to all along the ship's water-line. When all was ready to proceed up the Delaware, a heavy field of ice came down on the fleet and all the ships began to drag their anchors. The *New City* went straight out to sea, and an English barque came right under the *Everest's* bows and got her mizzen-mast afoul of the Yarmouth ship's jib-boom. Captain Churchill, without any hesitation,

ordered the carpenter to get his axe and cut away the boom-guys. As soon as the lanyards were severed, the boom snapped off at the cap and the barque went all clear. Without such prompt action the other vessel would have fallen alongside and caused serious damage. The barque followed the *New City* out to sea, but the *Everest* continued to drag towards the Breakwater, and only fetched up when the field of ice she was imprisoned in was arrested by the boulders forming the barrier.

When Captain Churchill saw that a detention of several days was likely, his Nova Scotian thrift was aroused. "A good time to get the ballast out of her," he said. By setting his crew to work at the job, he would thereby save the expense of discharging it at Philadelphia. Idle sailors, "eating their heads off," was no part of the Bluenose doctrine, and soon the hatches were off, the side ports opened, and all hands were busy at a genuinely hard job.

As soon as the captain saw the work well started, he called for his man, Johnson—a big Finn who had sailed with Churchill for many years—and the two went over the side on to the ice and set out to walk to Lewes, a town located just inside the Breakwater. When they returned safely some time later, Johnson was carrying a quarter of good beef on his broad shoulders. The Old Man expected his crew to work, but he did his part also by giving them the food on which to work.

When the ballast was only partly discharged overboard, the ice began to break up. The ship was hove up to her anchor—nearly all the chain was paid out during the dragging—and a tug came alongside. When the anchor was lifted, the tug took the ship in tow up the Delaware River.

The windlass of the *Everest* was of the old pattern, not self-fleeting, and the cable was ranged in bights before the windlass. Steve Kenny, the mate, an old and practical seaman, ordered the anchor to be made ready for letting go, if necessary, and the cable ranged accordingly. The captain, however, countermanded the mate's order and told him to send the men to their dinner first. But before the men had finished the meal, the tug went clean into a field of hard black ice. The pilot instantly ordered the anchor to be let go, but no anchor was ready. The tug's passage into the ice had left a clear lane in her wake and the *Everest* was already in it. A collision with the tug was certain, but it was impossible to give the ship a sheer with the helm, and before the anchor could be dropped, the *Everest* crashed into the stern of the tug and damaged her seriously.

The anchor was let go as quickly as possible down through

the ice, and chain was paid out to hold the ship from being carried away. After a while, the cable held; in fact, the mud-hook had bitten so well that the skipper, in no ways perturbed by the mishap, declared that it had gone right down to h—l and had got hooked under the roof.

The *Everest* and her undaunted master came out of this setback all right, but on arrival at the berth in Philadelphia it was discovered that, in discharging part of her ballast at the Breakwater, the ship had lessened her draught so that the protective sheathing was out of the water and the hull along the water-line was deeply scored for some ten feet aft of the stem. When Captain Churchill saw this, he dumped the tobacco out of his pipe and, without any other display of vexation, declared with resignation: "Well, I think she'd be all the better if a few more inches were taken off her planking from keel to gunwale!"

"Captain George would not let himself be caught aback at any time," observes Captain Lyons. "If he were taken unawares, nobody knew it, and he always had a ready answer. If he forgot about the ice-slabs and the ballast, he was not the only one, for nobody else appeared to have given the matter any thought."

Loading a cargo of grain at Philadelphia for Cork, the *Everest* took aboard a new crew at Girard Point, and dropped down the river in tow. It began to breeze up towards night, and latterly blew so hard that the ship came to an anchor. An anchor watch was set, but early in the morning it was blowing a whole gale and the pilot ordered them to give the ship more chain. When the hands turned out to do this, it was discovered that the cable had parted. The captain was called and was forward in an instant: "How long has the ship been adrift? Where are we?" Nobody knew. "Get a cast of the lead!" When the sounding was made it revealed that the *Everest* was hard aground.

This would have provided cause for an explosion from most shipmasters, but not so with Captain Churchill. Calmly, and without any trace of annoyance, he ordered soundings to be taken all around the vessel, and when the casts had been made, he was apparently satisfied that the ship would be all right, even though it was blowing a howler with the night as black as pitch. "All right, men," he said, "you can turn in until daylight. She'll not drift from here in a hurry, for every nail in her is an anchor."

Next day a deal was made with a tug, and with all hands heaving in on the anchor (which had been located not far from





Capt. Jock DOUGLAS, of Maitland, N.S.,  
Ship "WM. DOUGLAS," Barque "CALBURGA," etc.

(See pp. 240, 243.)



Capt. ALBERT CROWE,  
Barque "STRATHAY," four-mast Barque "MUSKOKA," etc.

(See pp. 234, 243.)

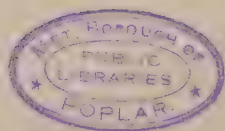
Maitland, N.S., SHIPMASTERS.





Ship "WILLIAM DOUGLAS," 1263 tons, of Maitland, N.S.  
Built 1875, Maitland, N.S.

(See pp. 240-1.)



where the ship took the ground) and the tug hauling away, the *Everest* was pulled off, none the worse. In due time she arrived at Cork, and when she arrived at the quay, after discharging part cargo at Passage West, she was by far the largest sailing ship ever seen there up to that time (1881).

The captain had a soft spot in his heart for young people. At Passage West he came aboard the ship with a large sack of salt codfish on his back, and with him came a boy of about sixteen. It appears that Captain Churchill had hired the boy to carry the sack, but before the lad had gone far with the load, the captain relieved him of it, saying: "It's too heavy for you, son, so I'll carry it. But come along and you'll be paid." At the ship the boy was paid. In answer to the captain's questions, the lad said that he was an orphan and had no home. The kindly shipmaster thereupon took him aboard, gave him a meal and a bed, and later on shipped him as one of the crew.

The *Everest* made another fast run under Captain Churchill's command in the early 'eighties. The ship had loaded timber at Quebec and was almost down to her marks. The lower hold was filled with oak, which, being heavy, gave her plenty of stability. With a moderate westerly gale blowing, and her skipper, as usual, driving her to the last inch, the *Everest* ran from St. Paul's Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the Mersey Bar in ten days. Her average speed for the passage was 9 knots, and at times she logged 11½ knots.

With this I conclude a sketch of a Yarmouth shipmaster from the notes supplied me by one who sailed with him as boy and man for many voyages. Churchill was a typical Bluenose skipper—drivers of ships and men, resourceful and determined in character, but at heart kindly and considerate to those under them that knew their work and did it.

#### VOYAGING ON THE SHIP "STAMBOUL" OF YARMOUTH

The ship *Stamboul*, 1248 tons, was launched in 1875 from the yard of J. Bingay at Port Gilbert, N.S. For many years she sailed under the flag of John Lovitt, and was sold to the Norwegians latterly and was under their flag in 1905.

In the late 'seventies she left Liverpool in ballast for Hampton Roads. The master and mate were good men and easy to get along with, but the second mate, a New Brunswicker, was one of those "buckos" whose actions assisted very materially in giving Bluenose ships a bad name.

After clearing the Channel the crew were sending the main-

royalyard aloft and all hands were on the gantline pulling it up. One of the men, a young American, found that he hadn't enough room to allow of his "laying back" on the rope, so he asked the man behind him to stand back a bit. He had no sooner spoken, when the "bucko" second mate jumped across, struck the sailor a heavy blow in the face, saying: "You son of a dog! Keep your mouth shut!"

The men stopped pulling instantly, and after belaying the gantline, they set on the officer, knocked him down and began kicking him around the poop like a football, desisting only when the captain came along and ordered them to give over. "Very well, captain," said their spokesman, "but we want you to know right here that the striking of one man in this crowd means the striking of all of us." There was no more trouble on that voyage.

On the eastward passage with a new crew, the *Stamboul* hove-to off Cape Clear to make Waterford harbour in daylight. After shortening sail, a Belgian sailor accused the second mate of kicking him while he was aloft on the yard. "Now that we're on deck," exclaimed the Belgian, addressing the officer, "kick me again and see if you are as good a man here as you were on the yard!" The "bucko" was taken aback as he did not expect a show of fight from what he considered a "damned Dutchman," but Louis was a fine type of young seaman and the idea of a "scrap" with him did not appeal to the second mate. A fight did not come off, as the "bucko" ignored the challenge by ordering the men to the braces.

But next morning, at daylight, Louis, having no wheel or look-out to stand, sneaked into the carpenter's shop for a nap. The "bucko" saw him enter and went forward. Opening the door suddenly, the officer said: "Is that you, Louis? Hand me out that hammer—I want it a minute!" The man handed out the hammer, not suspecting anything, and as he made to come out of the shop, the second mate wheeled and struck him on the forehead, accompanying the brutal attack with a string of oaths.

The sailor dropped to the deck with his head split and bleeding and the captain had him carried aft into the cabin. When the ship arrived in Waterford, the second mate cleared out in a boat, but was afterwards arrested, brought before a police magistrate in Waterford and fined the insignificant sum of five pounds!

The man sailed again on the ship as second officer, but the crew, this time, were all Waterford men. With these "home

town Irishmen" the "bucko" was all smiles and good-humour, and his orders were given with a friendly "Tom, Dick, Pat or Harry" all the way to New York and back to London.

Sailing from London again with a new but mixed crew, the ship towed to Gravesend and anchored there to await the captain, who was in London squaring up his accounts. The "bucko" again broke out and commenced abusing the hands while they were forward working with the cables. As his reputation was known, the crowd came aft in a body to the mate and informed him that they would not do another hand's turn aboard the *Stamboul* with that second mate. The chief officer saw by the determined attitude of the men that they meant what they said. He thereupon ordered a boat to be lowered and was pulled ashore.

Next morning the captain came aboard, and with him also came a new second officer. The "bucko" was given his discharge and sent ashore, and the *Stamboul* knew him no more.

"I relate these incidents," says my informant, "because men of Mr. ——'s type were the exception among the Nova Scotians I knew and sailed with. But fellows like him got the Bluenose officers the bad name that followed them all over the marine world. It is a case of 'men's evil actions are engraved on brass; their virtues on the morning dew.' " And this is not "a voice from the fo'c'sle," where prejudices are prone to colour narration, but was written by a seaman who afterwards attained a high place in his profession.

Coming out from Baltimore one time with a load of grain for Ireland, the *Stamboul* ran ashore in the lower part of the Chesapeake. The boats were swung over and a stream anchor was carried out and dropped. Then all hands hove away at the windlass with a stout manilla rope fast to the anchor. Unable to start the ship an inch by this method, a powerful steam tug was engaged, but she too failed to haul the ship off the soft sand bottom, and the captain went to Baltimore in the tug to arrange for barges to lighten the vessel.

While he was away, it began to breeze up and blow hard. The mate, a real Bluenose with all the versatility of his kind, ordered both anchors to be got ready and the chain ranged. When this was done, he amazed the crew by a command to loose and set the six topsails. When the sails were set, he had them hauled flat aback and men were stationed at the topsail halliards.



As the squalls came down and struck the canvas, the ship began to roll to their impact. With the ship wallowing in the bursts of wind, her bottom lost its grip of the sand and she forged off the bank with a rush, stern first. "Leggo your halliards," came a yell from the mate. "Leggo your anchors!" Instantly the yards ran down simultaneously with the plunge of the anchors, and the yards were peaked to the wind to prevent the ship from being carried across to the opposite side of the channel. The *Stamboul* was afloat and apparently but little the worse for such forcible treatment.

Surveyors came down and pronounced the ship all right, and she proceeded to sea. When outside in a fresh breeze, it was noticed that the ship was making a great deal of water. All hands were kept at both pumps—working bell-ropes—and for the whole of a watch were unable to get a suck. Then came a shift of wind and the vessel was put on the other tack. Very shortly afterwards the pumps began to suck. This set the mate to thinking, and before long he was peering over the weatherside, where he discovered that two of the rigging-bolts had drawn partly out of the ship's side.

When the ship was on the other tack, these partly-drawn bolts were under water. Thus the leak. The strain on the rigging in forcing the vessel off the strand had caused the bolts to draw. Plugs were driven in the holes and the leak was stopped. The *Stamboul* eventually made the passage from Cape Charles to Passage East, Waterford, in 16 days.

#### CAPTAIN DAVID COOK, SAILOR AND HERO

Lloyd's silver medal is the Victoria Cross, the Congressional Gold Medal, of the sea. Since the decoration was first instituted back in 1837, it has been sparsely bestowed, thirty-three having been awarded in the fifty years following establishment of the honour. And the only bestowal of the medal to the master of a Nova Scotian ship occurred in 1850, when this acknowledgment to those "who have by extraordinary exertions contributed to the saving of life at sea" was awarded to David Cook, master of the barque *Sarah* of Yarmouth, N.S.

Furthermore, the same David Cook acquired further unusual rewards when the United States Senate, in an unanimous resolution, tendered this alien shipmaster a vote of thanks. And this was not all, for the great city of New York presented him with the freedom of its confines and an illuminated testi-

monial, while the merchants of the city subscribed and awarded him substantial recognition in the shape of a purse containing five thousand dollars. Few men who follow the sea have been thus rewarded. But David Cook deserved it all.

The story opens in November 1849, and the barque *Sarah* of Yarmouth, N.S., was bound across the western ocean from London to St. John, N.B., ballast-laden. The *Sarah* was a product of Yarmouth County shipyards and was nine years old at the time. She was a small craft, registering but 537 tons, and she was one of the largest vessels of the then Yarmouth fleet. Her master, David Cook, was a member of an old Yarmouth County family which gave the port many of its ablest master-mariners.

These were the days of the emigrant packets; when human beings were herded like cattle into small sailing vessels and the passage of the stormy North Atlantic was a genuine ordeal even to cabin travellers. Ahead of the *Sarah* and bucking her way to the west'ard was the American Black Star Line packet ship *Caleb Grimshaw*—a new vessel of 1166 tons. On board of her were 427 passengers, mainly English and Irish emigrants, bound from Liverpool to New York, and 30 men of a crew. Only a few of the passengers voyaged in the cabin.

On November 11th, 1849, while the *Grimshaw* was 300 miles N.W. of the island of Flores, Azores, fire was discovered in the lower fore-hold. Captain Hoxie immediately ordered the hose-pump rigged and turned the hands to pouring water down through the fore-hatch. When smoke began to pervade the emigrant quarters in the 'tween-decks, many of the male passengers became panic-stricken and remained among the women and children, groaning and crying with them, until driven out by the crew to aid in quenching the blaze.

Just imagine the terror inspired by fire at sea among 400 men, women and children, cooped up in a wooden sailing ship in the middle of the Atlantic! Knowing nothing of the sea; most of them mortally afraid of it; elbowed, jostled about and kicked out of the way by callous sailors who looked upon steerage passengers as just so much human cattle encumbering the narrow confines of the ship, these ignorant people gave way to their fears—the women and children wailing and weeping in their helplessness; the men, excited by the instincts of self-preservation, looking around for means of safety should they be compelled to abandon ship. And they had some cause for panic in these hard, unregulated times, for, space being at a premium, boats were carried for the accommodation

of *cabin passengers only*. In event of disaster, steerage passengers had to fend for themselves.

While the crew and a few of the stronger-nerved passengers were fighting the fire with hose and draw-buckets, some of the male emigrants swung out a quarter-boat, and so anxious were they to leave the ship that many leaped into it while it was still hanging to the tackles and clear of the water. Officers ordered them to come out of the boat; one man obeyed, but the others refused. Then someone cut a davit-fall, with the result that the boat up-ended, spilling its occupants into the sea, and twelve men were drowned.

A few of the crew, men of the "packet rat" type, taking advantage of the confusion and the occupation of their officers, provisioned and watered the stern-boat, and, getting into it, lowered her, and hovered around the stern of the ship, thus remaining for several succeeding days, resisting all commands and appeals to come alongside. Among these wretches were the *Grimshaw's* cook and bosun.

As all hands were required for fire-fighting, sail was reduced and the ship hove-to. But when the blaze showed no sign of abating, the remaining boats, four in all, were provisioned, launched and dropped astern. The lady cabin passengers were lowered into the long-boat through the stern-windows of the ship until there were twenty-eight persons in her. As the available boats could not accommodate more than fifty or sixty people, and as the fire seemed to resist all efforts to subdue it, some of the crew and passengers commenced to build rafts.

Throughout the long fall night, panic reigned. The officers were powerless to control the frantic passengers. Unable to remain below, they thronged around the after-part of the ship, appealing to those in the boats to save them. Fear-crazed men, anxious to quell the fire at all cost, seized axes and stove in two great fresh-water tanks which were on deck, thereby wasting 2200 gallons of valuable water. This action was dearly paid for later. Women and children, wailing and crying, laid around the quarter-deck in all directions; husbands deserted their wives in their efforts to slide down ropes into the boats towing astern.

The Sunday night passed thus. Monday and Tuesday, similar conditions prevailed, while the ship lay hove-to with the favoured few in the boats astern. One wonders why Captain Hoxie did not steer for Flores when the fire defied their efforts. In the contemporary accounts of the disaster

he does not appear as an heroic figure and seems to have lacked the requisite qualities of a master-mariner. Five precious days were wasted fighting the fire with the ship hove aback and the nearest land but 300 miles away !

Three rafts were made and one was hove over the side. As soon as it reached the water, thirty men swarmed down upon it and cut themselves adrift from the ship, fearing that it would be swamped by the mob anxious to get away from the burning vessel. Hoisting a small sail, they floated off before the wind to the eastward, and were never heard of again.

The food being stored in the 'tween-decks, it was impossible to get at it owing to the suffocating smoke ; staving the water tanks deprived the people of water, and soon the passengers began to suffer from hunger and thirst. Before long, some of the emigrants, in their search for food and drink, broke into the cabin, looting trunks and breaking open lockers and desks. Brandy was discovered, and those who secured it became riotous, attacking the officers and the loyal members of the crew. In the fighting that ensued, two guns were taken from the drink-maddened passengers. After tossing the fire-arms over the side, the sailors had to keep them at bay until the effects of the liquor wore off. So desperate did the passengers become that many drank the liquids found in the medicine chest, and a few were poisoned thereby and perished miserably.

On the third day, Captain Hoxie swung the yards and squared the ship away before the wind, steering N. by W. and towing the boats. This course would take the ship away from the Azores. The master may have been impelled to do so in order to keep the fire and smoke from coming aft, as well as with the hope that he would meet up with ships. Nine feet of water swashed about in the hold, but still the smoke belched up from the hatches and poured from the cabin windows.

At night it breezed up, the sea making, and those in the towed boats were having a strenuous time to keep from swamping. As night wore on, the sea became rougher, while the rain came down in torrents. Captain Hoxie, realizing that the people in the heavily-laden boats were threatened with disaster, reduced sail and hove-to. Sail was made again on the Thursday, and this time they headed for the Azores, making about 80 or 90 miles during the day. At night it became rough again, and the *Grimshaw* was hove-to once more.

On Friday, November 16th, the wind died out and the ship swam listlessly in a calm. A sail was sighted in the distance,



and the *Grimshaw* was headed in its direction, but in the light air she could make but little headway. Taking one of the boats, the second mate and five men set out to overtake the strange vessel, and in the afternoon they came up with her and were taken aboard what proved to be the barque *Sarah* of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. When told of what was happening, Captain Cook immediately steered towards the emigrant ship and came abreast of her at 3 p.m.

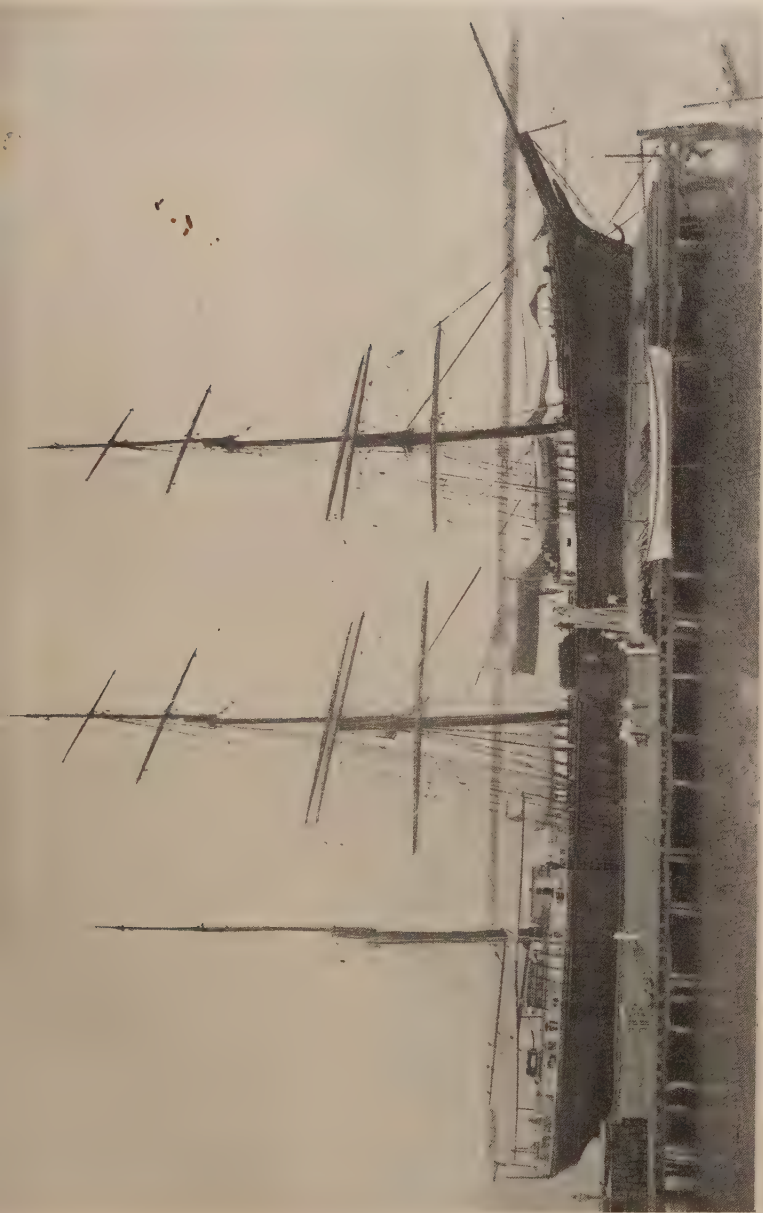
It commenced breezing up with the sunset, and Captain Cook took in topgallant-sails and courses and prepared to stand by the burning emigrant ship. The people in the boats were taken aboard of the *Sarah*, and before he stood clear of the *Caleb Grimshaw*, Cook assured her captain that he would remain close to her all night and take off the rest of the people when the wind and sea moderated. The *Sarah* hoisted a light to her mizzen-crosstrees, and the *Caleb Grimshaw* also displayed lights aloft,<sup>1</sup> while both craft steered for Flores.

The wind increased with the darkness and a rough sea piled up. The *Grimshaw* made bad weather of it, rolling so heavily as to dip her lower stuns'l-booms into the sea. The plight of the wretched emigrants can be better imagined than described, for even the seamen feared that the ship would founder. During the gale, in the early hours of the morning, the *Sarah's* light vanished and despair assailed them, but when the little barque was descried in the glow of the dawn some six or seven miles to the eastward, the sight was hailed with shouts of joy.

The *Sarah* now reduced sail and waited until the packet-ship came up to her. Wind and sea died down, and from the Yarmouth ship came two boats and the task of transferring the passengers began. Throughout the day the ferrying went on, until 163 passengers, mainly women and children, were safely landed on the decks of the Nova Scotia barque. At night it began to breeze up again, and, as the sea made, it was judged best not to attempt any more transfers in the dark. The boats were hoisted up and both vessels jogged on towards Flores.

The next day was Sunday, seven days after the fire was first discovered, and still it was raging in the *Grimshaw's* holds and slowly but surely gaining in spite of the tons of water pumped into her hull. It was a day of terror for those aboard the doomed ship, for the wind blew hard all day and the sea

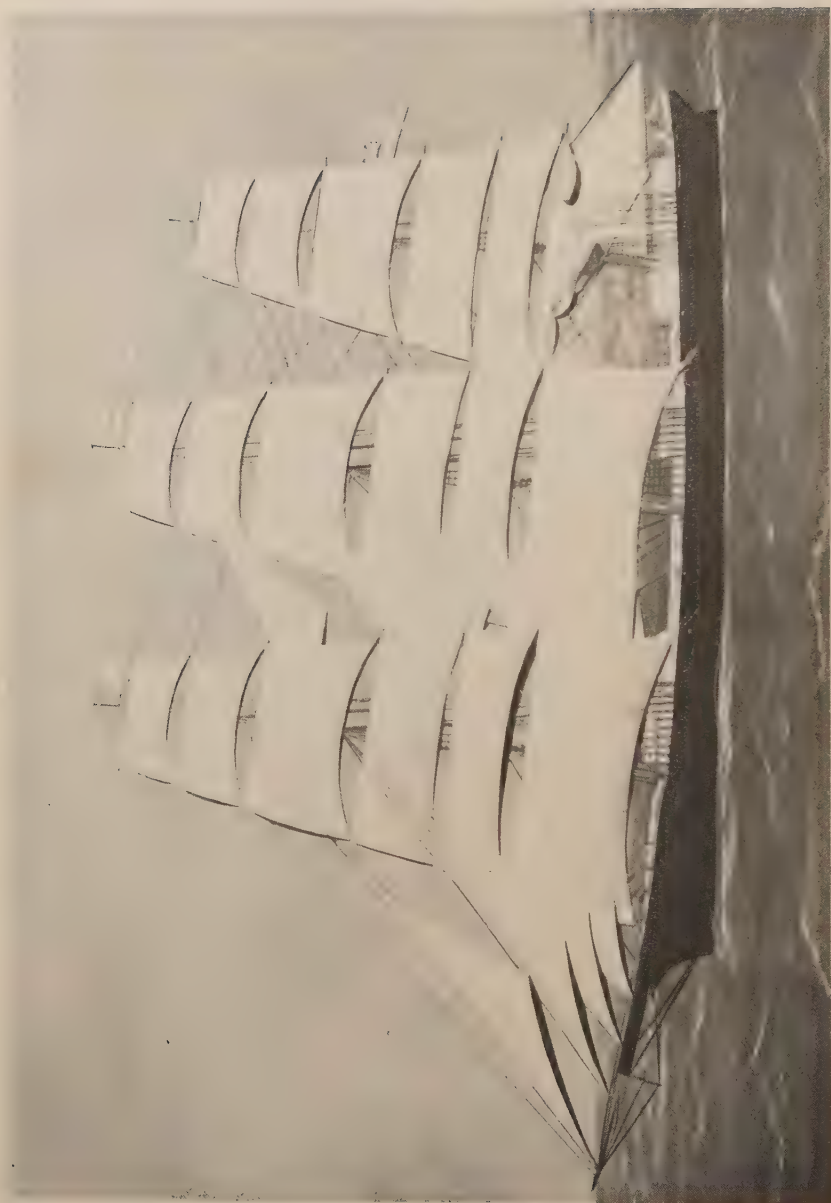
<sup>1</sup> Running lights were not carried in those days. Certain packets carried a lantern under the bowsprit, but when danger of collision was feared, the binnacle-light, or a handy lamp, was exhibited.



Barque "SYLVAN," 1045 tons, of Maitland, N.S.

Built 1879, Maitland, N.S.

(Photo taken at Guayaquil, 1887.)



Ship "SAVONA," 1649 tons, of Maitland, N.S.  
Built 1891, South Maitland, N.S.



was too much for the boats, and no attempts at rescue could be made. By all accounts, Captain Hoxie was not aboard of his own ship; in fact, it would appear that he and his wife were in the launch and among the first to be picked up, and there is no record of his returning and taking charge of his vessel. The outstanding figure in the management of affairs was David Cook.

Monday dawned wild and stormy, and the *Grimshaw* was discovered hove-to about nine miles to leeward of the *Sarah*. Captain Cook bore down and sang out for the *Grimshaw* to follow him. As the *Sarah* passed by, she was greeted by a series of pitiful shouts: "Water! water!" from the passengers huddled on her decks. But Cook could do nothing in the sea then running. No boat could live in it, and the best he could do was to urge those on the *Grimshaw* to get to Flores as quickly as possible. And this applied to himself as well. With over 200 persons aboard the *Sarah* (which would have but sufficient water and stores for a crew of no more than fifteen men for an Atlantic passage of perhaps some 60 days' duration) Cook was forced to ration rescued and rescuers severely.

There were some sailors aboard the *Grimshaw* worthy of the name. Weak through lack of food and water and exhausted with their efforts to manage the vessel, they did what they could to follow the Yarmouth barque. The masts were reeling in their steps with the fire gnawing at the vitals of the ship, and the mainmast swayed several feet from side to side as the vessel rolled. Under fore- and main-topsail, foresail and fore-topmast-staysail, she made slow and wallowing passage in the *Sarah's* wake.

The rough weather continued on Tuesday and it was too boisterous to attempt transferring passengers. But Flores was now within fifty miles, and Captain Cook decided that an effort must be made to get more sail on the *Grimshaw*. Volunteers were called for to board the burning packet and relieve the five men who were attempting to sail her. Seven or eight men, including an officer, volunteered to launch a boat and pull over. This was successfully accomplished, and the exhausted five were brought over to the *Sarah*. They reported that forty persons had died during the last three days for want of water, and that the mainmast was burning at the heel and had settled a foot or more.

The fresh hands set the mainsail, main-topgallant-sail, and mizzen-topsail, and under this canvas the ship made more



headway. Just before noon, Flores island was sighted from aloft about forty miles distant, and all were heartened by the proximity of the land. Throughout the day the two vessels tumbled over the rough sea, working to windward, and by sundown they fetched smoother water in the lee of the island, still many miles off, and the work of rescue began. All night long, boats passed between the *Grimshaw* and the *Sarah*. Weakened by their privations, the women had to be lowered into and hauled out of the boats in slings; the children in bags. At five in the morning the last person was safely landed on the barque's decks. Ere the emigrant ship was abandoned, her hatches were removed; flames burst up, and before long the *Caleb Grimshaw* was afire fore and aft.

On board the little Yarmouth vessel were almost 400 souls, and Flores was still a considerable distance to windward. In the small cabin and forecastle of the *Sarah*, the women and children, as many as possible, were crammed, but the majority of the rescued had to remain on deck exposed to the weather. Luckily the temperature was mild; had it been otherwise, many more would have perished. As it was, two women and six children died on board the *Sarah* and were consigned to the deep.

Though Flores was in sight, it was impossible to make it with the island dead to windward. Captain Cook swung the *Sarah* off and steered for Fayal, 120 miles away, and on Friday, November 23rd, a week since the *Sarah* first sighted the *Caleb Grimshaw*, the barque fetched fifteen miles to leeward of Fayal.

Fifteen miles is an insignificant distance for a steamer, but it can be "so near and yet so far" in the case of a sailing vessel. The N.E. Trades were blowing strong and the *Sarah* was forced to beat all day and all night to make the island. On the Saturday morning the gallant little Nova Scotiaman finally made the harbour of Fayal and let go the anchor.

In fetching some 356 survivors safely to port, one would credit Captain Cook with having done his share. But the end was not yet. First of all, the Portuguese authorities came out and declared that the barque must remain quarantined for five days before a single soul would be allowed ashore. Cook protested at this—pointing out the terrible condition of the people aboard and asking, in humanity's name, that something be done to relieve them. But the port officers were obdurate; shrugged their shoulders, and declared that the quarantine must stand.

The Nova Scotian then appealed to the British and American Consuls. They promised to do what they could, and, in the meantime, they sent out supplies of bread, water and wine. On the following day, Sunday, some of the cabin passengers went aboard the American barque *Clara C. Bell* and took passage for New York.

On Monday, Captain Cook again protested vigorously to the authorities for enforcing five days' quarantine on his vessel and keeping hundreds of half-starved, sick and unnerved men, women and children lying exposed to the weather upon the *Sarah's* decks. His indignant appeal brought some response; he was informed that the quarantine would be lifted next morning, and 100 of the survivors were taken ashore to the lazaretto.

After these passengers were transferred, conditions on the *Sarah* were somewhat improved, but there were still over 200 people aboard of the barque. As the day wore on, it began to breeze up from the S.W. and the appearance of the weather gave Captain Cook a great deal of anxiety, as the harbour of Fayal was exposed to winds from a southerly direction. As the breeze stiffened, he took the precaution of letting go another anchor.

By nightfall it was blowing a hard gale, and the *Sarah*, with three anchors down and all the cable paid out, was rolling and plunging heavily. Captain Cook's fears for the safety of all increased as the wind grew in strength with the coming of night, and, after seeing the people made as comfortable as possible, he remained on deck with Mr. Coward, the mate, taking the bearings of the shore lights and trusting that the ground tackle would hold.

Before long the altered bearings of the landmarks showed that the *Sarah* was dragging her three anchors. Astern of the barque lay a bad lee shore upon which the breakers were bursting in livid white water. One can imagine the thoughts of this gallant Bluenose sailor as he stood peering around and praying that the anchors might hold or the wind might shift ere the barque fetched up on the rocks. After all he had done, Fate would be playing a cruel trick to make an end of things in this fashion. Whatever his thoughts were during those anxious hours, it is safe to assume that he levelled a few uncomplimentary observations at the heads of the Fayal authorities and their stupid quarantine laws for thus imperilling the lives of himself and those on board with him.

At 10 p.m. the best chain cable parted from the anchor, and

the *Sarah* began to drag towards the beach at an alarming rate. Within the next hour and a half the barque dragged 500 yards. The breakers were almost under the stern and the *Sarah* was creeping fast into the jaws of Death. David Cook felt that nothing short of a miracle could save them then, but, without a show of fear in his face, he went down into the cabin and calmly told the women there to get up and dress themselves.

The rocks were now fearfully close and the *Sarah* was almost in the grip of the breakers, when, five minutes after he had emerged from the cabin, Cook was conscious of a sudden shifting in the wind. The vessel responded to the changed direction, and as the gale swung into the west, the foam-sprayed rocks no longer appeared as a menace. The miracle had happened, as it often does in the experiences of sailor-men, and the *Sarah* and her people were safe. And that Divine Providence, or fate, or luck, whatever you will, was with David Cook that night, is evidenced in the fact that, next morning, when weighing anchors for a new mooring, it was found that both flukes of one of the two remaining anchors were broken.

The *Sarah* remained in Fayal for two weeks, during which time arrangements were made to charter her for the purpose of carrying the *Grimshaw's* survivors to New York. Berths were fitted up in the barque's 'tween-deck; she was provisioned and watered, and with 343 passengers she set sail in mid-December and arrived safely in New York harbour on January 15th, 1850, after a passage of 36 days from Fayal.

The *Clara C. Bell* had already landed a few of the *Grimshaw's* survivors and the story of the rescue was known throughout the United States. When the anxiously awaited *Sarah* arrived, New York poured out its enthusiastic heart to Captain Cook and his crew. The people of the city went wild in their desire to acclaim the Nova Scotiamen. Two days after the barque's arrival, the leading merchants of New York met in the Wall Street Exchange to consider ways and means of presenting a suitable testimonial to Captain Cook "for his humanity and noble exertions in saving so many lives at the peril of his own." The great hall was crowded by those anxious to do honour to the hero, and when Cook himself was ushered into the Exchange, "the cheering was most rapturous and protracted, and a scene of enthusiasm followed which was rare indeed in a meeting of New York merchants." Thus reads a contemporary newspaper account, which continues:



Steel four-mast Barque " ANDRINA " of Liverpool in Queenstown Harbour  
after being in collision with a steamer.

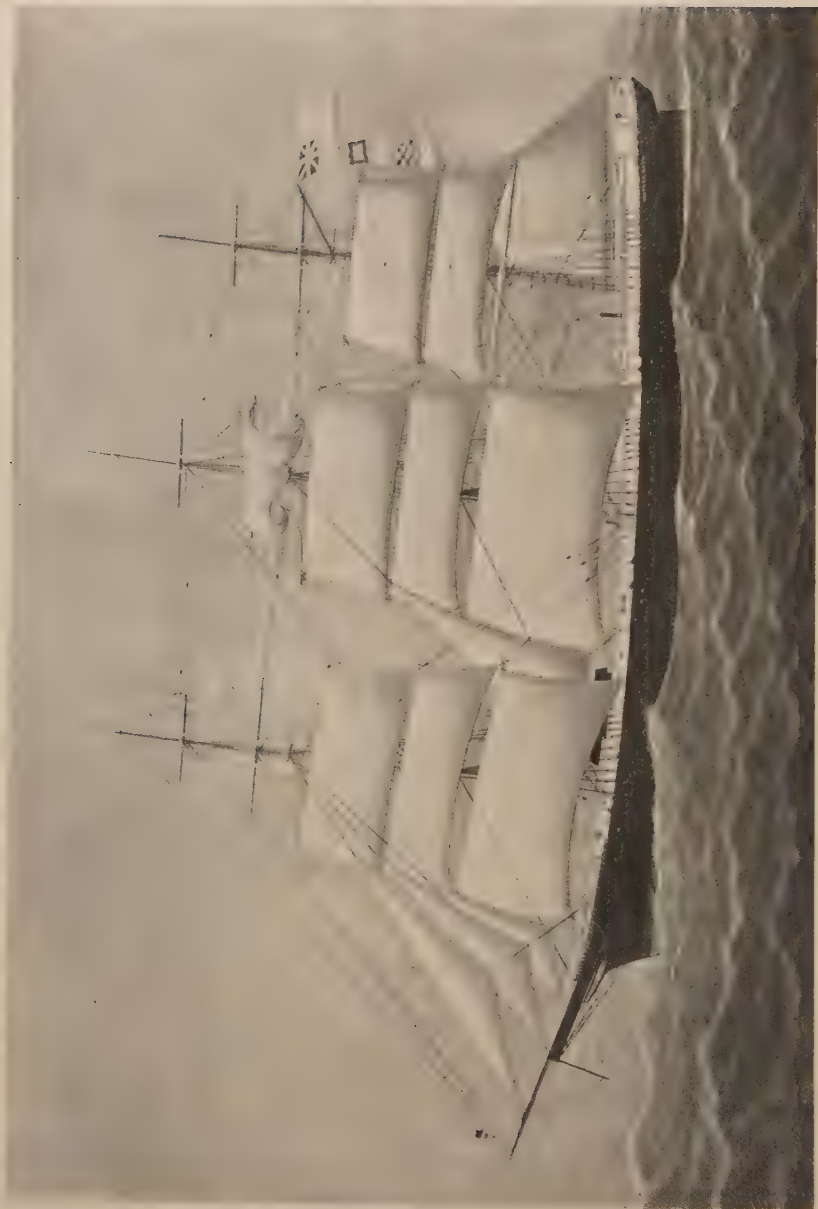
(See p. 246.)



Capt. GEORGE W. STAILING, of Annapolis, N.S.

(See p. 244.)





Ship "ESTHER ROY," 1560 tons, of Maitland, N.S.  
Built 1877, Maitland, N.S.

"Captain Cook, greatly affected, was hardly able to reply through emotion, but made the usual sailor's rejoinder that he had merely done what he considered was his duty."

The honours conferred upon David Cook have already been mentioned, and he fully deserved them. The officers and crew of the *Sarah* were not overlooked by the generous citizens of New York—the mate, Mr. Coward, received a gift of \$750; the second mate, \$400; the carpenter, \$350; each of the A.B.'s, \$125, and the ordinary seamen and boys, \$100 each.

The story of the rescue was a marine sensation at the time and received much prominence in the Press of Great Britain also. In the dignified London *Times*, the master and owners of the *Caleb Grimshaw* were severely criticized, editorially, for failing to provide sufficient life-boats to accommodate all the passengers. The owners, who were Quakers, replied in the quaint diction of their faith, addressing the editors as "Dear Friends," and in their communication they naïvely asked how it would be possible for an emigrant ship to carry enough boats to accommodate all passengers.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, was a small place compared to New York city, but when David Cook arrived in his home town, his fellow-citizens tendered him a public reception and presented him with an address. Coming from people who are characteristically sparing in exhibiting their emotions, this perhaps was the greatest honour of all.

He who had wrested so many lives from the sea was destined to give his own to it. In 1871, while in command of the little barque *Louisa Cook*, owned by himself and another Yarmouth man, disaster overtook the vessel while on a voyage from Shields to Philadelphia, and she was never heard of again after being spoken off the American coast.

### A CLIPPER SCHOONER PASSAGE

While most of the records we have quoted in these pages are of "the lofty square-rigger," yet it may be of interest to set down the run of the sealing schooner *Ida M. Clark*, 99 tons, while she was commanded by Edgar F. Robbins, a Yarmouth master mariner, who learned his trade in the county's square-riggers. The *Clark* was owned in Halifax and had made a sealing voyage in the South Atlantic. Leaving Monte Video in ballast on April 27th, 1912, the little schooner arrived in Halifax 36 days afterwards. Herewith is an abstract of her log:

April 27th, 10 a.m., sailed from Monte Video. May 12th, sighted Rocas Light. May 15th, crossed Equator. June 2nd, 4 p.m., came to anchor in Halifax harbour, 36 days from Monte Video.

On this clipper run the *Ida M. Clark* crossed the Line 18 days after leaving port, and arrived in Halifax 18 days after crossing the Line. The total distance sailed was 5573 miles, which makes an average day's run of 160 miles, and an hourly average of  $6\frac{2}{3}$  miles. In seven consecutive days' sailing in the North Atlantic, the schooner travelled 1623 miles—which is better than most tramp steamers can do to-day. Her best day's run was 252 miles; the lowest was 59 miles. The record sailing passage between Buenos Ayres and Boston was held by the British steel ship *Pass of Balmaha*, which in 1907 made the voyage in 34 days during June and July.

Like the Cooks and Churchills, the Robbins family has given many able masters to the Yarmouth fleet. Captain Albert W. Robbins, a brother to Captain Edgar F. Robbins, was master of the Yarmouth ship *Tollington*, 1062 tons, which was launched on September 12th, 1877, rigged, sent from Yarmouth to Philadelphia, where she discharged 600 tons of ballast and took aboard 61,160 bushels of grain, and arrived in Hull, England, all within the time of 54 days. The passage from Philadelphia to Hull was made in 20 days. Captain Alvin W. Robbins, another member of the family, was master of the Liverpool steel ship *Buccleuch* in 1898, and was in Manila Bay when Admiral Dewey gave battle to the Spanish fleet. After the fight, Captain Robbins was commissioned to carry the American Admiral's despatches to the Spanish authorities ashore.

### THE HAUNTED "JAMES B. DUFFUS"

The barque *James B. Duffus*, 672 tons, was built in Yarmouth in 1864. On her first voyage across the Atlantic, her mate was killed, and ever afterwards the barque had the reputation of being haunted. New crews would declare that they saw a strange man about the decks of the ship, and as a result of these uncanny appearances, the ship's company would become so terrified that they would refuse to sail in her.

In addition to ghostly appearances, the barque was the scene of peculiar happenings on numerous occasions. Dishes would rattle and there would be no accounting for it. Simi-

larly, lights would go out without reason. An instance of the "spooky work" on the *James B. Duffus* is herewith related.

The owner for a time sailed in the barque to look after her business and a Captain Wilson was sailing-master. A Mr. Hunt was mate on the voyage in question. One stormy night in mid-Atlantic, Mr. Hunt turned into his berth at midnight, but awoke in a cold sweat at four bells to find himself lying in the middle of the after-cabin floor. He looked around and found everything quiet. Through the open door of the owner's room, he could see its occupant sitting on the edge of his bed reading the Bible.

Rising to his feet, the mate called to the owner and asked how he came to be where he found himself. The other could give no satisfactory answer—merely mentioning that some queer things had happened aboard the vessel. The mate, however, believed that some of the sailors had played a trick on him, and he asked the owner to fetch the lamp while he investigated.

The two men searched the cabin and found nothing suspicious. They then entered a vacant forward cabin. Just as they reached the far side of the apartment, something struck the wall a terrific blow, while a voice burst into a peal of harsh and mocking laughter. Startled out of his wits, the owner dropped the lamp and fell to the floor, while the mate rushed on deck and asked Captain Wilson if he had heard anything. The captain replied that he had neither heard nor seen anything unusual. Mr. Hunt hurriedly related what had taken place in the cabin. All hands were called, only to find that they were where they ought to be and they knew nothing. The matter was never explained.

I have no record of the barque's final end or if she remained haunted until she passed out.

### THE DRIFT OF THE "FRED B. TAYLOR"

Yarmouth ships were noted for other qualities besides staunchness and the ability to sail well; some of them hold records for drifting after disaster overtook them and they were abandoned at sea. One of these was the barque *Navarch*, 994 tons, which was abandoned near the Azores in December 1892 after losing her spars and being pretty well battered by heavy gales. The *Navarch*, which was loaded with barrelled oil, remained afloat and was reported fourteen times during a



period of 359 days. In the course of that time she had drifted 2175 miles.

But the most unique case of a derelict drift was that of the Yarmouth ship *Fred B. Taylor*, 1798 tons. The *Taylor* was one of the largest and finest of the county ships, and was built at Tusket, N.S., in 1883. She had a somewhat unusual figure-head—a full-length carving of her namesake, a Boston shipping man. Mr. Taylor was portrayed with a silk hat, frock-coat, light pants, spats, a massive watch-chain across his vest, and in one hand he carried a walking-cane. The latter was removable and was only shipped while the vessel was in port.

On June 22nd, 1892, while the ship was bound from Havre to Sandy Hook, in ballast, she was run into by the North German Lloyd steamship *Trave* to the east'ard of Nantucket Shoal Lightship, and so great was the force of the collision that the liner simply sheared clean through the *Taylor*—the two halves of the ship floating by on either side of her.

The mishap occurred in latitude 40° 18' N., longitude 68° 33' W., and following the collision both halves remained afloat and commenced a drift in opposite directions. The bow section of the *Taylor* was afloat for 93 days, by reports, and was last seen off the coast of Virginia, having drifted 340 miles in the interval.

The stern part of the ship drifted to the northward and was afloat for 47 days before it finally went ashore at Wells Beach, near Kennebunk, Maine, and 350 miles from where the collision occurred. As both portions were floating around in the track of shipping, they were reported many times, while the direction taken by the two sections was so unusual that the U.S. Hydrographic Office made a special survey of the drifts. The incident aroused much interest among seafarers at the time.

#### THE "GREAT REPUBLIC" AND THE "LANCING"

It is not generally known that Yarmouth was interested in the famous McKay clipper *Great Republic* and the equally celebrated four-masted iron ship *Lancing*. In the case of the former craft, while she was lying in New York unemployed in 1868, Captain John Smith Hatfield and Loran E. Baker, both of Yarmouth, purchased an interest in the big clipper. Commanded by Captain Hatfield, she proceeded to St. John, N.B., and loaded a cargo of timber and deals. From the New Brunswick port, Captain Hatfield took her across to Liverpool.

She was sold there to a Liverpool firm and re-named *Denmark*. In 1872, she foundered off Bermuda.

The connection with the *Lancing* is more interesting. Without a doubt the *Lancing* was the most remarkable sailing ship of the "iron age." Built on the Clyde in 1866 by Napier, she was originally the French mail steamer *Pereire* and ran on the service between Havre and New York. After some twenty years as a steamer, her engines and boilers were taken out and she was altered into a four-masted full-rigged ship.

Captain George Alfred Hatfield of Yarmouth was primarily responsible for converting her into a windjammer. The work was done at Blyth, England, and the man who did the job was ruined through a strike which occurred at the time.

Captain S. J. Hatfield, a nephew of Captain George, took charge of her for a time after conversion, and in 1890 brought her across from Dundee to New York. In a letter to me, Captain Hatfield states that she sailed very fast under certain conditions. "On the voyage in question," he writes, "we were boarded by a New York pilot off Georges Banks. When he put his foot on the rail—it was dark at the time—he asked if this was the *Frederick Billings*.<sup>1</sup> When I told him it was the *Lancing*, he informed me that he had seen us coming, and though he was looking for steamers, yet he told his mate that he would not let this four-masted ship go past. He had given his despatches to the skipper of the pilot-boat, he said, as the steamer would be at Sandy Hook at least four hours ahead of the ship.

"This was at 4 a.m. At 8 a.m. when he came on deck, he was surprised to see his pilot-boat so far astern that you could just see the top of her masthead. He asked, 'How fast is your vessel going?' I told him that I had no patent log, as a shark had taken it. 'Well,' he said, 'our boat is doing her best fourteen knots.' So one can imagine how fast the *Lancing* was going."

Captain George Hatfield, who was financially interested in the *Lancing*, took over the command, but some two years later the nephew was sent out to Rangoon and brought the ship home to Liverpool. She was flying the British flag then and under the management of A. E. Kinnear & Co., London. Latterly, she was sold to the Norwegians and had a wonderful career under the Norwegian flag. She went to the ship-breakers in 1925 after a life afloat totalling nearly sixty years.

At the time of her conversion, the whole interior arrange-

<sup>1</sup> Maine-built four-mast barque,

ments were taken out and the cabin accommodations of her sailing-ship days were planned by Captain George Hatfield's wife—a Yarmouth lady.

While the *Lancing* voyaged all over the world, yet she was no stranger to the Canadian coasts. For many seasons she loaded deals and spoolwood in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in 1907 I recall seeing her while loading at Matane, Quebec. In 1908, she cleared from Tusket Wedge, Nova Scotia, for Buenos Ayres, with the largest lumber cargo ever taken out of the province by a sailing ship, viz. 2,100,000 superficial feet under deck, and 172,000 superficial feet on deck—in all, 2,272,000 feet.

The splendid clipper passages made by this wonderful old iron ship, her freedom from mishaps, and her long years of steady employment have made the *Lancing* known to shipping men the world over. It is a pleasure to record that her career as a windjammer was due to the efforts of a Yarmouth ship-master.

#### NOTES ON YARMOUTH VESSELS

Elsewhere in this volume and in the previous work, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, we have recorded fast passages by Yarmouth vessels. A quick-stepper of later days was the ship *Celeste Burrill*, 1783 tons, which was built at Little River, N.S., for the Burrills of Yarmouth. In December 1891, the *Celeste Burrill* arrived at Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C., after a passage of 77 days from Rio Janeiro. This was regarded as a record passage between these points.<sup>1</sup>

The *Lillie Soulard*, 997 tons, was another speedy vessel under the right conditions. A Yarmouth man, who sailed in her about 1872 or 1873—her maiden voyage—tells me that she went from Yarmouth to Philadelphia in 6 days; from thence to Antwerp in 22 days. The barque *Mary I. Baker*, 865 tons, was also regarded as a fast sailer.

The little barque *Maggie Hammond*, 522 tons, Captain Willis, left Galveston, Texas, on April 29th, 1869, and arrived in Liverpool on May 25th, a fine passage of 26 days. The *Maggie Hammond* was built at Meteghen, N.S., in 1863, and was owned by Amasa Durkee, Yarmouth.

The ship *Ellen A. Read*, 1750 tons, built at Tusket, N.S., in 1884 for William Law *et al.*, Yarmouth, was one of the loftiest ships afloat in her early years. She was dismasted off the Horn

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 300, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

while bound from Tacoma to Bristol, and was much reduced in height when re-sparred. She was built with a spike boom—a single stick 75 feet long serving as a combined bowsprit and jib-boom.

An unfortunate ship was the *Novara*, 1445 tons, built at Belliveau's Cove in 1880 for W. D. Lovitt and others. At the launching she spread her ways, but was raised and towed to St. John, N.B., where she was rigged. From St. John she sailed in ballast to New York, there loading barrel oil for London. On the passage across she leaked badly and was docked in London, but the leak was not located. On the return voyage to New York, the leak persisted, and she was docked again on arrival but without result. She was eventually taken to St. John and scuttled by John Ruddock on the old Wilson and McLachlan blocks, West St. John. Here the leak was discovered in the stern-post—two treenails having been left out.

She then loaded deals at St. John for England, and there loaded a coal cargo at Newcastle for San Francisco. In March 1882, she developed spontaneous combustion in the cargo and was burned just south of the Equator in the Pacific Ocean. The crew were rescued. A Greenock ship of almost similar tonnage, the *Norval*, with the same kind of cargo, was burned about the same date and in the same locality.<sup>1</sup>

In writing about Bluenose ships, a British shipmaster, Captain S. D. Robinson, tells of lying alongside the Yarmouth barque *Fanny L. Cann* in Newport, Mon., about the year 1889. "A fine noble vessel she was," he says. "She was heavily rigged, and I held the opinion that her complement of hands was none too many. I made good use of her galley, which was, in my estimation, the acme of perfection. Not only the cooking paraphernalia, but the cook and the grub—excellent." The *Fanny L. Cann* was a barque of 732 tons, built in 1878 by Coffin Bros., Clyde River, N.S.

Some particulars of the Yarmouth ship *Rossignol* have been given me by Captain Chas. H. Christian, a retired P.S.N. Co.'s commander. In his early days at sea, Captain Christian sailed in a number of Bluenose craft. "In 1886, I was appointed second mate of the ship *Rossignol*, 1509 tons, Captain Vickery. Her official number was 66666, registered at Yarmouth, N.S. She drew 26 feet, was very short, so carried no topgallant-staysails. Her crew was 20, all told. Captain Vickery and his wife were kind-hearted Nova Scotians and he did his best

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 277, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



to make me a capable officer. I had not reached my twentieth birthday.

"There was a small Seaman's Mission library in the cabin, and one morning, when I was looking at it, Mrs. Vickery said, 'Oh, take so-and-so, Mr. Christian, it is a very good book for boys!'

"The *Rossignol* sailed from Liverpool to St. John, N.B., and on arrival, Captain Vickery left and retired to his farm at Yarmouth. Captain Samuel B. Robbins then took command, bringing with him a new mate—a very nice young fellow who had been having a holiday on his father's farm near Yarmouth. He had been an officer in Lamport and Holt's steamers and intended to return to steam.

"We had a fair passage to Liverpool with an eight-foot deck-load of deals, and the usual pick-up crew of any trade but seamen. The ship leaked a lot, and we had a donkey-engine which was worked during the day and by 6 p.m. the wells would be dry. We pumped by hand at night, and after pumping watch and watch all night, there would be two feet of water in the hold at 6 a.m."

The *Rossignol* was built at Tusket, N.S., in 1872 by D. Surrette in Hatfield's yard, and was originally owned by Benjamin Killam of Yarmouth. G. T. Soley, of Liverpool, owned her in later years.

Captain Denis Lyons relates a number of amusing incidents that occurred during his years in Yarmouth ships. He recalls a time in Liverpool when a number of Bluenose ships were discharging timber in the Canada Dock. About twenty of the young Nova Scotian mates met one day to go up to the city—it was before the days of the Elevated Railway—and they all piled into one of the horse-drawn 'buses. Just as they disembarked, a drove of donkeys passed *en route* to the New Brighton ferry. When the crowd saw them, each man leaped on a donkey and headed for the city. The police could not stop this donkey charge as the mob galloped up the Water Street hill, laughing and yelling, and with the drivers panting after them. At the head of the hill, the donkeys came to a stand, and apparently the fun was paid for, as the donkey-drivers went away satisfied.

Another incident happened while the ship *Stamboul* was laid up for the winter at Gowanus Creek, Brooklyn, New York, in 1879. Young Lyons was watchman on the ship, and as there was quite a lot of thievery along the water-front, he was given a revolver and orders to challenge any strange or suspicious

characters. "Challenge them three times," ordered Captain Seeley, "and if they don't give a satisfactory answer, shoot!"

"Captain Seeley came on board more than once thinking he would catch me asleep," says Captain Lyons, "but I never slept until the Old Man was in his bunk, then I had a nap on the mat outside his cabin door. However, I knew the captain's figure and walk as soon as he appeared at the top of the wharf, and on this particular night, I challenged him as usual, but got no answer. 'Who goes there?' I asked three times, but still he came on along the deck without replying. After giving the necessary challenges, as per orders, I raised the pistol and banged away—but not in the direction of the Old Man.

"'Hold on! hold on!' he yelled. 'Don't you know me?' Of course I knew him, but I affected ignorance and apologized profusely. Captain Seeley did not try me a second time.

"The *Stamboul* laid across the end of the wharf, and a St. John barque laid fore-and-aft alongside the wharf. The watch-keeper on the barque was a coloured man, the cook, and immediately after the shooting, he came running down the wharf yelling 'Thieves!' and told me that one of their shots had broken a plate in his galley. Needless to say, I held my peace, but was very careful in any shooting afterwards.

"Captain Seeley suggested that I get hold of a dog to give the alarm at night if a river-thief sneaked on board. These water-front pillagers were cunning and could get away with a lot of valuable gear almost under your eyes. However, I did not know how I was going to secure a dog and told the captain so. 'Oh, you'll pick one up just as you did the cat,' he replied. This referred to a cat that followed me one evening and which I fetched aboard as a pet for the captain's young son.

"Well, some nights later, about 2 a.m. and bright moonlight, I was keeping watch and saw what appeared to be a flock of black sheep coming down the wharf. At first I fancied I was dreaming, but as they came nearer across the snow, I was amazed to find a horde of dogs, common dogs. They came on to the bottom of the gangway ladder, and the leader stopped for a moment. She was a nice black retriever and had a piece of rope trailing after her, so I called to her. After a while she came up the steps. I patted her, cajoled her towards the large deck-house, and sliding back the door, got her inside and fastened her up.

"Leaving the door open, I went out on deck to watch what would happen, keeping out of sight. Well, first came a poodle, which took a look around and then skipped inside the deck-

house. Following it came a greyhound, next a collie, until at least 75 per cent. of the canines in Brooklyn were sheltered from the cold night in the *Stamboul's* deck-house. When the pack were safely inside, I slipped along silently in my gum-boots and drew the door to.

"Next morning was Sunday, and when the Old Man came on deck at 8 a.m. I told him I had secured a dog. 'Good lad,' said Captain Seeley. 'What kind of a dog did you get?'

" 'Any kind you like, sir,' I said.

" 'What do you mean, you young devil?'

" 'Just what I said, sir,' I replied, and I led the way to the deck-house.

"The captain followed me and I pulled a wad of canvas out of a hole in the window. 'Look in there, sir!' and I stood aside just like a showman exhibiting something.

"The Old Man peered in and began rubbing his eyes; then he squinted inside again at the mob of dogs milling about, and once more rubbed his eyes. Muttering something about things not being right, he turned and called a Captain Whitehouse who had come aboard with him the previous evening. This captain also had a squint, and he too began to look mystified. After I had enjoyed myself, I told what had happened and they both had a good laugh.

"We kept the black retriever, and after baptising her 'Nellie' we took her with us when the *Stamboul* sailed for Scotland. But when we returned to New York again, Nellie left us and we could not find her. However, some time afterwards, a Yarmouth barque, the *Mabel Taylor*, I believe, was berthed alongside of us in New York, and I saw Nellie aboard of her.

"I went on the barque and called her. She came running up to me, and I was taking her back to the *Stamboul* when the captain's wife came along and accused me of stealing her dog. I was somewhat taken aback and replied that it was my dog. 'Very well,' said the lady, 'if the dog will go with you, you can have her.' I tried hard to get the animal to follow me, but it was no use. The lady then asked how long did I have Fanny. I told her. She laughed: 'Well, that is just the time she has been away from us and we have made a voyage to Antwerp since.' Of course I had to give up my claim."

Buried in the terse records of Murray Lawson's Yarmouth Shipping histories, one finds many items of colourful interest. During the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain, we learn that Yarmouth shipowners lost 1 brig of 250 tons, 1 brigantine of 117 tons, and 8 schooners of less than 100

tons each to American privateers. But to balance the scale, we find that during the same period, 1 ship of 300 tons, 1 brig of 173 tons, 1 brigantine of 121 tons, 14 schooners and 5 sloops, all American prizes, were secured by Yarmouth owners. Three of the schooners were between 100 and 150 tons.

Long voyages by small Yarmouth vessels were not uncommon. In 1845, the brig *Alicia Jane*, 157 tons, while bound on a voyage to Australia, struck on Paternoster Rock, Saldanha Bay, S.W. coast of Africa, and became a total wreck.

Then there was the record of the brigantine *M. E. Coipel*, 115 tons. This vessel was launched in 1871 and was burned at sea while on passage between Antigua and Barbados, in June 1894. The brigantine was on her 100th voyage to the West Indies from Yarmouth, and during the twenty-three years of her existence she had never met with a serious accident, nor lost a man. Furthermore, she was still owned by the people that had her built. In contrast to this lucky brigantine, I give the story of the unlucky brigantines named *Scott*.

#### THE UNLUCKY BRIGANTINES "SCOTT"

The brigantine *Scott*, 156 tons, was built in Yarmouth in 1836 for Eben and Amos Scott of that place. James Scott took command of her on her first voyage, which was to the West Indies. While bound home from Kingston, Jamaica, to Yarmouth, and four days out from Kingston, Captain Scott fell ill of yellow fever. Two days later, the mate was attacked by the dread plague. Within a week, both officers died.

The remainder of the crew, two men and a boy, unable to navigate the vessel, stood in towards the Cuban coast. Speaking a slaver, from which they secured a pilot, they took the vessel into Xagua Bay, Cuba. Here they were quarantined for six weeks—ultimately being permitted to depart with a new commander.

They approached the Nova Scotian coast in bitter winter weather, sails and gear sheathed in ice, and while trying to enter Chebogue harbour, the wind shifted and they were compelled to let go the anchor. The wind and sea caused the brigantine to drag her anchors until she stranded on the beach. The crew made their escape from the vessel at low tide.

A few days afterwards, the brigantine was salvaged and taken into Chebogue harbour, surveyed and condemned. Her former owners bought her back and refitted her.

In August 1839, the *Scott*, in command of Jacob Scott, sailed



from St. Stephen, N.B., for Barbados with a cargo of timber. The vessel met heavy weather a month later, losing deckload and being hove-down by a squall. Both masts were cut away and the vessel righted, but a hole was stove in her side by the mainmast and she ultimately filled with water.

For three days the eight members of the crew remained on the hulk without water and only a few pieces of pork, impregnated with coal tar, to eat. They were finally rescued by a French barque and landed at Bermuda.

In 1840 another brigantine *Scott*, 196 tons, was built at Yarmouth for the same owners. In command of Jacob Scott she sailed from Dublin, Ireland, for Yarmouth, in ballast, on February 27th, 1843, and was never afterwards heard of. Ten years later, a small box with a sliding lid and covered with barnacles came ashore not far from Yarmouth. On opening it there was found the log slate of the *Scott*, on which was written the name of the vessel and that of the crew. The boy who found the box had rubbed the writing from one side of the slate, and any particulars regarding the loss of the vessel were thus eradicated.

### YARMOUTH'S IRON AND STEEL SHIPS

When the day of the native-built wooden sailing ship was passing, Yarmouth shipowners invested in iron and steel vessels. The first of these was the iron barque *Bowman B. Law*, 1359 tons, which was built on the Clyde in 1885 for William Law and others. She ran for a number of years under Yarmouth ownership until sold. In 1891, the steel ship *William Law*, 1831 tons, was added to Law's fleet, and the steel barque *Belmont*, 1415 tons, was built for a Yarmouth syndicate.

The *Belmont* remained until late years as Yarmouth's last square-rigger, and under the command of Captain Fred Ladd, for many years, she was a regular voyager in the lumber trade to the River Plate from Nova Scotia and Boston. During the war she profited by the high freights and is said to have made her master and owners a small fortune.

In 1906, the writer saw the *Belmont* in Boston loading lumber for Buenos Ayres. In 1926, twenty years after, I saw her in Savannah with nothing but her lower masts standing and apparently employed as a barge. She has been under the American flag for many years.

In 1892, the steel ship *Lillian L. Robbins*, 1699 tons, was built by Russell, Greenock, for J. Y. Robbins and others, of

Yarmouth. For five years after building, this ship traded between New York and the Orient. Her passages were all slow. In 1897, she was sold and her name changed to *Ancenis*.

The steel barque *Brookside*, 729 tons, and the steel four-mast barquentines *Reform*, 593 tons, *Lakeside*, 786 tons, and *Hillside*, 786 tons, all built abroad, were acquired by W. L. Lovitt and others. After them, no more steel sailers were added to the fleet; by 1900, investments in square-rigged sailers by Yarmouth parties ceased altogether.

Yarmouth's great square-rigged fleet has utterly vanished and her present-day maritime investments are mainly in a few coasters and fishing schooners. The master-mariners who sailed the county's ships to all parts of the world have joined the great majority in the main, although there are a few survivors of the square-rig days to be found in business in the town or upon the farms of Yarmouth and Shelburne counties.

A slight revival of old times occurred in 1919, when the four-mast barquentine *T. H. MacDonald* was launched at Meteghen, N.S. This craft registered 1088 tons, and her length of keel was 176 feet. The barquentine was built as a result of the war-time demand for ships, but no further craft of the type has since been constructed.

Evidences of the prosperity of Yarmouth's shipping era are to be seen in the numerous fine residences on the hill overlooking the harbour. They are great rambling wooden houses of lofty interiors, usually with a tower or cupola on the roof from which the owner could look out past Cape Forchu or across the narrow neck which guards the harbour from the restless Bay of Fundy. Wonderful hedges surround many of these old homes, and the coach-houses and stables of the residences tell of a time when profitable investments in ships permitted the maintenance of a social life comparable to the landed gentry of old England.

In rambling around the Yarmouth of to-day, one who is acquainted with the history of the place cannot repress the wish that the golden age might come again. But *sic transit gloria mundi*!

### THE WINDSOR AND MAITLAND SHIPS

Some of the finest square-riggers ever built in Canada hailed from the registry ports of Windsor and Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia. Windsor, an old college and county town of 4000 inhabitants, is situated at the junction of the Avon and

St. Croix Rivers and is but a few miles from Minas Basin at the head of the Bay of Fundy. Maitland, on the Shubenacadie River, lies some 35 miles to the eastward of Windsor, and is little more than a village. Both places, however, are located in a very beautiful section of Nova Scotia. Being at the head of the Bay of Fundy, their harbours are almost dry at low tide, while at high water there is depth enough in mid-channel to float the largest ships. Twice a day the vessels loading at the wharves will be seen high and dry. While this tidal range had its disadvantages, yet it afforded opportunities to survey a ship's bottom readily and minor repairs could be carried out without dry-docking.

While Windsor and Maitland were the ports of registry, yet many of the vessels hailing from there were built and owned in other Hants and King's County towns and villages. A number of large craft were built at Hantsport, seven miles N.W. of Windsor; while the finest ships of King's County were built at Kingsport on Minas Basin. Other shipbuilding centres in the vicinity were Newport, Walton, Cheverie, Cornwallis, Avondale, Falmouth, Noel and Canning.

Between these "head of the Bay" ports and Yarmouth there was considerable rivalry in the age of square-rigged ships. While none approached the southern Nova Scotia port in the extent of its shipping investment, yet as far as size in individual ships went they exceeded the Yarmouthians. The latter built only one ship exceeding 2000 tons register—the *County of Yarmouth*, 2154 tons, launched in 1884. Maitland, however, launched the largest Canadian square-rigger in 1874 when the ship *W. D. Lawrence*, 2549 tons, was sent afloat. Then again Kingsport, in 1890, built the four-mast barque *King's County*, 2061 tons, and in 1891, the ship *Canada*, 2030 tons. In 1882, Kingsport launched the ship *Kambira*, 1885 tons; in 1884, the *Karoo*, 1938 tons, and the *Harvest Queen*, 1894 tons, in 1887. At Avondale, the ship *J. D. Everett*, 1957 tons, was built in 1889, and Maitland, in 1891, gave us the *Earnscliffe*, 1875 tons. The largest Canadian barque (three-mast) was the *Hamburg*, 1649 tons, built in 1886 at Hantsport. Next to the *County of Yarmouth*, Yarmouth's largest ship was the *Jane Burrill*, 1835 tons. It will thus be evident that King's and Hants counties were ambitious in their shipbuilding ventures.

It may be somewhat difficult for the reader unacquainted with the Atlantic coast of North America to realize that these splendid wooden ships, of great tonnage for the times, were constructed by local workmen in little rural hamlets far removed

from great cities. "Built in the woods up some Nova Scotia creek!" is an expression of derision which old sailors often applied to a Bluenose ship (especially if she leaked over-much), but it appropriately states what was often actually the case. The only cities in Canada where an extensive shipbuilding industry existed were St. John and Quebec, and, in the days when the industry was flourishing, there was nothing about them even to suggest the maritime industrial activities of New York, Boston, the Clyde or the Thames.

Therefore, in perusing these accounts, it is well to bear these facts in mind, and one will adequately realize the enterprise and resourcefulness of the builders and investors and ship-managers who in these Canadian towns and villages built great ships and sent them forth to capture a share of the world's carrying trade. And that they did this successfully, gaining fortunes thereby and building a merchant marine that rivalled the leading maritime nations, besides training a class of master-mariners second to none, is all the more a cause of admiration.

#### EBENEZER COX, KINGSPORT, BUILDER OF WINDSOR'S BIG SHIPS

Some of the largest and finest ships ever built in Canada were designed and constructed by Ebenezer Cox of Kingsport, King's County, Nova Scotia. They were registered in Windsor, N.S., and the ships he sent forth exemplified the highest type of marine construction at a period when the wooden sailing ship was passing away. The *Karoo*, *Earl Burgess*, *Harvest Queen*, *King's County* and *Canada*—the two latter being the largest of the Bluenose fleet after the *W. D. Lawrence*—were the outstanding examples of this shipwright's skill.

Kingsport is a small village on the S.W. shore of Minas Basin, and it was there in 1864 that Mr. Cox entered into a partnership with his brother and Joseph Woodworth to engage in the business of shipbuilding. The first vessel built by him was the schooner *Diadem* for the West India trade. The partnership was dissolved a year or two later and Woodworth and Cox carried on together, building the brig *J. E. Woodworth*, 300 tons, the barque *William*, 850 tons, and the brig *Somerset*, 250 tons.

In 1869, Mr. Woodworth was financed by Charles W. Berteaux of New York. Mr. Berteaux was a ship and insurance



broker and a dealer in the gypsum (plaster rock) which was mined at Windsor and vicinity. Cox designed and superintended the construction of the barque *Nictaux*, 547 tons, for them, and this was the last vessel built in the original yard, as Woodworth then took over the Bigelow yard a short distance away.

The *Nictaux* was launched in 1870 and was commanded during her first five years afloat by Captain J. E. Masters. She was a handsome little flush-decked barque, and I am able to reproduce an excellent painting of her in this volume. The *Nictaux*, while only registering 547 tons, carried 900 tons of steel rails to New York on one voyage. Though built as a carrier, she also combined good sailing qualities, and during the five years' command of Captain Masters in the North Atlantic trade she had an average passage time to the eastward of 19 days, 20 hours, which is an excellent showing. His fastest passage in the *Nictaux* was 17 days from New York to London. The barque was burned to the water's edge at Red Hook, New York, in August 1880. Captain Masters had left her prior to the mishap.

Mr. Woodworth then employed Mr. Cox to design and build a number of small barques and brigs at the new location. In 1873, he built his first large ship, the *Berteaux*, 1022 tons. This vessel was considered as one of the fastest sailers out of the Bay of Fundy, and Captain Masters commanded her for five years after leaving the *Nictaux*. Cox showed his skill in designing this ship by combining carrying capacity with speed. Registered as 1022 tons, the *Berteaux*, at one time, carried 1620 tons of rice from Calcutta to Rouen. In the *Berteaux*, Captain Masters made a passage of 80 days from New York to Valparaiso, and came back from Talcahuano to Antwerp, deep-laden with 1600 tons of grain, in the good time of 72 days. With freight rates at 60s. per ton, and a short passage, it is evident that such voyages were profitable. His fastest passage in the *Berteaux* was 21 days from Limerick to New York. The *Berteaux* was owned by her namesake and was ultimately lost by fire at the guano depot of Browse Island, South Pacific, while commanded by Captain Sprague.

After building fifteen vessels, Mr. Woodworth gave up the business there. The yard was then taken over by Peter R. Crighton, who also retained the services of Mr. Cox. In 1876, the barque *Kingsport*, 951 tons, was launched and sold to a firm in Londonderry, Ireland, who changed her name to *Hiawatha*. Mr. Crighton was anxious that the name of the



Ship "NORWOOD," 1650 tons, of Maitland, N.S.

Built 1891, Maitland, N.S.

(From a painting by a native artist, Hong Kong.)

(See p. 240.)



Barque "STRATHMUIR," 1175 tons, of Maitland, N.S.

Built 1885, Maitland, N.S.

(See pp. 241-2.)



Ship "CITY OF HALIFAX," 853 tons, of Halifax, N.S.  
Built 1869, Pugwash, N.S.

(See p. 255.)



Ship "ELLERSLIE," 1346 tons.  
Built 1872, St. John, N.B.

(See p. 262.)



village be perpetuated, and in 1878 the ship *Kingsport*, 1161 tons, was sent down the ways. The Thompsons of St. John owned this vessel latterly and she was in service for many years.

Beginning with the *Kingsport* in 1877, Crichton and Cox built the "K" fleet of ships and barques for C. Rufus Burgess of Wolfville, N.S. These were barques *Kentigern*, 728 tons, *Kelvin*, 1099 tons, *Kedron*, 1160 tons, *Katahdin*, 1145 tons, and *Kelverdale*, 1191 tons. The last-named was launched in 1881. These barques were carriers rather than sailers, and the Thompsons of St. John operated most of them in the 'nineties.

Crichton's next contract was the big ship *Kambira*, 1885 tons register. Ebenezer Cox designed her and she was launched in October 1882. She had iron lower-masts and was rigged in St. John. The *Kambira* was the first of Kingsport's big ships and she was owned by C. R. Burgess and operated by him for more than twenty years. Mr. Crichton then laid down the keel of the ship *Karoo*, 1938 tons, also for Mr. Burgess, but before she was completed, he died, and Burgess took over the yard himself, engaging Mr. Cox to complete the *Karoo*. The *Karoo* had no reputation as a sailer, but she had a long life and was afloat twenty years afterwards as the Norwegian ship *Atlantic* and made many voyages in the North Atlantic timber trade. I recall seeing her in Quebec some twenty years ago.

We now enter the period, 1885 to 1891, when Nova Scotia built her biggest ships. New Brunswick and Quebec built most of their large vessels in the 'fifties and 'sixties, but none of them ever received the high classification that was accorded the latter-day vessels, viz. fourteen years A1.

In 1885, Burgess and Cox built the ship *Earl Burgess*, 1840 tons. In 1887, they launched the ship *Harvest Queen*, 1894 tons, then, in 1890, the four-mast barque *King's County*, 2061 tons. She was one of the only two four-mast barques to be built in Canada—the *John M. Blaikie*, 1829 tons, built in 1885 across the Basin of Minas at Londonderry, N.S., being the other.

In this volume I am glad to be able to reproduce two photographs of the *King's County* taken while she was crossing Pensacola Bar bound for Buenos Ayres with hard pine lumber. These pictures were taken in 1903 or 1904 when she was commanded by Captain Salter. In 1909, the *King's County* arrived in Halifax, N.S.—the first time in nineteen years that she visited her home province. She was then towed around



to Hantsport for overhaul and repair, and was sent forth once more to sail the seas with cargoes.

In January 1911, she stranded in Havana harbour, but was hauled off and proceeded on a voyage to Monte Video. Off the Brazilian coast she lost her mizzen-mast and put into Rio to refit. Being unable to secure the necessary spars and yards there (I expect the cost was too great), her master rigged the mizzen up in fore-and-aft fashion, and she proceeded on her voyage square-rigged on the fore and main and fore-and-aft rigged on the mizzen and jigger. Under this odd rig, the big ship eventually fetched the mouth of the Plate only to get ashore on the English Bank. When she was hauled off, her back was broken and she was towed to Monte Video, where her cargo was discharged and the vessel sold for junk. Up until a few years ago the timbers of the old ship could be seen in Monte Video Bay.

In 1891, Burgess and Cox built the three-masted skysail-yard ship *Canada*, 2030 tons, accounted by many to be Nova Scotia's finest square-rigger. She was a big carrier—3600 tons of coal being one of her cargoes—but she was also a good vessel to sail. In command of Captain Munro she made a passage from Rio to Sydney, N.S.W., in 54 days, leaving on December 29th, 1894, and arriving on February 22nd, 1895. Homeward to Liverpool, she left Sydney on April 4th, and arrived on July 1st—a passage of 86 days.

The *Canada* also had her run of bad luck. In September 1899, she left Norfolk, Va., with a cargo of coal for Manila, and while off the Australian coast, lost her mizzen-mast in a cyclone and managed to make Melbourne on Christmas Eve. While she was refitting at Melbourne, her coal cargo caught fire by spontaneous combustion. All efforts to stamp out the fire were fruitless and the whole cargo had to be discharged and re-stowed.

On May 23rd, 1900, she proceeded on her voyage to Manila, and had a rough dusting while crossing the Australian Bight. Off Cape Leeuwin, the jib-boom carried away and several sails were lost. A few days afterwards she was almost totally dismasted and Captain Taylor, the mate and three men were injured by falling spars. The master was for continuing the voyage under jury-rig, but the men came aft and demanded that the ship be taken to the nearest port. The *Canada* was then in 33° 38' S. lat., 111° 7' E. long., and Fremantle was 240 miles away. It was decided to make for this port, and under fore-lower-topsail, foresail and lower-mizzen-topsail, the

crippled *Canada* fetched a point about 40 miles north of Fremantle. Here the steamship *Kolya* picked her up and towed her to an anchor in Gage Roads.

The *Canada* was built rather late in the day for wooden ships and could not compete with the big carrying steel sailers then dominating the long-voyage trades. As an example of latter-day Nova Scotia shipbuilding, she was a splendid specimen, with lofty spars and a great spread of sail. She was not a money-maker, and in 1912 or thereabouts the *Canada* was cut down into a barge to freight plaster rock behind a tug between Windsor, N.S., and the mills at Staten Island, New York.<sup>1</sup>

For over ten years she was engaged in this lowly trade, until 1925, when, having become leaky and rotten, she was condemned and cast out to be burnt on the beach at Portland, Maine, for the metal in her frame.

Canadian wooden shipbuilding reached its latter-day apex in the *Canada*. The few ships that were built after her were smaller in size and tonnage. She was also Cox's last big craft. In 1892, he built the barquentine *Golden Rod*, 632 tons, for Mr. Burgess, and in 1893, another barquentine of 638 tons, the *Skoda*. These were the last vessels built at Kingsport and the last of the thirty ships, barques, barquentines, brigs and schooners designed and superintended by Ebenezer Cox. Thirty vessels aggregating almost 30,000 tons in thirty years was this man's contribution to the Nova Scotia fleet. To have turned out so many splendid ships in a little spot tucked away in an elbow of the Bay of Fundy is certainly a matter that calls for historical record in this volume. I am glad to be able to set down these things, giving Cox, Burgess, Crighton and Woodworth the honour that is their due. Mr. Cox passed away in 1916 at the good old age of ninety-five years.

#### NOTES ON WINDSOR SHIPS AND SHIPMASTERS

The Churchills of Hantsport built a goodly number of Windsor's finest ships, and the firm of Ezra Churchill and Sons operated a large fleet for many years. In 1863, Robert Fuller at Hantsport built them the ship *Marlborough*, 1383 tons—a large craft for the time. In 1877, she loaded 12,000 barrels of petroleum at Baltimore for Europe, and this was commented upon as being the largest cargo ever taken from America in those days by a ship of her tonnage.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 316, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

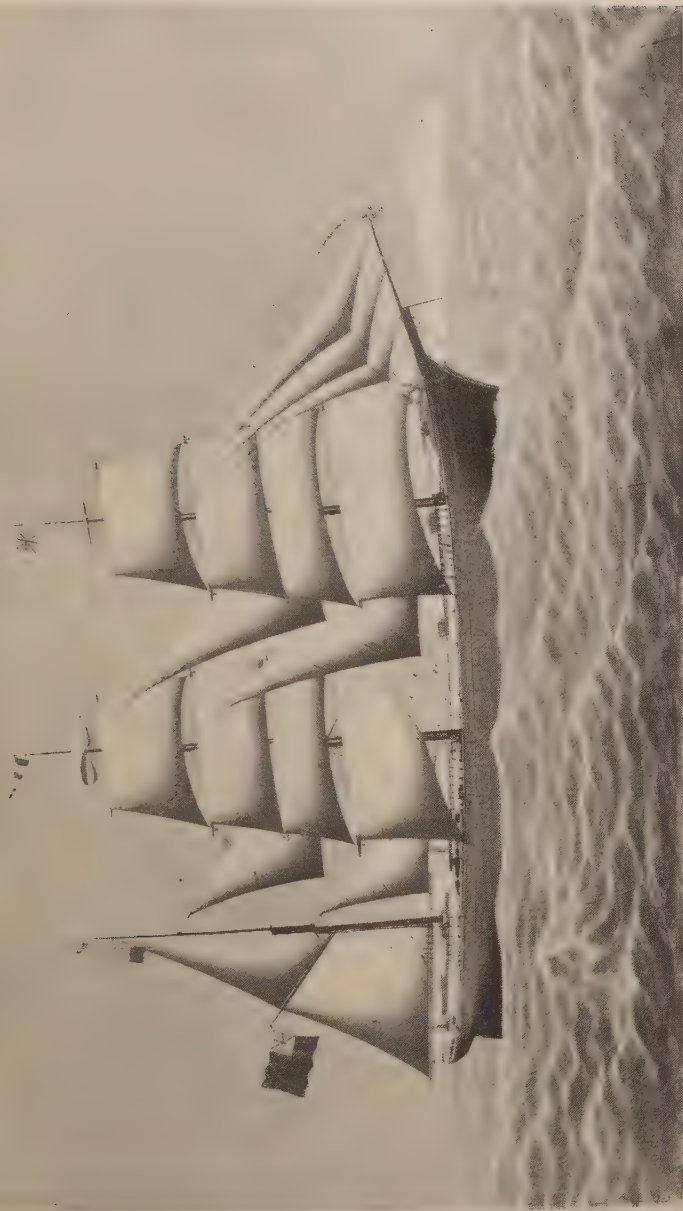
In the early 'nineties, the *Marlborough* left St. John, N.B., on St. Patrick's Day with a cargo of timber for England. Captain Cochran was in command of the ship and George H. Masters was mate. On the 16th day out from port, the *Marlborough* encountered a violent storm which raged for twenty-four hours. During that period the canvas was stripped from the yards and the ship was hove on her beam-ends. To right her, the fore- and main-masts were cut away, and as they went by the board, the mizzen went also. Heavy seas made a complete breach over the ship, and the deck-load broke adrift and went over the side, tearing away bulwarks and stanchions. Before long, the ship was a hulk, full of water and with decks and sides burst with the swelling of the cargo.

The ship had three life-boats. One of these was an old one which had been condemned at St. John as worthless, but ere leaving port, a new one had been shipped in its place. The other life-boat went over the side and was lost; the new life-boat was so badly damaged as to be useless, so all hands, seventeen men, prepared to abandon the ship in the old boat after they had put in two terrible days on the waterlogged hulk.

Water-tight tanks from the new boat were placed in the crazy old quarter-boat and she was cobbled up to carry the crowd. The *Marlborough* began to go to pieces, and Captain Cochran felt that the time had come to abandon ship. Water and provisions were thereupon stowed in the boat, and at 8 p.m. on April 5th—the ship showing signs of going under then—they prepared to leave her.

Just as they were getting the boat over, a big comber broke aboard and swept it into the sea. The men hung on to it as it went over the rail, and when they got righted up they found that all the provisions and fresh water, save two hams, were washed away and lost. The seventeen men in the little old boat were up to their waist in icy water, and were it not for the water-tight tanks that had been placed in her, the boat would not have remained afloat.

As they wallowed about in the wreckage to leeward of the hulk, another sea swept the forward deck-house off the vessel, and it floated close to the swamped boat. Two of the sailors thought that the deck-house afforded more chance for safety than an overcrowded life-boat which was awash to the gunnels, so they scrambled across the floating timber and clambered upon it. In the darkness they drifted away and were never seen afterwards.



Barque "SNOW QUEEN," 984 tons, of Maitland, N.S.

Built 1872, Maitland, N.S.

(See pp. 239, 241, 269.)





Barque "R. Morrow," 1156 tons, of Maitland, N.S.  
Built 1884, Maitland, N.S.



The after deck-house also broke adrift and ten of the crew determined to try their chances on it. Captain Cochran pleaded with them to remain with him, but his advice was disregarded and the ten men left the boat and took refuge on the house. Before long it drifted away and got smashed up and all the men on it perished.

Captain Cochran and four men remained in the boat and floated about, waist-deep in water, for five days. Benumbed with cold, and without food and water, their sufferings can be imagined. The captain was the first to die of exhaustion and his body was cast overboard. The second mate and a seaman were the next to succumb. The two survivors, Mr. Masters, the mate, and James Fannon, a seaman, hung grimly on to life. Seven steamers were sighted, but the two men were too weak to attract attention, and an eighth steamer passed only two miles away.

Just when all hope of rescue seemed gone, the two men found a large steamer bearing down upon them. She proved to be the North German Lloyd liner *Saale* bound for New York. Captain Blanks of the liner brought the two survivors safely aboard and afforded them that kindly treatment that sailors of all nationalities proffer to their brothers in distress. The condition of Masters and Fannon was pitiable after enduring five days of hunger and thirst immersed waist-deep in chilly water, and the passengers and crew of the *Saale* subscribed a fund of \$500 to give them. Four days afterwards, the liner docked in New York and the two rescued men were taken to a hospital, where, I believe, they afterwards recovered from their experience.

A large part of Canadian shipping history deals with accounts of shipwreck and disaster, and Canadian seamen appear to have experienced over-much of the sea's hazards. But seafaring in wooden sailing ships was never free from peril. Wooden hulls have their limitations, and soft-wood ships became somewhat tender structurally after fifteen years or so of service. And when this happened, the North American timber trade was about the only business in which such craft could find profitable employment. This meant voyaging across the North Atlantic—a miserable and tempestuous sheet of water at most times and especially so in winter—and in this trade many Canadian windjammers came to their end. Thus, Canadian masters and mates endured more than their share of hard experiences. Among seamen of other countries it gave them a reputation for daring and hardihood, and one would often hear it remarked that “only a Bluenose and a Norwegian

would attempt to sail these crazy, leaky old wooden ships across the Atlantic in winter-time."

There were peculiar hazards in the West Indian trade also, and I cite the case of the Windsor brigantine *Florence May*—a vessel of 213 tons. In May 1881, while bound from New York to Surinam, commanded by Captain James Cochran, the vessel was struck by a waterspout in lat. 35° N., long. 65° W., and was so badly damaged by the encounter that she sprang a leak and had to be abandoned.

In covering a subject so wide in its scope and culling material from so many varied sources, my notes on certain local phases are necessarily scrappy. As remarked before, a volume could be written upon the shipping activities centring around almost all of the ports of registry. The shipping era of Windsor and vicinity offers a rare field for the historian, and as the old town is the seat of King's College, I would suggest that the subject be taken up by the faculty and a comprehensive record set down.

Departing now from disaster to something lighter, I quote a story of happenings on a Windsor barque—the account of which appeared in the Liverpool (Eng.) *Weekly Post* of April 1925. Vessel and master are not named, and the narrator may have exaggerated a bit, but it is worth telling.

"The captain of this Windsor barque made it his boast that during twenty years of command he had never carried a certificated officer, and for two reasons—first, they were no darned sailors, and second, he did not believe in white-collared gentry aboard his ship. But being chartered by a respectable firm, he was compelled (if only for insurance purposes) to carry two certificated mates.

"We sailed, Liverpool to Mauritius, with general cargo. At the latter port the second mate was paid off. Thence to Adelaide with sugar, where the chief officer was left in hospital. This was just what Old B. wanted. The boatswain was promoted to chief mate, and I was made boatswain in charge of the starboard watch. 'Down east' methods generally were introduced, afternoon watch below abolished, knuckledusters served out to officers, etc.

"We left Adelaide for Brisbane in ballast, and on the way up ran into the worst southerly buster it has ever been my lot to encounter. All sail was on the ship. Luckily it was the old suit, but, with the liberal use of the sheath knife, everything went, and the ship righted herself. About 11 p.m., and after we got the ship away before the gale, all hands were set

to bending sails. No one objected to the bending of storm sails, such as topsails, foresail, etc., but when the order was passed along to go on bending kites, staysails, etc., the men refused to obey orders, and it looked as if there was going to be trouble. But when Captain B. came along with a revolver in one hand and a belaying-pin in the other, and ordered the officers to put their knuckledusters on—well, the crew thought better of it, and gave in. About 4 a.m., in pitch darkness, the flying jib was hauled out on the jib-boom in a bunch and bent.

“Whether inadvertently or not was never found out, but it was bent on upside down, and as it was furled at once, the mistake was not discovered until after arrival in port. On arrival at Brisbane the agent told Captain B. that, as the ship was going to London with wool, he must have at least one certificated officer.

“As Captain B.’s intention was to sail the ship home in ‘down east’ style, this was bad news, but his wrath knew no bounds when, a few days later, a letter came from the agent to say that a Mr. N. had been engaged as chief officer, that he had good references from his last employ, a steamship line, and that he held an extra certificate. This was the last straw for poor Captain B. He guessed that ‘it was pretty hard lines to have a know-nothing steamship johnny, all collars and certificates, shoved on board my ship,’ but then again he guessed that ‘he could handle him, and within a week, as like as not, he would find himself in the fore-castle disgrated.’

“Two days afterwards I noticed a well-dressed young man, with a decidedly nautical cut, standing on the wharf, and surveying the barque with a critical air. The day was warm, and orders had been given that all sails had to be shaken out and hoisted up to dry, preparatory to being unbent. After seeing this job through, I went on the wharf, and asked the stranger if he was by any chance Mr. N. He replied that he was. I took him on board and introduced him to Captain B. The captain did not offer to shake hands, but looking hard at the new mate, said, ‘Waal, I don’t want you, but I guess if the agent says you’ve got to come, you’ve got to come. But remember, this is a Bluenose and run shipshape and “down east” fashion, not a ruddy ropeyarn out of place. If you think you can run the job—waal, take it; but’—he finished with a roar—‘I’ll have no hoodlums here.’

“Quite unperturbed, the other said, ‘Well, captain, when I came on the wharf I was undecided whether to take this berth



or not. Now I'm hanged if I don't. But, sir,' he went on, 'did you say just now that this ship was run Bristol fashion?'

" 'No!' bawled the captain. "'Down east'" fashion.'

" 'I am glad of that,' said Mr. N. 'You see, I happen to be a Bristol man myself, and your flying jib must be bent "down east" fashion, for it is upside down on the stay!'

"Complete collapse of Captain B. then, and for the rest of the voyage."

It is undoubtedly a fact that many Canadian shipmasters had but a rudimentary education. All of them were intensely practical and skilled in ship-carpentry, sail-making, spar-making and rigging. A good many, especially if they had an interest in the ship, thought nothing of turning-to with the hands and effecting repairs. But they managed to get around the world, and the generally good reputation for quick passages made by them testifies to their seamanship and to the accuracy of their navigation, elementary though it may have been.

A member of a Liverpool shipowning firm told me of a New Brunswick captain with whom he was interested in the ownership of several Bluenose ships. "Captain R. could just put his name on a Bill of Lading and sign articles, but for all that, he was an able and successful shipmaster," he remarked. On the other hand, the number who, when Canadian shipping passed away, took command of large British and American sailing ships and steamers proves that all were not as crude as they were made out to be. In this, as in the brutality yarns, the flagrant exceptions have over-coloured the whole. And the letters which I have from retired Canadian shipmasters emphatically disprove the charges of ignorance and boorishness, for many are couched in language and descriptiveness as pure and as comprehensive as that of a Professor of English.

One of the most popular pilots in the British Empire was Captain J. L. Sweet, who for many years was in charge of the pilot station at Sydney Heads, Australia. Captain Sweet was born and educated near Windsor, and went to sea in Hants County ships when fourteen years old. After going through all the grades from seaman to master, Captain Sweet joined the Australian Pilot Service at Newcastle in 1901. In 1902 he was transferred to Sydney and ultimately became officer in charge. While in the pilot service at Sydney Heads, he accomplished many rescues of ships and crews and acquired fame for his skill and courage. When he passed away at his residence, "Windsor," Watson's Bay, Sydney, aged sixty years, the funeral was attended by hundreds, and the trophies and

gifts which he acquired were left to fishing and sailing clubs in Sydney.

One of Windsor's biggest ships was the *J. D. Everett*, a vessel of 1957 tons register, which was built in 1889 at Avondale, N.S., by Thos. Mosher. When she was launched, they let go both anchors as she left the ways, but as the chains were not fastened, every link followed the anchors, "and she kept up that streak of bad luck ever since," remarks one who witnessed the launch. In November 1893, the *J. D. Everett* sailed from Calcutta with 13,388 bales of jute weighing 2678 tons, in addition to 120 tons of stone ballast. This was regarded as being a big cargo. The *Everett* was owned in Windsor for many years, but did nothing noteworthy as a sailer.

The ship *Theodore H. Rand*, 1193 tons, built in 1878 by the Eatons at Three Sisters, N.S., and registered at Windsor, is credited with a passage of 44 days from Cape Town to Barry. The Windsor barquentine *Persia*, 578 tons, built at Hantsport in 1886 and owned by the Churchills, left Pernambuco on the morning of November 10th, 1889, and arrived off Sandy Hook on the evening of the 29th, making the run in 19½ days. The ship *Regent*, 1260 tons, built at Avondale by Harvie in 1878, was owned by Andrew Gibson, Liverpool. On November 26th, 1896, the *Regent* left the Mersey for Calcutta in company with the big steel four-mast barque *Holt Hill*. Both ships parted company after clearing the Channel and did not sight each other until they arrived at Calcutta together after a slow passage of 143 days. The old wooden ship held her own at any rate.

The Windsor barque *Alice Cooper*, 854 tons, built there by Dimock in 1872, left Miramichi with lumber on October 7th, 1877, and arrived at Liverpool on October 25th, a run of 18 days. The Windsor ship *Flora P. Stafford*, 1352 tons, built in 1880 at Blomidon, and commanded by Captain Smith, on her first voyage left Portland, Me., on November 30th and arrived at London on December 23rd, 1880—a passage of 23 days. The schooner *Southern Home*, 201 tons, of Windsor, N.S., in 1877, made two voyages from New York to Pernambuco and return in the respective time of 70 days. The Windsor barque *Lynnwood*, 1149 tons, built in St. John, N.B., in 1880, left New York, September 18th, 1891, for Havre, and arrived back on November 22nd, making the round voyage in 65 days. The barquentine *Canning*, 657 tons, built at Canning, N.S., in 1874 and owned by Palmer, Windsor, had a reputation for fast passages across the Atlantic. Under Captain C. H. McLeod,

the *Canning* arrived at Queenstown from Halifax on July 9th, 1879, making the passage in the record time of 14 days.

In 1879, Captain Dunbar of the Windsor ship *Hannah Morris* was presented with a gold watch from the Austro-Hungarian Government for his services in rescuing the crew of an Austrian ship.

In the following year, September 1880, the *Hannah Morris* left Liverpool for Philadelphia with a cargo of iron and soda. The master carried his wife and two children as well as a female stewardess. About eight days after leaving port, the ship met heavy weather, during which the iron rails below started from their dunnage and began to knock about in the holds. However, with her cargo adrift, her bulwarks gone, galley and stove broken up, the *Hannah Morris* was kept heading for the American coast. Gale after gale buffeted her; weeks passed with but small progress, and the food supply ran so low that her company lived for days on the verge of starvation. Time after time the crew were for abandoning the ship when other craft hove in sight, but the *Hannah's* master would borrow some provisions and continue on his way. Eventually, after a delirious passage of 126 days from Liverpool, the ship arrived safely in the Delaware. A hard experience for women and children surely!

When wooden ships began to peter out as a paying proposition, Windsor shipowners, like Yarmouth, Pictou and St. John, went in for iron and steel sailers. The first one, I believe, was the iron ship *Eskasoni*, 1715 tons, built at Stockton, England, in 1886. In 1891, the fine steel four-mast barques *Oweenee*, 2334 tons, and *Muskoka*, 2259 tons, were also built at Stockton for Windsor owners, and all three vessels were registered at Windsor.

The *Oweenee*, shortly after she was built, made a fine run of 66 days from Prawle Point to Port Pirrie, South Australia. The *Oweenee* carried three skysail yards and was a splendid vessel. The *Muskoka* was commanded for some years by Captain Albert Crowe of Maitland. All these ships were afloat in 1916. The *Oweenee* was then owned in London; the *Eskasoni* was under the Norwegian flag as the *Protector*, while the *Muskoka* was the French barque *Caroline*. They have probably been broken up or lost by now.

## SHIPS AND SHIPMASTERS OF MAITLAND

It was at Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia, that the ship *W. D. Lawrence* was built in 1874. The *Lawrence* was 2459 tons register and the largest square-rigger ever built in Canada. The building of this great ship would have been enough in itself to have placed Maitland on the roll of marine honours, but from the little village on the Shubenacadie River there came a splendid fleet of fine wooden windjammers, and the record of Maitland's shipping would make an interesting volume. In this work I can only touch upon phases and incidents culled from here and there.

Shipbuilding at Maitland begins pretty far back and consisted mainly of schooners and brigs in the early years. In 1859, Wm. D. Lawrence built a barque, the *Persia*, 441 tons, which he operated himself to good advantage.<sup>1</sup> In 1867 he built the ship *Pegasus*, 1120 tons, which was a good-sized vessel for those days. She gave her owner splendid returns on his investment, clearing \$82,716 in four years.

Mr. Lawrence was born in Ireland and came to Maitland when a boy with his parents. Beginning in a modest way building and operating little foreign-going vessels, Lawrence soon became one of the most progressive of Nova Scotia shipbuilders and owners.

Lockhart Lawrence, a brother, was foreman builder in the Lawrence shipyard. Captain W. D. Lawrence, Jr., the eldest son of the shipowner, commanded the *W. D. Lawrence* for a time and was one of the best known of the Maitland shipmasters. Another son, Captain Thomas Lawrence, also commanded Maitland ships. Captain James Ellis, a son-in-law of Mr. Lawrence, sailed the *Pegasus*, the *W. D. Lawrence* and other vessels of the Lawrence fleet.

A mate of the *W. D. Lawrence* on a voyage from Liverpool to Calcutta and thence to Boston was Captain A. W. Masters. This gentleman, afterwards master of St. John ships, eventually retired from the sea and went into the insurance business—becoming manager in the United States of the London Guarantee and Accident Company. He was one of the “iron men,” and when he died he had a splendid record in his land occupation. Ten years after his death, at a convention of insurance officials, they drank a silent toast to his memory.

<sup>1</sup> See also p. 87, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



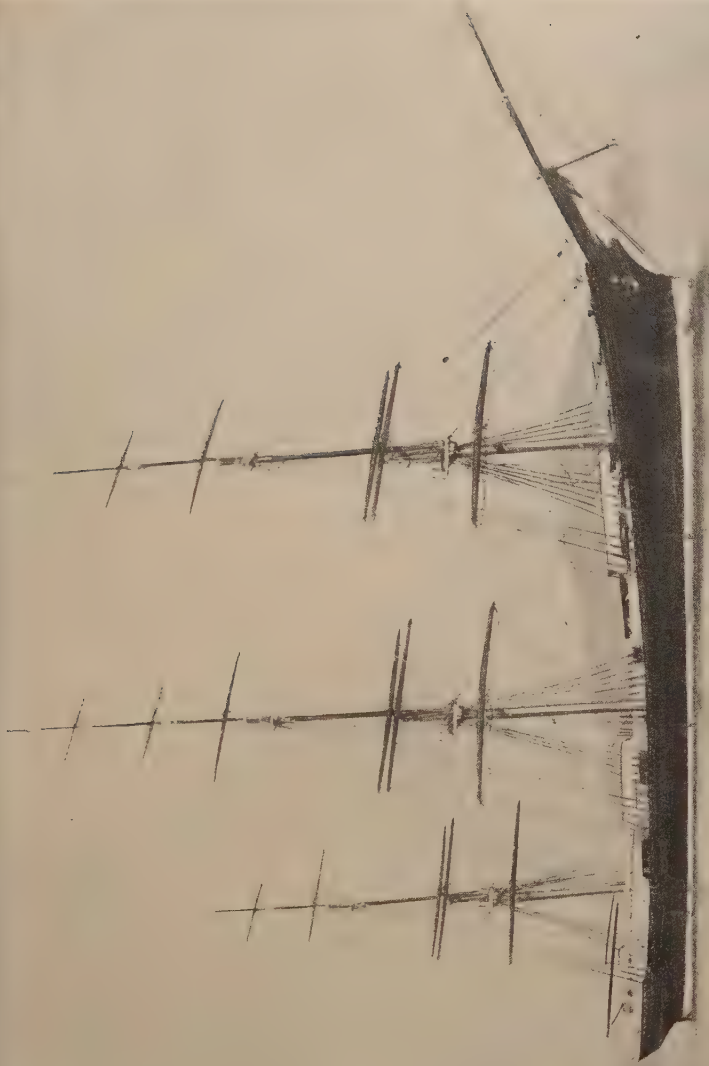
This ability to adapt to commercial and business spheres the qualities that brought them to the fore at sea is particularly noticeable in the lives of numerous Bluenose shipmasters. Many took up shore occupations and prospered, and I know of at least two Nova Scotian square-rig skippers who became mayors of their respective towns—Captain Ern Kinney of Yarmouth and Captain Stewart T. Salter of Parrsboro.

Captain W. D. Lawrence, Jr., not only commanded the largest ship built in Canada, but after the *W. D. Lawrence* was sold to the Norwegians, he sailed the largest barquentine built in Maitland, the *Linnet*, 928 tons, launched in 1884. When the senior Lawrence died, Captain Thomas Lawrence built the barquentine *White Wings*, 510 tons, at Maitland in 1889. She was a fine vessel but never made any money. She was ultimately disposed of to Brazilian owners and was afloat as the *Tijuca* in 1905.

In the days of shipbuilding at Maitland there were three block-makers constantly employed and three blacksmiths who made the iron-work for the ships, in addition to sail-makers, spar-makers, riggers and caulkers. In many cases the ships built in Maitland were completely rigged on the stocks and launched with sails bent and all ready for sea. An instance of this is cited in the case of the big 1500-ton ship *Senator*, built at Joseph Monteith's yard in 1878 for Jeremiah Northrup, Halifax. The *Senator* was finished and all ready for launching on a high tide at midnight. A tug had been ordered to tow the ship down the Bay, but when the launching hour came, there was no sign of the tug. Instead of postponing the launch, the *Senator* was set afloat with master and crew aboard. It was moonlight and a fair wind was blowing, and as soon as she took the water, the sails were set and away she went—making a splendid sight with the sheen of the full moon on her white cotton canvas. The *Senator* was afterwards owned by Thos. Shute, Liverpool, and was sailing in 1903.

Joseph Monteith built many of Maitland's finest ships, but none of them had the round stern typical of the B.N.A. craft. In 1891 he built the ship *Earnscliffe*, 1875 tons, considered by many to be the finest of all the Maitland vessels. A three skysail-yarder and with a great sheer, she was a handsome ship and was Maitland's contribution to the large vessels of the last days of Bluenose square-rig.

Captain Howard McKenzie, a brother-in-law of the builder, took command of her, and Eldridge Densmore was mate. The



Ship "PRINCE LUCIEN," 1549 tons, of St. John, N.B.  
Built 1877, St. John, N.B.



BLUENOSE SHIPMASTERS MEET IN AUSTRALIA.

This photograph, taken in Newcastle, N.S.W., commemorates the meeting of five Nova Scotian shipmasters. Standing at the left is Capt. Varne Doby, of Yarmouth, N.S. Standing at the right is Capt. O. H. Hemmerson, of Halifax. Seated at the left is Capt. Everett Mu-Dougall, of Matland, N.S. Seated in the centre is Capt. Henry Nickerson, of Shelburne, N.S. Next is Capt. Crosby, of Yarmouth, N.S.

ship went to Liverpool on her first voyage and loaded coal there for San Diego, Cal. A lurid account of happenings on this voyage was published in the *Liverpool Courier* in May 1925, and purports to be the tale of one of the foremast hands. A condensed summary of this story is appended herewith.

"Years ago I shipped in a three-skysail-yard wooden ship called the *Earnscliffe*, of Maitland, carrying 3000 tons of coal from Birkenhead to San Diego. The ship had three new iron lower masts put in at Birkenhead, and we lay four days at anchor in the Mersey, setting up shrouds, splicing new yardarm pennants, shortening topping lifts—a month's work in four days. Well, we started on what was six months' hell. The second mate scented the trouble, and said to me, 'I'm going to get out of this packet somehow,' and he did. I was at the wheel towing down when he slipped on deck, and said he had fractured his arm.

"This was just when the pilot boat came alongside, and when he was getting over the rail to get into the boat he must have forgotten himself, as he lifted his valise with his 'broken' arm. When he got into the boat he lifted both arms and shouted, 'Good-bye!'

"The bos'un, a Liverpool man, was made second mate, and I met him a few years ago going round Liverpool with a piano-organ. He told me he had been struck blind by lightning while crossing the Line in another ship.

"We had sixteen hands in the fo'c'sle, and two boys in the half-deck. We were a mixture of nationalities—one Russian, one Finn, one Frenchman, two Norwegians, three Germans, two Swedes, three Danes, one Irishman, and two English.

"Well, things began to hum as soon as we let go the tug. The mate, who was a man of about 200 lbs. weight, and no superfluous flesh, gave an order to the Russian which he did not understand quick enough, so he hauled off and knocked him senseless on the deck. I could keep writing for a week about cases like that. When we got to San Diego there was not a man without a life mark to remind him he had been in the *Earnscliffe*. You couldn't look round without being hit with something, while there were plenty of other little things to keep you happy, such as holy-stoning the poop while hove to off Cape Horn, with icicles two feet long hanging from the rigging.

"I had run clear of any abuse till we rounded the Horn, which is saying a lot, when one Saturday night, in the second dog watch, I went aft for some medicine. The steward, a coon, told me to wait a bit, as the Old Man was busy. It was very



dark, and I was walking about a bit in front of the poop, where there was a small store-room each side of the cabin entrance.

"When I came to myself the mate was standing over me with a belaying-pin, and he said I had been listening to him and the carpenter (another Bluenose) talking. He could see me on deck, but I couldn't see him, or you bet I wouldn't have been on that side of the deck.

"We got to San Diego, and went straight alongside the wharf, and then we all trooped along to see the British Consul, a German by the way. We had to go in one by one and state our case, and when my turn came he looked at my forehead and said he would want a pair of marine glasses to see the scar. At that time anyone with ordinary eyesight could see it at seventy yards. His verdict was: 'Get back to your ship,' and I don't know whether he said we would be hung, drawn and quartered, or only imprisoned.

"Well, we got some writing-paper and wrote each man's case—they couldn't write English—and we signed it and took the papers to a leading lawyer. He said we had a splendid case, and to meet him next day at the Consul's office. We met him at the appointed time, and he said: 'I'm very sorry, boys, but I don't think I can make a case.' Of course I would not say he had been bought, but, anyway, our hearts sank into our boots.

"We got mixing with the longshoremen, and one of them advised us to take our papers to a couple of young lawyers just commencing business. The first thing they said was, 'How about money?' Each promised half of what he got—no cure, no pay.

"They could get no satisfaction out of the Consul, so they said they would take the case to the Supreme Court. This was a special court; the treaty to try British cases in U.S.A. was signed but not in force at the time, except through this court. These lawyers laid themselves out to lose a lot of money if we lost the case, but we won, and the decision of the court was that the captain had to pay a fine of 350 dollars, the mate 200 dollars, and pay all hands off."

As a great many of these "atrocities yarns" about Bluenose ships are to be taken *cum grano salis*, I referred this tale to a retired Maitland shipmaster. His answer was brief: "No finer man than Captain Howard McKenzie ever trod a deck. Eldridge Densmore was a *real* mate—one of those who would stand no nonsense, but not a hard man to get along with if a man did right. I can speak from experience, as he was mate of the *Gloaming* when I was in her before the mast.

"This chap who writes about his trip in the *Earnscliffe* first of all states that the ship had new iron lower-masts put in while at Birkenhead. This is not correct, as her lower-masts were steel, and though made in England, they were sent out and placed in the ship before she was launched. The whole story, from start to finish, is an old sailor's yarn. We have all heard them."

A more lurid story of wild sessions on a Bluenose ship was given in *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, wherein the crew of the Pictou ship *Warrior* framed up a terrible tale of atrocious treatment against the master and mates. The story deceived the authorities and the newspapers in Boston, but when the men were examined separately at the official inquiry, their sworn statement failed to hold water; it was really cooked up for the purpose of getting their discharge in Boston.

There is no denying the fact that crews were worked hard on British North American ships. It is also true that men who failed in their duties, who shirked or "sojered" or tried to run the vessel, were roughly handled by the officers. It is furthermore admitted that there were a few Bluenose ships in which unjustifiable brutal treatment occurred, and it was these few who gave the British North American marine a bad name. But impartial investigation into most of these Bluenose brutality yarns shows that the victims richly deserved all they got, or else they were concocted for some ulterior purpose. Then again, in many ports—especially on the Pacific coast—sailors were singularly adept at working out schemes for the purpose of getting their discharge so that they might ship out again at higher wages. Assisted by the boarding-house masters and labour agencies, aided legally by unscrupulous water-front lawyers, dissatisfied seamen were able to be-devil their captains and officers in a court and have them declared guilty and fined for crimes that were altogether fictitious. Hundreds of masters and officers will testify to that, and hundreds of former fo'c'sle hands can tell tales of how they have helped to place their officers in a false position.

The *Earnscliffe* had a short life and was lost in the mid-'nineties.

Another group of Maitland shipbuilders and shipmasters, all related, was the Roy, Douglas and MacDougall families. Adam Roy was the first of that name to settle in Maitland—coming there from Scotland when he was a young man. He became Registrar of Shipping in Maitland and was succeeded in that office by his son, Alexander Roy, who was a shipbuilder and constructed many of the port's finest ships. The *Snow Queen*,

*William Douglas, William J. Stairs, Esther Roy, R. Morrow* and *Norwood* were some of the ships and barques built by him between the 'seventies and the 'nineties. Captain Thomas Roy, a brother of the builder, was master of many of the vessels built in the Roy yard—his last command being the ship *Norwood*, 1597 tons, built in 1891.

From Scotland also came the pioneer members of the Douglas and MacDougall families—in fact the Scotch settlements in Nova Scotia include the eastern half of Hants County. Many members of the MacDougall family were seafarers. A Captain MacDougall was master of the Maitland barque *Jane* in 1861, and was loading in Charleston, S.C. in April of that year when the first shot of the Civil War was fired. Two brothers of Captain MacDougall were also Maitland shipmasters, and both died of yellow fever, one in Cuba, the other in New Orleans.

Captain Everett MacDougall and Captain Herbert MacDougall, sons of the master of the *Jane*, commanded many of Maitland's fine barques and ships, and at this time (1926) are retired and living in Western Canada. A sister of these captains married Captain Wm. Graham of the St. John ship *Munster*, and was lost with her husband when the ship vanished in 1895 while on a voyage from Rio to Newcastle, N.S.W. The women of the Maritime Provinces were seafarers also, and wives and daughters sailed with husbands and fathers to all parts of the world. Little wonder is it that the boys went to sea in the old days of the square-rigged wooden ship!

In small communities the families are usually related to one another. In the shipping ports of Canada, family interests predominated in the building, owning and operating of vessels. Sons commanded ships built or owned by fathers, and sons learned the business of seafaring under parental supervision. The student of Canadian marine history has this fact thrust upon him at every turn, and this family interest undoubtedly had much to do with the success of the shipping industry during the age when wooden hulls and sail were paramount in sea transport.

The MacDougall brothers served their time in, and afterwards commanded, the vessels owned by relatives. Captain Everett MacDougall, a nephew of Alexander Roy, sailed before the mast in the *Esther Roy*, and the first ship he commanded was the *Wm. Douglas*, 1263 tons, in which vessel he had served as A.B., third, second and first mate. Captain Jack Douglas, a cousin, was master of the ship while MacDougall was going



through the various grades, and in her the two made several good passages to India. Her best passage was made while MacDougall was mate of her and Douglas was master—17 days from New York to London. The *Wm. Douglas* was built by Roy at Maitland in 1875, and partly owned and managed by Stairs and Morrow, Halifax, which firm were interested in many Maitland craft. In 1891, she was under the Norwegian flag and renamed *Australia*.

Everett MacDougall, after commanding the *Wm. Douglas*, became master of the barque *Snow Queen*, 984 tons, built by Roy in 1872. Completing four years in this barque, he then took charge of the *R. Morrow*, 1156 tons, built by Roy in 1884. After about two years as master of the *R. Morrow*, he sailed the barque *Strathmuir*, 1175 tons, for eight years, and leaving her at the end of that period, "gave up the sea and went into steam," as sailors say.

When master of the barque *R. Morrow* in 1893 he made the run from Kobe, Japan, to New York, in 115 days, which was considered a good passage. In 1897, while sailing the *Strathmuir*, he came up in ballast from Rio and received his orders on July 30th from the lighthouse at Low Point, Sydney, N.S., to load deals at Miramichi. A good run was made to the latter port, where 570 standards of deals were loaded, and the barque arrived at Londonderry, Ireland, on August 29th, 30 days from the time she received her orders. This was shifting some!

Captain MacDougall had his wife with him on the *Strathmuir*, and during the passage from Cochin to New York a son was born while the ship was at sea. "This was about the most ticklish piece of navigation I ever tackled," the captain remarked. But it was no uncommon thing for children to be born to those shipmaster's wives while on the high seas, and it was not beyond the bounds of a Bluenose skipper's ability to cope with the problem when it arrived. I have heard of a child being born to a captain's wife while the ship was off the Horn and wallowing hove-to in a gale.

Captain Herbert MacDougall, a younger brother of Everett, was master of the Maitland barque *Sylvan*, 1045 tons, built in 1879. While bound from Barbados to St. John, N.B., in ballast, the *Sylvan* struck on the Trinity Ledge, Bay of Fundy, on the night of March 20th, 1892. A heavy gale and blinding snowstorms raged at the time, and after pounding on the ledge for a half-an-hour, the *Sylvan* floated off and filled with water. All hands managed to get into one of the vessel's boats and put



in a terrible night in trying to reach ashore. When Cranberry Head was sighted at midnight the breakers forbade any attempt at landing on the beach, and the boat was headed offshore with two men pulling at each of the four oars and the rest bailing the boat.

The Bay of Fundy in winter-time is one of the worst places in the world for an open boat in a gale of wind. In addition to the bitter cold, there are terrible tide-rips and an exceedingly hard-running tide to contend with. Throughout the night the sixteen men in the *Sylvan's* boat had all they could do to keep her off the rocks. At daylight they attempted a landing at Cranberry Head, but the boat struck the shore and rolled over. Each man jumped for his life. Captain MacDougall and ten others clung to the rocks, and half frozen, and with the life almost battered out of them, managed to claw their way through the breakers and up on the beach. Five of the crew, including a boy, were lost. The *Sylvan* was owned by Adam MacDougall and others. A photo of the barque is reproduced in this volume and shows the *Sylvan* discharging lumber at Guayaquil in 1887. From this port she afterwards loaded guano at Lobos a Fuera for London. Captain Ned O'Neil was master at the time and Herbert MacDougall was mate. The latter was afterwards in command of the Maitland barques *Osberga* and *Strathome*.

Alfred Putnam was another Maitland builder and owner, and he sent forth quite a fleet during the 'eighties and early 'nineties. He built or owned a fleet of barques, the "Straths"—*Strathay*, 1024 tons, *Strathome*, 1115 tons, *Strathmuir*, 1175 tons, *Strathisla*, 1280 tons, and *Strathern*, 1272 tons; the last-named was built for him by Monteith in 1893. The two brothers MacDougall commanded some of these barques at various times. While Mr. Putnam was operating his five barques, he did not carry a cent of insurance on any of them. However, all were afloat for many years after building and were ultimately sold to foreigners.

Putnam also built the ship *Thomas E. Kenney*, 1558 tons, in 1877. In January 1879, the *Kenney* sprang a leak in the North Atlantic and the crew were taken off by a ship commanded by Captain Fred Walley of Hantsport. Captain Walley was lost during the war—his vessel having been sunk by a German submarine.

Captain Fred Urquhart, of Truro, N.S., was one of the most successful of Maitland's shipmasters. The *Strathisla* was built for him by Mr. Putnam in 1890, and Urquhart was a large

shareholder in this barque. When the days of sail passed, Captain Urquhart went into steam and was master of a Luckenbach oil-tanker which vanished while coming north from Texas. He was a smart seaman and a fine gentleman. Another Maitland shipmaster who sailed Putnam's *Strathay* was Captain Albert Crowe. He was afterwards master of the steel four-mast barque *Muskoka*, built in England for Windsor, N.S., owners in 1891.

Captain William Putnam of Maitland had the reputation of being a great "sail-dragger." When a young man he was master of a brig called the *Nancy*. While bound from Cow Bay, N.S., to Boston with a cargo of coal, the brig suddenly foundered one stormy night and all hands were drowned excepting Captain Putnam, who clung to a ladder for forty-eight hours before being picked up. It was thought that he was driving her so hard that she opened up.

They tell a story of Putnam's sail-carrying while he was master of the Maitland barque *Edward Burrow* and bound south across the Bay of Biscay from Cardiff. It was blowing hard at the time and he had given orders to clew up the main-topgallant-sail. The men who were sent aloft to make it fast were a long time on the yard and could not muzzle it. Captain Putnam watched their efforts with some impatience, and finally said to the mate: "Call 'em down, Mister, and set it again!" And it was set.

In 1879, he took command of the new ship *Sovereign*, 1192 tons, and made a passage of 18 days from Portland, Me., to Liverpool in December of that year. Putnam was master of the *Sovereign* for many years until she was sunk in collision with a steamer in the early 'nineties. It is claimed that the *Sovereign*, while under his command, made the fastest passage on record from San Francisco to Copenhagen. On this voyage he had one of his sons with him before the mast, and when the ship was off the Horn, the lad fell from the royal yard and was drowned.

The barque *Calburga*, 1406 tons, was one of the last of the large square-riggers to be built at Maitland, and she was also the last to remain in service under Canadian register. Adam MacDougall built her and she was rated as a splendid barque. I was aboard of her in 1913 while she was loading for Buenos Ayres. She traded during the Great War and foundered off the Irish coast, and when she went, the last big square-rigger of the Bluenose fleet passed into history. Captain Jock Douglas, formerly of the *Wm. Douglas*, was master of her from

the time she was built until he died on board the barque at Boston in 1902.

MacDougall also built the barque *Launberga*, 1215 tons, in 1893. I am told that she was in New York as late as the fall of 1917, taking advantage of the war-time freights. She was not on the Canadian register then.

Another of MacDougall's barques was the *Salmon*, 1088 tons, built by him in 1885. She was regarded as a speedy vessel and was commanded during part of her career by Captain Sam Bradley of Maitland. She was sold about 1890 to the Norwegians and renamed *Carl Bech*, and in 1905 was named *Nora*. Captain Bradley went into steam and was latterly master of the S.S. *Kelvindale* of Glasgow—one of John Black & Co.'s fleet.

In 1891, Wm. P. Cameron at South Maitland built the fine ship *Savona*, 1649 tons. Martin Dickie of Truro, N.S., was principal shareholder in the ship, while Captain George W. Stailing was first master and also a part owner. The *Savona* had very handsome lines, but was more of a carrier than a sailer. In 1895, she carried 1790 tons of shale and 510 tons of tallow from Sydney, N.S.W., to Liverpool on a draft of 22½ feet—in all 2300 tons. The freight on this cargo was £2531. I merely set this down as a matter of record.

George Stailing ran away from his home at Annapolis Royal when twelve years old and shipped as cabin boy on a schooner. A quiet, reserved man, yet he had the right qualities in him and became master when quite young. He was master of the *Savona* when about thirty-four and carried his wife and two boys with him. One of them is at this writing an executive officer in a large insurance office in Toronto, and he has furnished me with some interesting particulars of voyaging on the *Savona*.

"We were with father on a voyage from Calcutta to Boston with a cargo of jute," says Mr. Stailing, "and we had picked up a hard-case crew in India who gave a lot of trouble. One day in the Tropics, my brother and I were listening to mother reading aloud from a book and my father was pacing the poop. There was a large bewhiskered Russian Finn going through the motions of caulking a seam on the poop, and my father noticed the way the fellow was 'sojering on the job,' and he admonished him. The Finn, in a burst of rage, leaped to his feet and made a swing at father with the caulking-mallet. Had the blow struck home, there is no telling what might have happened, but Dad side-stepped the attack and closed with



the Finn, and before we youngsters knew it almost, he had the sailor down and grovelling on the deck. The man was quickly ironed and kept confined until we reached Boston.

"On this voyage, our old Norwegian second mate was assaulted by an Austrian seaman, who made a stab at him with a sheath knife. Mr. Wilson caught the blade in his huge calloused hand and snapped it off about half-an-inch from the handle. The two then mixed it up and immediately the ship was seething. A loud-voiced Irishman was howling for all hands to down the officers and seize the ship, and things were looking bad. My brother and I were standing beside mother in the forward companion-way. She was looking out of the window, very much distraught at the scene down on the main-deck, while we youngsters tugged anxiously at her skirts, filled with curiosity and alarm at what was taking place. The mate rushed down to father in the cabin saying that a mutiny had broken out. Father seized his revolver and was outside in an instant, and very quickly restored order. The second mate had about fourteen gashes in his head from the stump of the Austrian's knife."

Mr. Stailing made a number of voyages with his father, but this was the only occasion on which he ever saw him lift his hand to a man.

These Bluenose shipmasters' children tasted the hazards of life when sailing with their parents. Imagine boys and girls of tender age witnessing bloody mix-ups between officers and crews; watching the ship being flayed in a heavy gale with seas breaking aboard, canvas blowing away and spars crashing down; playing their small parts in the high action that often occurs in seafaring. Mr. Stailing vividly recalls being awakened in the dark of early morning by his mother and told to dress quickly as they were about to abandon the ship. The *Savona* was lying in a roadstead at the time and was dragging her anchors in a violent gale. Two tugs were fast to the big ship and straining to keep her from dragging down to the rocks. In the dim light of the cabin lamp the boy saw his mother, pale but outwardly calm, quietly urging him to speed with his dressing as she picked up small possessions and tied them in a shawl. But the Canadian youngsters of the sailing-ship days saw and endured things that are now beyond our ken. And many a boy and girl, attending the "little red schoolhouse" in some pretty Nova Scotia village, could boast of having been round Cape Horn.

On the occasion just mentioned, the *Savona* was kept clear



of the beach and young Stailing missed what might well have been a perilous adventure.

"Calcutta, when the *Savona* was there in 1893 or 1894, was literally a forest of masts," observed Mr. Stailing, "and I recall our being towed out to sea by a large and powerful tug. My memory is particularly clear of the colourful sight which these tugs presented when rising and falling in the wonderful green swells of the Bay of Bengal just after we had cast off the hawser and they were bidding us *bon voyage* as our topsails were sheeted home. And I shall never forget being rowed around the shipping in the Hooghly in the boat of one of the English Customs officers who took a fancy to me and had me accompany him in his visits. These were great days."

Captain Stailing gave up the command of the *Savona* in 1895 and retired to his home at Annapolis Royal, N.S. He remained at home but a short time when Roberts Bros., Liverpool, cabled him requesting that he proceed to Calcutta to bring home the *Andrina*, whose captain had died out there. The *Andrina* was a steel four-mast barque of 2636 tons register and accounted a very large and splendid craft.

Captain Stailing went to India and took charge of the vessel. In the English Channel she was rammed by a tramp steamer and had her bows stove in, but her forward bulkhead kept her afloat and she was towed into Queenstown. I understand that the steamer was at fault. The *Andrina* had an interesting career. In 1899, she ran ashore in an easterly gale at a point some twenty miles west of the Straits of Le Maire. The vessel took the beach easily, but all efforts to get her off failed. Lying in a sheltered spot, this fine barque remained abandoned for almost twenty years. Then in 1918, when shipping values had risen to fabulous prices owing to the War, a company set out to salve the *Andrina*. They found her rusty and weather-beaten, but still worth salvaging. She was hauled off, refitted and placed under the Chilian flag and renamed *Alejandrina*. She was in New York in November 1919, and in January 1921 she was in London.

While the *Andrina* was refitting after the collision in the Channel, Captain Stailing was given command of the Liverpool four-mast barque *Andelana*, 2395 tons, also owned by Roberts Bros. She was famous as a passage-maker and boasted of a run of 88 days from San Francisco to Old Head of Kinsale, and 90 days to Liverpool, made in 1893. Stailing took the *Andelana* from New York to Shanghai and while in the China Sea was caught in a typhoon and dismasted.

Refitting in Shanghai, he brought the *Andelana* across the Pacific to load grain at Tacoma for England. While the barque was lying in Tacoma harbour, Captain Stailing made up his mind to retire from sea and planned to establish himself in business in Portland, Oregon. He wrote and acquainted his wife in Eastern Canada with his intentions, and I believe he was going to take the *Andelana* to England first and come out to the West Coast afterwards.

But the best laid plans . . . What followed was related to me by a friend who had an office upon the wharf at which Captain Stailing used to land when coming ashore from the ship. I quote my friend's story : " I saw the *Andelana* arrive in the harbour. She was a splendid ship and had come to load grain for England. After she arrived, she discharged her ballast and remained at anchor out on the quiet waters of the harbour. As was customary in this port, the ship, having no weight in her, was held up by huge log-booms on either side of her. The *Andelana* was chained to these ballast-booms.

" One evening the captain landed at our wharf and he told me that he was going to send a letter to his wife. He came down to the wharf later and said he had declined an invitation to dine with friends as he had a bit of cold and wanted to dose himself and turn in early. He then was pulled off to the ship.

" Next morning early, I noticed that the *Andelana* wasn't at her anchorage. It wasn't long before the people along the water-front began to question her disappearance, and, as it had been squally during the night, it was thought that she had broken adrift and had been blown down the Bay. A tug put out in search and the booms were found with chains broken. A search was also made of the banks.

" Then the vessel's gig was discovered on the beach with the stem torn out of it. As there was no sign of the barque anywhere, the damaged gig gave credence to the assumption that the vessel had capsized in a squall and had gone down at her moorings. The gig, being tied to the ship by her painter, evidently went down with her, but came up again when the stem-piece parted with the pressure. As it was known that the *Andelana* had her hatches off, it was surmised that she filled very quickly when she heeled over and sank like a stone without giving her crew a chance for their lives.

" The news aroused Tacoma and the whole town was soon on the water-front, while the bay was searched from end to end. As the water in the harbour is very deep, two tugs started to sweep the anchorage with a cable between them. Before

long they fetched up on an obstruction, and further efforts brought to the surface some portions of a ship's gear which proved to be part of the *Andelana's* fabric. It was then definitely known that she had gone down with Captain Stailing and eighteen or nineteen men of her crew.

"There was a daring fellow of a diver in Tacoma at that time who volunteered to go down and examine the sunken ship and see if it was possible to raise her. Owing to the depth—the *Andelana* had sunk in about 180 feet of water—it was regarded as a risky job. The diver, however, went down and made the examination. As proof that he had descended to the hull of the ship, his diving suit was smeared with red paint, or rust, perhaps, from off her plates.

"This diver said she could be raised, and he proposed to do it by running cables under the ship and making them fast to pontoons. When the tide rose, the sunken vessel would be lifted, and they planned to work her inshore gradually to shallow water.

"He then prepared to go down again to place the cables. But when he came to examine his diving gear, he wasn't satisfied with the packing around his air-pipes and tried to renew it in Tacoma. He couldn't get what he wanted in the town and would have to send to San Francisco, so rather than delay, he determined to take a chance and said he would go down. He descended; the packing, or whatever it was, gave way or blew out, and the man was hauled up, crushed to death by the pressure.

"The salvage idea was abandoned then and the *Andelana*, with her captain and crew, still remains at the bottom of Tacoma harbour."

This is the story as told me by one of the last men to see Captain Stailing alive. He was but forty-two years of age and one of the best type of Nova Scotian shipmaster. A particularly sad part of the affair was that Mrs. Stailing had just finished reading her husband's letter telling of his plans to settle on the West Coast when a telegram arrived announcing the loss of the ship with all on board.

A thrilling tale of the sea in which the pluck and endurance of the captain's wife were exemplified is recounted in the loss of the Maitland ship *Milton*. This vessel, of 1182 tons register, was built in 1879 by Brown and Anthony, and she was commanded by a Maitland man, Henry MacArthur. In August 1881, the *Milton* left Shields for San Francisco with a cargo of coal. On this voyage Captain MacArthur had his wife and two little boys, one four and the other two, with him. In the

Pacific, latitude 3° N., the cargo caught fire and all hands were forced to abandon her.

Leaving the ship in three boats, they made for the coast of Lower California. The mate's boat was never heard from after the little fleet was scattered; the second mate and his crew were picked up by a British ship after being 23 days away from the *Milton*, but that commanded by Captain MacArthur, in which were his wife and two children, endured 46 days of heroic endurance and suffering ere they were rescued by a Mexican schooner near the coast for which MacArthur was steering.

The baby died in the boat, but the mother and the other child survived the terrible ordeal of long days exposed to a blazing sun. MacArthur navigated his boat over 2600 miles in the 46 days and made an almost miraculous landfall when he sighted San Roque Island. The full account is too long to be given in detail in this volume, but if you would read a thrilling story of the courage, determination and endurance of certain Nova Scotian seamen, and a tale of a Nova Scotian woman's pluck and undying hope, I will refer the reader to Professor Archibald MacMechan's book *Sagas of the Sea*. In the chapter entitled "The Captain's Boat," the author has done ample justice to the story.

Brown and Anthony also built the barque *Erinna*, 1125 tons, in 1877 at Selma, a few miles from Maitland. J. D. Brown was the builder, and Captain Chas. D. Smith took command of the vessel after launching. Captain Smith was a most successful shipmaster with an excellent record for quick passages and money-making. But there appeared to be something sinister about the *Erinna*. In his seven years' command of her, Captain Smith lost twenty-two men out of the barque. On one occasion, four men were washed overboard, and at another time, four died of smallpox. The rest, fourteen, were single deaths, died, drowned or killed. On February 3rd, 1885, while bound from New York to Antwerp, the *Erinna* was abandoned in mid-Atlantic and the twenty-second man was drowned. All of these happenings had such an effect upon Captain Smith that he lost his mind and eventually died in an asylum.

Colourful incidents relating to Maitland ships and shipmasters could fill a volume. Many tales have been forgotten; many of those set down herein have been reconstructed from clues furnished by retired shipmasters and the dates and facts culled from contemporary shipping records. Again we deplore the absence of a historian who might have recorded these matters in the days of their happening.



## SPENCER'S ISLAND AND ITS SHIPS

At the head of the Bay of Fundy, and where Cape Spencer and Cape Split stand on opposite shores as portals to the Basin of Minas, one will find the small settlement of Spencer's Island a short distance to the northward of the cape of the same name. The place is named after a little island which lies about a quarter of a mile off the mainland of Cumberland County, Nova Scotia.

Spencer's Island is so small a place that it will only be found upon a topographical map of the county, but in shipping annals it is remarkable for the smart shipmasters it sent forth and for the particularly fine class of sailing ship built there. In numbers there were not many, but practically all the Spencer's Island craft were noted for their fast passages. All were registered at Parrsboro, N.S.

Small vessels were built there in the 'sixties, but the first sizable craft was the barque *Cumberland*, 554 tons, launched in 1865. Then came a clipper in the 700-ton barque *J. F. Whitney*, which was built in 1872. Commanded by Captain George D. Spicer of Spencer's Island, the *Whitney* made a passage average for five years on North Atlantic voyages of 21 days to the eastward and 31 days to the westward—usually between New York and London and the continental channel ports. In March 1880 she made her fastest passage, running from New York to Gravesend in 16 days. In December of the same year she went from Amsterdam to New York in 19 days. In June 1875 she sailed from Doboy, Georgia, to Liverpool in 19 days. She went under the Russian flag eventually.

The next vessel built at Spencer's Island was the barque *Calcutta*, 1282 tons, launched in 1876. Captain Robert Dewis was master of her until she was lost in the Java Sea about 1880. She also made good passages. In 1878, the ship *Servia*, 1309 tons, was sent down the ways by Bigelow and Loomer, and Captain George Spicer took command of her. On her first voyage, leaving New York on the afternoon of February 4th, 1879, the *Servia* dropped anchor in the Thames on February 21st, making the run in the splendid time of 16 days. In the same year she sailed from Simon's Bay, South Africa, to Norfolk, Va., and made the run in 51 days. The Norwegians owned her in 1905.

In 1880, Captain Spicer took another of Amasa Loomer's products, the ship *E. J. Spicer*, 1268 tons, built at Spencer's

Island that year. Baxter McLellan, who resides at Spencer's Island, tells me that he helped to build her. "I commenced on the keel of the *E. J. Spicer* and finished on the main-truck. After she was launched, I stayed right on her as carpenter until I was married in England, and I brought my wife home in the ship. I was aboard of her when Dan Spicer, the mate, was murdered by one of the crew while she was lying in New York harbour in 1882."<sup>1</sup>

Captain Spicer drove the *E. J. Spicer* just as he did the others. Leaving Norfolk, Va., on January 14th, 1881, he arrived in Liverpool on February 4th—a passage of 20 days. The round voyage from Norfolk to Liverpool and back to New York, including detentions in port, was made in 58 days. Mr. McLellan is of the opinion that the *Spicer* could beat any ship out of the Bay when in ballast trim. The Windsor ship *Belt*, a vessel of the same tonnage as the *Spicer*, had the reputation of being the clipper of the Minas Basin craft, but Mr. McLellan says: "We fell in with her off Block Island one morning—both ships in ballast and beating dead to windward. When it got light enough so that we could see each other, there was a stir. Both ships were under short sail, but inside of thirty minutes there was some shaking out of canvas and each vessel soon had all the sail they could lug. The *Belt* crossed our stern once so close that I could have tossed a biscuit aboard of her. However, we beat her badly and got the first tug, and we were at anchor in New York Bay an hour before the *Belt* came in." On another occasion, and in the same locality, while the *E. J. Spicer* was making for New York, a coal steamer, heading on the same course, tried to cross the ship's bow. "It took him half-an-hour to cross," says my informant, "and when he did so I could have jumped from our jib-boom on to his stern. All the steamer's crew mustered aft and gave us three cheers."

The *Belt* was the ship which in 1877, while commanded by Captain Sid Munroe, made the run from the Isle of Wight to Sandy Hook in 15 days.

In 1883, Amasa Loomer built the ship *Stephen D. Horton*, 1616 tons. Captain Johnson Spicer sailed her during her first four years afloat, and then Captain Joe Lewis took her and was in her when she was burned at sea, Calcutta to New York, in 1889. Like the other Island craft, she was a good passage-maker. In 1885, Loomer built the ship *Charles S. Whitney*, 1651 tons, and Captain George Spicer took command of her,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 279, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

as he did all the new Spencer's Island ships. In her he made good rounds, New York to Australia and the East. She ended her days as a barge droghing plaster rock between Windsor and New York.

In 1887, the ship *George T. Hay*, 1647 tons, was built. Commanded by the Spicer brothers at various times, she also made good passages—one New York to Melbourne in 82 days in 1901, and another in 86 days.

The firm of J. F. Whitney & Co., New York, was interested in most of the Spencer's Island craft and several of the ships were named after members of the firm.

The last of the big ships to be built at Spencer's Island was the ship *Glooscap*, 1734 tons, launched in 1891. As usual, Captain George Spicer assumed command of her and made the following passages in her:—Cardiff to Cape Town, 52 days; Cape Town to Valparaiso, 64 days; Taltal to New York, 74 days; the run from Cape Horn to New York was made in 50 days. In 1894, the *Glooscap* went from New York to Sydney, N.S.W., in 93 days. In 1895, she went from Iloilo to Boston in 106 days. Other passages were:—Singapore to Boston, 103 days, and three voyages from New York to Melbourne, the longest being 104 days.

This, I believe, was Captain Spicer's last command, and he retired to his home at Spencer's Island with a seafaring record which is in many ways remarkable. Nearly all of his passages were good ones. The *Glooscap* was eventually sold and cut down into a barge, and was for many years engaged in freighting plaster rock between Windsor and New York. I boarded the old packet in New York in 1922. In December 1924, she was sunk in the East River, New York, in collision with another barge, and thus she passed out.

### THE "MARY CELESTE" MYSTERY

The first vessel to be built at Spencer's Island was the brigantine *Amazon*, 198 tons, which was launched in May 1861 by Joshua Dewis. In 1868, she got ashore at Cow Bay, Cape Breton. While lying on the beach, she was bought by Winchester and Leeds, New York, and salved. A new bottom was put in the brigantine and she was admitted to American registry, and her name was changed to *Mary Celeste*.

The story of the *Mary* (not *Marie*) *Celeste* is known to sailors and landsmen the world over, and the mystery of her abandon-

ment has provided endless speculation and a basis for many stories. Briefly, the *Mary Celeste* with a crew of thirteen, including the captain's wife and little daughter, sailed from New York for Genoa in November 1872. On December 4th, the vessel was picked up abandoned about 300 miles west of Gibraltar by the British brigantine *Dei Gratia* and towed into port. The mysterious element of the abandonment rests in the facts that there was nothing to account for it, and what became of the thirteen persons aboard? The vessel was as tight as a drum; the gear was intact and all her life-boats were in their place—the only things missing were the chronometer and the ship's papers. There was evidence that the brigantine was abandoned in a great hurry; meals were half-eaten, a medicine bottle with the cork out was left on the cabin table, and some of the sailors had not even stopped to take their pipes and tobacco. Furthermore, fine weather prevailed for some time before and after the hasty abandonment, and there was absolutely nothing to indicate decimation by disease, sea-monsters or piratical attack.

Since 1873 there have been countless theories advanced and endless solutions of the mystery, but none has been accepted as logical. Personally, I am inclined to think that the *Mary Celeste* was becalmed in company with another vessel and that this craft may have been loaded with coal and perhaps a quantity of explosives. During the night the stranger may have developed a fire in her cargo, causing her crew to abandon her in frantic haste. As the burning ship may have drifted dangerously close to the *Mary Celeste*, thereby threatening her, it is probable that the captain of the other ship may have pulled over to the *Mary* to inform them of the imminent danger. A puff of wind springs up while the boat is alongside the brigantine and the other craft draws closer. A panic follows aboard the *Mary*, and without stopping to launch their own boats, they pile into the one alongside.

We now have a situation where the crews of two vessels have piled into a small boat. They hastily pull away from the impending calamity. There is a capsizal, and the rest can be imagined. The burning vessel might afterwards have drifted away clear of the brigantine and either burned out or blown up, leaving no trace.

An elaboration of the foregoing was given me in an interview which was published in the *Montreal Star*, February 1925. Since then it was republished in newspapers and nautical journals in Great Britain and the United States, and the



mystery solutions were given renewed impetus. But it still remains unsolved.

Official records persist in calling the *Mary Celeste* a brig. She was originally rigged as a brigantine and is thus described in the American Lloyd's Register of 1869. However, it is quite possible that she may have been brig-rigged afterwards. I believe that the *Dei Gratia*, the brigantine that found her and towed her into Gibraltar, was also a Canadian-built craft.

A new master and crew took charge of the *Mary Celeste* at Gibraltar and she delivered her cargo of alcohol safely at Genoa. When she returned to the United States, the story of her abandonment had travelled around sailordom and, as time went on, it became exceedingly difficult to obtain crews for her. Characterized as a "Jonah ship," she changed hands and spent much time laid up. In 1885, she was sent on a voyage from Boston to Hayti. With a spurious cargo, heavily insured, the *Mary* was deliberately cast away near Cienfuegos, Cuba, for the purpose of defrauding the underwriters. The master and others interested were eventually charged with the crime before a Boston court, but were acquitted, although their guilt was proved. This was not because of the vessel's sinister reputation, but from the fact that the jury was afraid to impose the penalty which the law called for, namely, death. Had a verdict of guilty been brought in, the judge would have had no alternative but to impose the drastic sentence decreed by an obsolete but unchanged law.

#### THE SKIPPERS OF LONDONDERRY

Londonderry, a little village in Colchester County, Nova Scotia, on the north shore of Minas Basin, Bay of Fundy, supplied an extraordinary number of seamen to the Bluenose fleets. From the Chisholm, Corbett, Fulton, Morrison, Urquhart and Vance families came a veritable army (or navy) of shipmasters, and a list compiled by Captain Charles Fulton records no less than 105 master mariners as coming from this village. The Fultons and Vances contributed nine captains each to the total.

One of the best known of the Londonderry shipmasters was Captain Mark P. McElhinney, R.N.R., who closed his career as Nautical Adviser and Naval Architect to the Dominion Government. Beginning his seafaring as a boy in small schooners and brigs, McElhinney went through the various grades—even including some time as carpenter—until he

became mate on the brig *A. D. Whidden*. In 1861 he took command of the brigantine *Ellen Dickie* and was master of her for four years. The following three years he was master of the barque *David McNutt*, 502 tons. In 1871 he left to sail the barque *Avondale*, 556 tons, built in Pugwash and owned by the De Wolfs of Halifax and Liverpool.

In 1873, Captain McElhinney commanded De Wolf's ship *City of Halifax*, 853 tons—another Pugwash product which the owners maintained for a number of years in the North Atlantic trade. From the sailers of De Wolf's fleet in 1876 he went into steam as master of the S.S. *Alhambra* of the Quebec Steamship Company, which vessel he commanded for three years.

In 1882, Captain McElhinney entered the Canadian Government Service and acted as master of various Government vessels, among them the Arctic ship *Alert*, famed for her exploration work under Sir George Nares. He then undertook the task of solving the ice-breaker problem of the winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland. Communication across Northumberland Straits in winter presented many difficulties, but McElhinney designed the famous ice-breaker *Stanley* in 1888, and she was built on the Clyde from his plans. She has rendered notable service as an ice-breaker in maintaining the Prince Edward Island communication as well as in relieving ships in distress and keeping harbours open.

As Nautical Adviser and Naval Architect to the Canadian Government, McElhinney designed and superintended the building of the ice-breakers *Minto* and *Montcalm*, the Fishery Patrol and Lighthouse Service steamers *Quadra*, *Aberdeen*, *Druid*, *Lady Laurier* and ferry steamer *Champlain*—all of which are well known to seamen frequenting the Canadian coasts.

Captain McElhinney was twenty-six years in the Dominion Government and was retired in 1908. He died a year later at the age of seventy-two. Like another old square-rig shipmaster, Captain J. E. Bernier of Quebec, Captain McElhinney lived through the days of Canada's maritime era and was able to devote the latter years of his life to building up the marine service of his country. Who can deny the genius of these village-bred seamen—both of whom began life on the decks of their native vessels at an early age and had to acquire their education and skill in the rough college of hard knocks?

Another Londonderry shipmaster was Captain David Faulk-

ner, who became master of Londonderry's big four-mast barque, the *John M. Blaikie*, 1778 tons, built in 1885 by her namesake. She was lost near Anjer Lighthouse. The *John M. Blaikie* and the *King's County* were the only four-mast barques built in Canada, but the Londonderry craft was the pioneer by five years.

Captain James A. Corbett of the St. John ship *General Domville* was lost when that vessel disappeared in 1891 while on a voyage from Taltal to New York. He was also a Londonderry shipmaster.

### THE PICTOU COUNTY SHIPS

"The Yarmouth ships and the Windsor ships were fine vessels, but the Pictou ships—ah, they were the dandy craft!" It would be a Pictou County Scotsman speaking. "And furthermore, Pictou County owned more ships than any other place in the world of its size." Other ports will question this statement and I am not clear as to how the reckoning was made, but no Pictou man was going to take a back seat when Yarmouth and Windsor and St. John were broadcasting their claims to maritime honours.

The town and county of Pictou are situated in the northern part of Nova Scotia, and the seaward side of the county faces Northumberland Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Across the Strait, Prince Edward Island is some twenty miles away, and the town of Pictou has long been the mainland terminus for the "Island" boats.

Pictou County is essentially Scottish. The first settlers were a band of Highlanders who came there in 1773. When they first landed in the primitive forests, they did so to the skirl of the bagpipes—terrifying the aboriginal Micmacs so that they fled into the woods. The young men came ashore dressed in kilts and with their *skien dhus* and claymores—this garb, then proscribed by the British Crown, having been carefully preserved by the emigrants.

These fighting Highlanders were afterwards joined by Southern Scots from the Settlements on Prince Edward Island. Together they carved out farms from the wilderness, cut timber, fished, and built vessels to take their products to market. They seemed to have a natural aptitude for ship construction, for the first large ship built in Nova Scotia was constructed in 1798 at Pictou. This was the *Harriet*, of 600

tons.<sup>1</sup> From that time on the building of vessels and the shipment of timber and coal from the county's forests and mines brought considerable prosperity to the inhabitants.

Pictou town was the Port of Registry for the county. The principal shipbuilding ports were Pictou, New Glasgow, River John and Tatamagouche. New Glasgow is the largest of these towns, having a population of about 6000. Pictou has about 4000 inhabitants, while the others are much less. I may point out here that the ports from which these great fleets of ships hailed were but small places. Yarmouth was but a town of around 7000 inhabitants; Windsor, 4000; Hantsport, 700. St. John, New Brunswick, was one of the largest shipbuilding and shipowning ports in Canada, and its population was less than 40,000. Maitland, St. Andrews, Richibucto, Dorchester, Annapolis and many of the places which sent forth the fine ships of the age of square-rig sail were but mere villages.

In *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, Pictou County's shipping history has been chronologically recorded. In the following pages I set down a few items about the county vessels and the men who sailed them.

#### THE LOSS OF THE "COUNTY OF PICTOU"

The ship *County of Pictou*, 683 tons, was built in 1865 at New Glasgow by Captain George McKenzie. She was not the largest of the county ships by any means, as vessels of 1500 to 1600 tons were built at River John and New Glasgow before and after. The *County of Pictou*, however, was the last ship built by McKenzie, famed in Canadian marine history as "the Father of Nova Scotia shipping."<sup>2</sup>

Peter Owen Carroll, formerly chief of police of Pictou, has furnished me with particulars of the last voyage of the *County of Pictou*. "She was a good sailer," he states, "and was what one might call a 'home ship,' for many Pictou county men served in her—some of them eventually becoming shipmasters. She was owned in New Glasgow and often loaded timber cargoes in Pictou."

Mr. Carroll, when a youth of nineteen, shipped as a sailor in the *County of Pictou* in the fall of 1879. Captain Munro was in command, James Gunn was mate, Charles Chisholm was second mate—all County men. The ship loaded lumber

<sup>1</sup> See p. 12, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 141, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



at Pictou for Barrow-in-Furness, and, after discharging her cargo there, sailed in ballast for Philadelphia.

On December 24th, the ship was running before an easterly gale under goose-winged topsails. The wind becoming heavier, at 4 p.m. the captain gave orders to heave the ship to. The men were getting the braces clear and Carroll went aft to assist the man at the wheel.

"Just as I was passing the mate on the poop, I espied a huge sea mounting up astern of us," he says, "which I thought was coming on board. I yelled to the mate to look out for himself. He turned and said: 'Look out for yourself, Pete!'

"At that instant the sea boarded the ship. I sprang for the after shrouds of the mizzen-rigging, and just had time to make two overhand leaps when I found myself whirled upside down in a big sea. I kicked out for all I was worth. When I came to the surface, I was about twenty-five yards from the ship and abreast the main-rigging. The next thing I knew I was engulfed in another sea which washed me up into the main-rigging about four ratlines above the shear-pole. At the time I went overboard, the wheelsman, Murdoch Morrison, who hailed from Dalhousie, New Brunswick, was also swept over the side, and, like me, he was washed back to the ship again and caught the lanyards of the main-topgallant-back-stays.

"Captain Munro was standing in the cabin door, but, when the sea pooped her, he backed into the cabin. After the sea swept forward, he came on deck and heard Morrison calling to him to catch him or he would have to let go. His leg was broken and he had a big gash on his head. The crew were all up in the fore-rigging with the exception of the mate, who had been washed overboard with Morrison and myself.

"I came out of the rigging little the worse for my experience, and helped the captain get Morrison down and into the cabin, where we placed him in the mate's lower berth. We then went up to look for Mr. Gunn but could see no sign of him—the sea was mountains high.

"To give you an idea of the force of this boarding sea that pooped us, I may say that it smashed our rudder-head off, broke the taffrail, smashed the wheel and drove the spindle of it into the deck. The poop skylight was stove and the cabin flooded; two life-boats lashed to the gallows over the mizzen-hatch had vanished and the mizzen-hatch was also stove in. As the great body of water swept forward, it washed away the after part of the forward house, including the carpenter's shop,

and the galley was wrecked. The stern of the big forward boat was also smashed to pieces.

"There were nine feet of water in the hold and we found that our sand ballast had choked the pumps. The second mate called for a volunteer to go down in the hold to see if the mate might possibly have been washed down there. No one would offer to go, so he caught hold of me and tied a rope around my waist, and, giving me a lighted lantern, he lowered me down into the 'tween decks. I searched forward to the chain-lockers but could see nothing of the mate.

"We then went to work with buckets and kept bailing her out all night and next day until 4 p.m. (Christmas Day), when we espied smoke on the horizon. A while later the steamer bore down on us, saw our distress signal flying from the spanker-gaff, and lowered a boat. She was the S.S. *City of London* bound to Havre, and we managed to get on board of her, but not without some difficulty as the sea was still running high."

Before the *County of Pictou* was abandoned, she was set on fire.

#### THE CLIPPER "EDITH CARMICHAEL"

The barque *Edith Carmichael*, 899 tons, was built in 1875 by D. and A. Campbell at Tatamagouche, Pictou County. She was owned by Prince Edward Island parties and the Carmichaels of New Glasgow. Captain Archie McEachern of Charlottetown, P.E.I., was master of the barque in 1880, and Patsy Shea of Pictou was mate.

Leaving Baltimore in August 1881, loaded with grain, the *Edith Carmichael* made the passage to St. Nazaire, France, in 15 days. The next voyage with a grain cargo from Baltimore to Rouen was made in 18 days. I have not been able to verify these passages.

On the westward passage from France to Baltimore, the *Edith Carmichael* was dismasted in a cyclone and a man was lost overboard. While the cyclone raged, the dismasted barque was kept head to sea by a drogue made of a spare topmast with an anchor lashed to it and a twelve-inch hawser from the drogue to the vessel. She eventually reached the Chesapeake under jury rig. On her next voyage, after refitting in Baltimore, the *Edith Carmichael* was lost off the Welsh coast.

## THE BARQUE "JOHN GILL"

The barque *John Gill*, 928 tons, was built at River John in 1881 and was rigged with two skysail yards. A writer in a Liverpool paper tells of the arrival of the *John Gill* in Waterford, Ireland, in January 1888, during a heavy southerly gale. Another ship was lost with all hands while making the port at the same time. The master of the *John Gill* gave credit to his wife for his safe arrival, as he had no chart of the harbour and was confused by the two Duncannon lighthouses. His wife advised him to keep both lights in line while making into the harbour, as she was convinced that was their purpose. The captain did so and thereby fetched his vessel in safely.

The *John Gill* was under the Russian flag in 1905.

## THE "SWANHILDA'S" MURDERER

Like other Canadian shipping centres, when the day of the wooden ship was passing, Pictou turned to steel ships. The Carmichaels of New Glasgow, prominent in the county's shipping business, had the steel four-mast barque *Swanhilda* built for them on the Clyde in 1890. She was a fine vessel of 1999 tons register, and she was commanded for many years by Captain Colin Fraser—a Pictou man who died in New Glasgow in 1921. Thomas Meikle of Pictou also sailed as mate of the barque.

After leaving Melbourne for San Francisco one voyage, the *Swanhilda* was signalled when three days out by a steamer which asked for a boat to be sent over. The barque was hove-to and a boat was sent. On its return, the officer in charge brought a bundle of Australian newspapers, and the information that among the *Swanhilda's* crew was a man wanted for murder.

According to the newspaper story, the wanted man was in the habit of advertising for a partner with capital to take a half-share in a gold mine. When someone turned up in answer to the advertisement, the man, Frank Britton, would take the victim up into the hills to examine the claim and there shoot him, afterwards robbing the body. It was alleged that several persons had been murdered by Britton in this manner.

The last killing was witnessed by a chum of the victim who had followed the two in their excursion to the claim. The police were notified and Britton skipped out by shipping as a

sailor, under the name of Wheeler, on the *Swanhilda* just as she was leaving port. Captain Fraser and Mr. Meikle soon identified the man by the description published in the papers, but they kept the matter secret and decided to make no move until the barque arrived at San Francisco. At that port, two Australian detectives would be awaiting the *Swanhilda's* arrival.

In due time the barque arrived in Frisco Bay, and the quarantine steamer came alongside with the Australian and two local detectives disguised as quarantine officials. The *Swanhilda's* crew were told to line up for the customary medical inspection. When they came to examine Wheeler, the mate seized him and said, "This is your man!" In an instant the murderer was handcuffed and in charge of the police officers. He was afterwards taken back to Australia, tried and hanged.

The *Swanhilda* was owned by the Carmichaels for some fifteen or sixteen years. An iron ship, the *Brynhilda*, 1409 tons, built on the Clyde in 1885 was also owned by the Carmichaels.

All the Pictou shipmasters, and there were many, have passed on. The ships built by Kitchin, McKenzie, McLennan, Carmichael and others are but a fading memory. Here and there in the county one will meet elderly men who can spin yarns of the Pictou ships. They will tell you of Kitchin's big 1600-ton three skysail-yarder *Warrior* built at River John in 1884; of the ship *Aldborough*, which was the first and only vessel built in River John to have iron lower-masts; of Carmichael's fast New Glasgow ships which hung up many a record; of Crerar's barque *Wolf*, which, while waterlogged with a timber cargo, sailed from Pictou to Liverpool in that condition and beat by two days the brigantine which was built to accompany her across; of the brig *Zeno*, which lost most of her crew by yellow fever down in Cuba, including the captain's little son, and of how the father brought the body home to Pictou embalmed in a barrel of rum—and the boy's mother was aboard at the time. But these things happened so long ago that few can remember the details, and many of the stories are being forgotten. As in other places, there has been little or no incentive to indelibly record the time when the county ships carried the name of Pictou to the far corners of the earth.



## CANADIANS AS ENGLISH SHIPOWNERS

A number of Canadians who engaged in shipbuilding and shipowning in Canada removed to England afterwards and continued in business there. As Liverpool was the clearing house for B.N.A. ships before the American barrel oil and grain trade brought them to New York for charters, most of these firms set up there as shipowners and shipbrokers and agents for Canadian ships.

The brothers William and Richard Wright—the famed shipbuilders of St. John—moved to Liverpool in 1855. Here they chartered the vessels they owned to the Black Ball and other lines as well as running them themselves in the Indian trade. Long after they moved to England, they placed orders for ships in St. John yards and attended to the finishing touches—coppering, placing in iron knees, tanks, etc.—in their own place at Birkenhead.

Captain Christian superintended the building of a number of the Wright ships at St. John in the early 'seventies. Nevins and Dunlop built some of these craft for the Wrights and Captain Christian planned the rigging and masting, then he took the ship to Liverpool and for a round voyage out East. On his return, he would journey to St. John to supervise and take charge of another ship. The ships he supervised and commanded were the *Parkfield*, 1389 tons, built in 1872, *Ellerslie*, 1346 tons, built in 1872, *Breadalbane*, 1427 tons, and *Lord Northbrook*, 1402 tons, built in 1874. While master of the *Lord Northbrook*, Captain Christian had the misfortune to lose her off Diamond Island, Bassein, Burmah. The second mate of the ship at the time was the late Captain J. N. Bales, who died a few years ago as Port Warden of Montreal.

When wooden hulls no longer paid the dividends as of yore, the Wrights owned and operated iron and steel sailing ships and were in business up to the end of the 'eighties. Their house-flag was a white "W" on a blue square—this, facetious sailors and apprentice boys declared, meant "Work, Want and Wretchedness."

Moran, Galloway & Co., Liverpool, was another shipping firm that had its genesis in Canada—James H. Moran building many ships at his yard in St. Martin's, N.B. Most of Moran's ships were surnamed "Prince" and were vessels of between 1000 to 1500 tons built in the 'sixties and 'seventies. The *Prince Amadeo*, *Prince Lucien*, *Prince Frederick*, *Prince Umberto*, *Prince Leopold* are some of those which sailed under the

Moran, Galloway flag. This flag, by the way, was the same as the ensign of Norway, but it had a white ball in the centre. Sailors, in gloomy humour, said it denoted the "Empty Plate Line."

One of their ships, the *Black Prince*, Captain Tyrrell, arrived at St. John from Rio about 1878. On the passage up she fell in with a Spanish brig, the *Lavinere*, which had been abandoned. The brig was laden with wines and fruit from a Mediterranean port and all her papers, including charter party, were intact, and the freight was payable, damaged or not. The master of the *Prince* put the mate, Mr. Page, and the carpenter aboard and took the brig in tow. For two days she pulled her along, but bad weather springing up she was compelled to let her go. Those in the brig eventually made Bermuda, where the *Lavinere* was sold by the Prize Court. Mr. Page bought the vessel and afterwards brought her to New York.

Moran, Galloway's ships plied in various trades out of Liverpool and the firm continued in business up until the 'nineties.

George T. Soley & Co., Liverpool, was another "Bluenose firm" which owned and operated a fleet of Canadian-built sailers for many years, and also acted as Liverpool agents for Wm. Thompson & Co., of St. John. I believe that the founder of this firm hailed from around Economy, Colchester County, Nova Scotia. My records show a George Thomas Soley as master of the new ship *Phenix*, 906 tons, built in 1851 by John Fisher, St. John, but I cannot say definitely that he was the pioneer of the Liverpool concern.

Soley also acted as agent for many Bluenose ships, and Captain Robert K. Kelley, formerly of Yarmouth, N.S., was connected with the firm. Captain Kelley was also representative for Canada on the Bureau Veritas. One of their ships was the *Hospodar*, 1550 tons, built at St. John in 1874. In an English marine journal it was said that she was the only British sailing ship to go through the Suez Canal. This occurred at the time of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, and the *Hospodar* was used to transport troops from Bombay to Cyprus or Malta, but she was towed all the way. This statement, however, is not correct, as a number of sailing ships were used to transport native Indian troops and their horses to Malta and Cyprus, and these windjammers were towed from India to Suez and thence through the Canal by canal-tugs. The barque *Duke of Athol*, an English vessel, was the

first to go through the Canal at that time, May 1878, and among other windjammers to do so were the English ships *St. Mildred*, *Hannibal* and *Kilkerran*.

In 1891, Soley & Co. owned the Pictou ship *Ragnar*, the Yarmouth ship *Rossignol*, and the Shelburne ship *Crusader*, in addition to other vessels.

Another shipping firm of Canadian origin was that of Nevins, Welsh & Co., Liverpool. James Nevins was formerly engaged in shipbuilding at St. John, and after moving to Liverpool continued to operate ships built for him by John Fraser of St. John, and others. In 1883 they owned the *Magna Charta*, *Chrysolite*, *Charles Bal*, *Macedon*, *Monrovia*, *Marathon*, *Hindostan* and *St. Elmo*—all St. John ships of between 1200 and 1500 tons, most, if not all, built by Fraser in the 'seventies. They were corresponding owners with Mr. Fraser in the *Honolulu* and *Hönouwar* and also the ship *Birnam Wood*. The British-built iron ships *Calistoga* and *Magician* also flew the Nevins, Welsh flag.

Livingstone Holmes, managing director of the ship-store firm of MacSymon's Stores, Ltd., Liverpool, began his business career in the Nevins, Welsh office in 1883. Mr. Holmes was born in Hantsport, N.S., a son of Captain J. W. Holmes who sailed ships for J. B. North of Hantsport. In the 'nineties, Mr. Holmes was financially interested in Canadian-built vessels.

The Ritchies, Pollocks, Rankins and Gilmours have already been dealt with, also J. R. Haws & Co. Other Liverpool shipping firms of Canadian origin and connections were those of the Allans, De Wolfs, Roberts, Vaughans, Cruickshank and Gass, W. H. Ross & Co., Andrew Gibson, and last, but most important of all, the Cunards. And there were others of which I have no definite record.

The Cunard family were Philadelphia Quakers of substance who originally came from Wales and settled in Philadelphia in the early years of the seventeenth century. During the American War of Independence the Cunards remained loyal to the British Crown and emigrated, as did thousands of loyal American colonists, to Nova Scotia, where they located at Halifax. Here the family engaged in business as merchants, and we find them interested in shipping and whaling ventures.

In 1823, a brig called the *Chebucto* was owned by them and with one of the Cunards in command of her. In 1820, Abraham Cunard and Son were engaged in the whale-fishery, and in the 'thirties the whaleship *Samuel Cunard* was operating in the South Pacific. In 1847, Alexander Lyle built the barque

*Deborah*, 624 tons, at Country Harbor, N.S., for the Cunards, and this man also built them other ships at his Dartmouth yard near Halifax. In these days the Cunards had already attained some importance, as they represented the Honourable East India Company and acted as agents for the East Indiamen that called at Halifax occasionally.

Samuel Cunard, founder of the great Cunard Line, was born at Halifax on November 21st, 1787. He entered the office of the Cunard firm at Halifax, and carried on the business of shipowning in addition to coal-mining in Pictou and Cape Breton and lumbering in the Miramichi. When the steamship *Royal William* was built at Quebec in 1831, we find that Joseph, Henry and Samuel Cunard were among the owners of the vessel. In 1833, the *Royal William* was despatched from Pictou to London and successfully made the voyage—the first Transatlantic passage wholly by steam power.<sup>1</sup> Undoubtedly this accomplishment inspired Samuel Cunard with the vision of inaugurating a steamship service between England and America. In 1838, he went to England and there allied himself with Robert Napier, the Clyde shipbuilder, and two shipowners, George Burns and David McIver. Out of this association grew the British and North American Royal Mail Steamship Company, latterly known as the Cunard Line.

It will thus be admitted that Canada has played no minor part in the shipping industry of the British Empire.

#### SHIPS' NAMES—CURIOUS AND OTHERWISE

In Canada, as in the United States, it was a common custom to name vessels after persons. Shipowners, their families, their agents in ports abroad, shipbuilders and others were invariably complimented by having ships named after them. Thus a large proportion of the vessels built in British North America carried these personality names.

But the naming of vessels was often influenced by contemporaneous events. During the Australian gold rush of the 'fifties, many of the big ships built in New Brunswick and Quebec were baptized with names which showed the influence of the times. There were the New Brunswick-built Australia-men *Golden Age*, *Golden Era*, *Golconda* and *Goldfinder*. Australia was responsible for the names of the N.B. ships *Parramatta*, *Tasmania*, *Queen of Australia* and *Great Australia*. Quebec launched the *Carpentaria*, *Boomerang* and *Nugget*.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 17, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*.



The Crimean War had its influence and a host of B.N.A. craft carried names identified with that conflict—the *War Spirit*, *War Cloud*, *Inkermann*, *Balaklava*, *Silistria*, *Sebastopol*, *Alma*, *Lord Raglan*, *General Neil*, *Florence Nightingale* and many others.

In Yarmouth, N.S., the victory of Trafalgar in 1806 resulted in a schooner of 103 tons built there being named *Lord Nelson*, and in 1807 two more schooners were named *Trafalgar* and *Victory*. Wellington's victory in 1815 was responsible for the naming of the Yarmouth schooners *Waterloo* and *Wellington*, built in 1816 and 1817 respectively. Other places also duplicated these momentous names.

Some curious names crop up among the early British North American craft. Yarmouth, N.S., had vessels named *Maggot*, built in 1797, and *Germ*, built in 1837. A 95-ton schooner *Germ* was also built at Spencer's Island in 1888. Hantsport, N.S., in 1873 gave us a large schooner called *Grecian Bend*—presumably after the exaggerated feminine fashion of the day. Jeddore, N.S., in 1877 launched a schooner named *Can't Help It*, and Liverpool, N.S., in 1883 gave us the *Jay Eye See*—a phonetic rendering, no doubt, of the initials "J.I.C."

In 1855, St. John launched a schooner called *Go Ask Her*, while a Yarmouth schooner of 1877 gloried in the name of *Essence of Peppermint*. Prince Edward Island adds the schooner *Great Deceiver* to the list in 1867, but gives us a poetical vessel name in the schooner *Dancing Feather*, built in 1854.

St. John is lugubrious in 1819 with a vessel named *Hard Times*. Who would want to ship in a craft thus named? But Yarmouth in the same year launches the brig *Better Luck Still*, and two small schooners flaunted *Chart* and *Fiddle* on their name boards. From the same port also came the large schooner *Pam-be-civil*, launched in 1815, and a barque of 247 tons called *Tory's Wife*, built in 1837. An American prize called *Wealthy Ann*, a schooner of 91 tons, was added to the Yarmouth fleet in 1814. The *Friend's Adventure*, schooner of 47 tons, was built in Yarmouth in 1812.

The rich Parsee merchants of India were honoured in the ship *Becherdass Ambiadass*, 1376 tons, built at St. John in 1854, the ship *Jemsetjee Cursetjee*, 843 tons, built at Moncton, N.B., in 1851, and the ship *Parsee Merchant*, 636 tons, built in 1841 at Quebec. Cotton, which provided a lucrative freight for numerous B.N.A. ships, was acknowledged in the ship *Gossypium*, 745 tons, built at Brandy Cove, N.B., in 1838—this being the botanical name of the cotton plant.

Quebec gave us a ship called *Tea Taster*, another named *Banker's Daughter* and the barque *Wild Irish Girl*. A ship of French-Canadian build and ownership was named *Pied Nez*. Quebec also launched the ship *Floating Light*, 1194 tons, in 1857, and a ship of 1317 tons called *Revolving Light* was built at Harvey, N.B., in 1875.

Indian chiefs and characters in Indian legends are to be found in many Canadian ship names as well as persons and events connected with Canadian history. Duplication of names was quite common, and it often happened that vessels bearing the same name would be launched in the Provinces at the same time, though not from the same ports. Pierre Valin, the Quebec shipbuilder, named many of his sailing ships after Allan Liners—*Sarmatian*, *Sardinian*, *Polynesian*, *Peruvian*, *Mongolian*, etc. Curiously enough, out of the thousands of large ships built, only four were named *Canada*, two were named *Quebec*, one named *Nova Scotia* (there were three *Nova Scotians*), and New Brunswick was not featured in any large ship's name.

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SHIPPING

In my previous work, *Wooden Ships and Iron Men*, a record of shipbuilding activities in Prince Edward Island has been included. The following notes are supplementary to what has gone before.

Compared with her sister provinces, Prince Edward Island did not build many ships of large tonnage, though a considerable number of brigs and brigantines were built there for the British coasting trade. The prominent shipbuilders, the Richards, Duncans, Yeos and Popes, had relatives in England who financed the building of ships on the island and helped to sell them in England. Thus we find the ship *Ocean Pearl*, 965 tons, built in 1865 by James Yeo at Port Hill, with Wm. Yeo, Appledore, Devon, as the mortgagee. This ship was sold in 1866 for £9000 in England.

James Duncan, Charlottetown, built the largest island vessels. One of them, built in 1853, was the ship *Gertrude*, 1361 tons, constructed of hackmatack, birch, pine and oak. In her the builder and James Duncan Mason, Charlottetown, held twenty-five and thirteen shares respectively, while Andrew Duncan, Liverpool, held twenty-six shares of the sixty-four into which a vessel was invariably divided. The *Gertrude* was a Liverpool transport during the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and in April 1858 we find her leaving Liverpool for Melbourne, Australia,

under the White Star flag, as an emigrant ship with 208 colonists aboard. She was afloat in 1865.

The ship *Ethel*, 1795 tons, built by James Duncan at Charlottetown in 1858, was the largest vessel to be built in Prince Edward Island. She was a full-model, three-deck ship, 240 × 38·3 × 23 ft. draft, iron knee'd, copper and iron fastened. She was surveyed in Liverpool in 1863, but I have no further record of her. Andrew Duncan, Liverpool, owned fifteen shares in her and was registered as her managing owner.

The first sizable ship to be built on the island was the *Welsford*, 575 tons, constructed at Three Rivers, P.E.I., in 1834 by Arthur and Thomas Owen. She was transferred to Bristol.

As to the importance of the shipbuilding trade there in the middle of the last century, we cull the following from a London shipping journal of 1856. "By papers received from Prince Edward's Island, we are happy to learn that this colony is not only sustaining the reputation it has almost from the first earned as a shipbuilding depot, but is improving both with respect to the amount of the trade and the quality and character of the ships. On August 31st, 1856, no less than seven new ships left Charlottetown for Great Britain, nearly all built under the superintendence of one of the surveyors for Lloyd's Register and classed A1. It was only last year (1855) that arrangements to survey were made on the island." The seven vessels mentioned were:—barques, *Elizabeth*, 350 tons, *Panthea*, 365 tons, *Anne*, 414 tons, and the following brigs ranging from 210 to 290 tons, *Magic*, *Boxer*, *Marilla* and *Camilla*. The *Magic* was noted as being "a finely built vessel, copper-fastened throughout."

In closing this reference to P.E.I. craft, I record the passage of the barque *John F. Robertson*, which, commanded by Captain McMillan, arrived at Sydney, Nova Scotia, from Oporto in May 1879 after having made the voyage in 14 days—one of the quickest on record. This barque was of 432 tons register, built by A. McMillan on the island in 1874.

#### BLUENOSE SKIPPERS IN LIMEJUICE WINDJAMMERS

When the wooden square-riggers of Canada passed away from Canadian ownership, a large number of masters and mates were forced to continue their vocations elsewhere. While many retired to engage in farming, poultry-raising and apple-growing "down home" in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and

others went into stevedoring, insurance and other shore mercantile pursuits, hundreds went into British and American "steam." Many Bluenose shipmasters, however, gained command of British sailing ships.

Captain George Stailing of Annapolis, N.S., as has already been related, commanded the Liverpool four-posters *Andrina* and *Andelana*—losing his life in the latter. Captain O. H. Henderson of Halifax, N.S., formerly master of the Annapolis barque *John Johnson*, became master of the Glasgow barque *Cromartyshire*. In 1898 he was in command of this ship when she rammed the French liner *La Bourgogne* south of Halifax. The liner sank in six minutes, causing the loss of 571 lives. The *Cromartyshire*, her bows stove in, was picked up and towed into Halifax. Captain Henderson afterwards commanded the ship *Largo Law* of Glasgow.

When the famed British clipper *Thermopylæ* passed out from under the flag of the Aberdeen Line, she was owned for a time by the Mount Royal Milling Company, Montreal, Canada, and registered in Victoria, B.C. I believe she was barque-rigged then and engaged in carrying rice and flour for the milling company to and from the East. While engaged in this business she was commanded by Captain Winchester of Digby, N.S., who was at one time master of the Windsor barquentine *Grenada*. The *Thermopylæ* was later on sold to the Portuguese Government as a training ship.

One of the largest of British steel sailing ships was the four-mast barque *Daylight*, which registered 3599 tons. She was commanded for a time by Captain Henry Nickerson of Shelburne, N.S. Captain Nickerson formerly sailed the St. John ship *Thomas Hilyard*, and was mate with Captain Everitt MacDougall in the Maitland barque *Snow Queen*.

Another big four-poster with a Bluenose skipper was the Glasgow ship *Falls of Dee*, which was sailed at one period by Captain Varne Doty of Yarmouth, N.S. Captain Doty was formerly master of the Yarmouth ship *Ismir*. Captain John Ellis, also of Yarmouth, was master of the British barque *Miako* and made several fast passages in her. In 1891, she arrived in Boston from Llanelly, New South Wales, with a cargo of wool, in the fine time of 84 days. She also made a record trip of 26 days from Mauritius to Melbourne on a previous voyage.

The iron and steel sailing ships, flying the British flag, and sailed by Bluenose shipmasters, would make a lengthy list. The Liverpool shipowners of Canadian origin such as De Wolf,



Roberts, Soley, Ross and others employed many as masters of the vessels owned by them. In these "limejuicers" the old "down-east fashion" was introduced by the masters who hailed from Canada; and even though the ship had "Liverpool" on her stern and a Liverpool house-flag at the main, sailordom classed her as "Bluenose" if the Old Man was such. Thus the reputation for smartness (and for hard work) which characterized the Canadian square-rigged marine lived on for many years after the old wooden wind-bags had vanished. A great school for seamen, truly, when its graduates were able to carry, and enforce, its precepts and practices into other fields!

The swift disappearance of the British North American square-rigger during the 'nineties and the early years of the twentieth century holds something of the tragic in the manner of their passing. The building of large ships ceased as though the art had become struck with a blight. Owners, no longer reaping the dividends of yore, and frowning on high insurances and low freights, disposed of their craft for what they could get, and the greater part of the existing Canadian merchant marine went under the Norwegian flag. These Vikings managed, for a time, to run them at a profit until their butt-ends started and they went to pieces in a gale. The old grey North Atlantic became the grave-yard for hundreds of former Bluenose packets and the liner skippers breathed anathema upon their derelict remains.

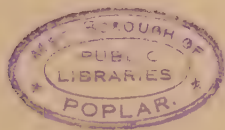
Within a decade, a vast fleet vanished "like snow off a fence," as one old Bluenose shipmaster remarked. St. John, Yarmouth, Windsor, Maitland, Pictou—port-names once familiar to sailormen of all nationalities—no longer graced the sterns of tall-sparred, black-hulled wooden windjammers which used to shine "like the morning stars" in their trim and well-kept orderliness. In the swift transition to foreign flags they degenerated into Western Ocean "drabs," short-sparred, unkempt, and with a windmill pump thrusting its ugly wings up between the main and the mizzen. Their ultimate and usual end, "abandoned at sea," seemed a fitting release from the degradation into which they had drifted.

Square-rigged ships, barques and barquentines of 500 tons and over, totalling between three and four thousand sail, are a mighty fleet for a comparatively insignificant nation to send forth in the course of some ninety years. Such was Canada's contribution to the deep-water marine, while her fleet of smaller

sailing craft was numerically greater still and seemingly as myriad as the stars. A century saw them come and go.

It seems almost incredible that such an effort should remain inconspicuous save in the minds of ancient sailor-men. No Canadian history records the shipping ventures of its people save in the most perfunctory or casual manner; no Canadian port, Yarmouth excepted, has made any serious attempt to preserve the relics or the annals of its seafaring; no shipping history, British or American, has given Canada credit for her maritime accomplishments.

"Gone like snow off a fence!" There is a rich Canadianism in this remark, and it aptly describes the remarkable dissolution of ships, men and records. Such being the case, there is therefore a rare pleasure in retrieving something from a vanished era; in being able to construct even these fragmentary records of Canada's achievements in what has been termed "The Golden Age of Sail."





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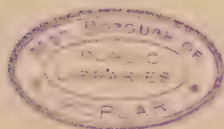
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